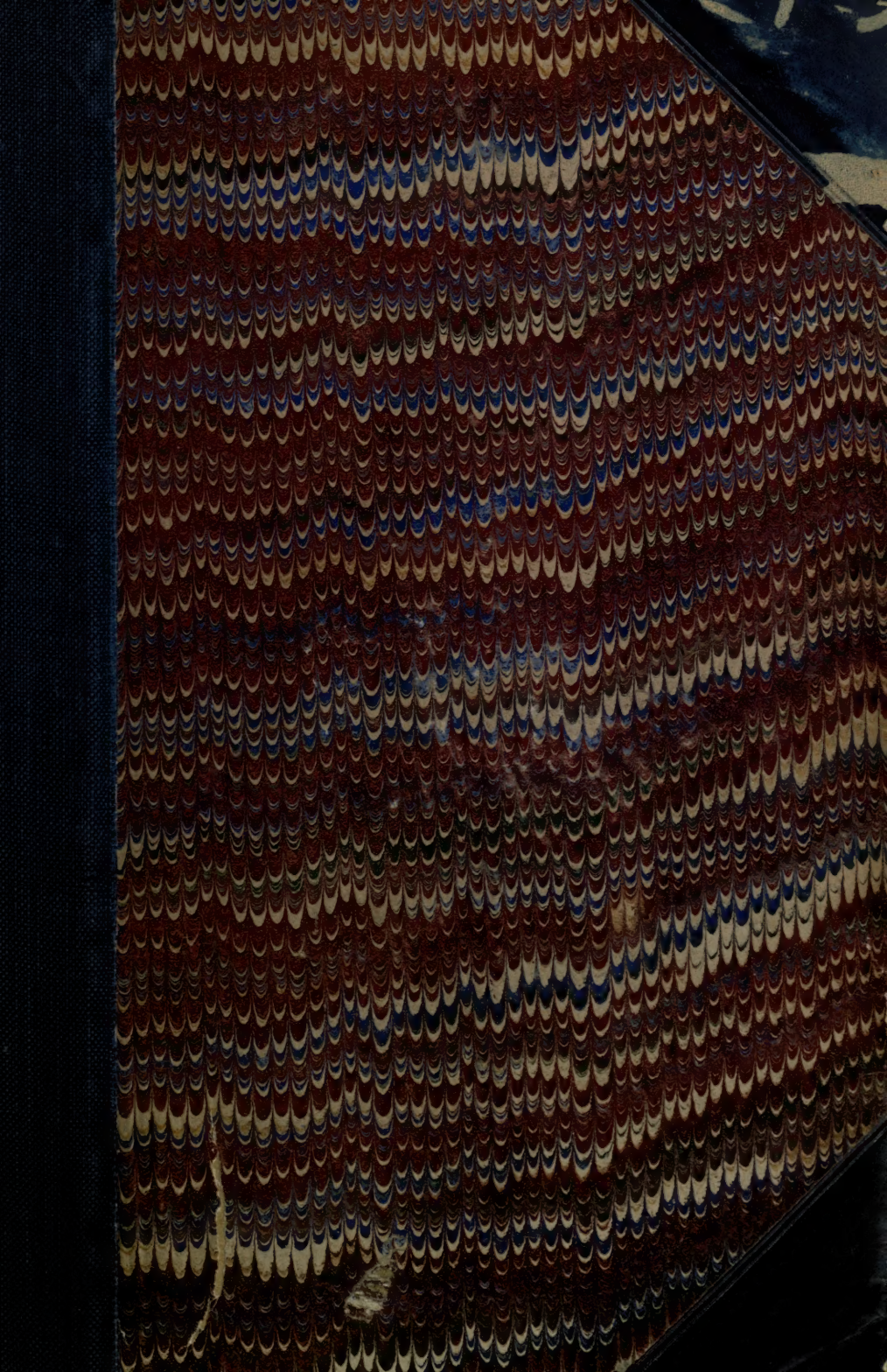
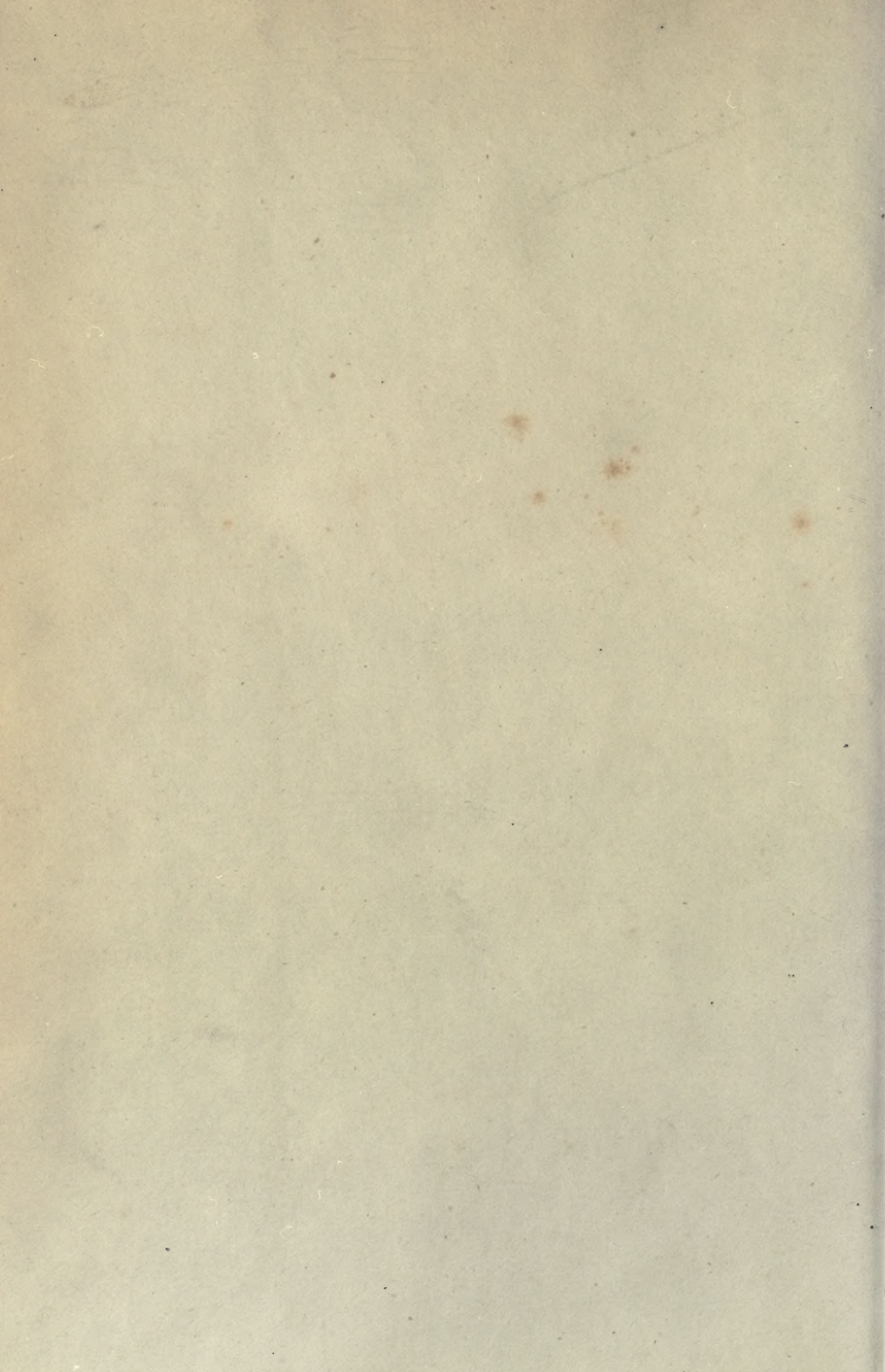






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BLACKIE, PROFESSOR.
BURNETT, FRANCES HODGSON.
CAMERON, COMMANDER V. LOVETT, R.N.
CAVE-BROWNE, REV. J.
CHESNEY, JANE.
CLIFFORD, PROFESSOR.
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PORTER, JAMES NEVILLE.
REID, T. WEMYSS.
SEELEY, PROFESSOR.
WESTMINSTER, DEAN OF.
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1879.

SEELEY'S LIFE AND TIMES OF STEIN.

THIS is, it has been truly said, as solid, honest a bit of literary work as has been laid before the British public for some time—a bit of work creditable in many ways to the already distinguished man of letters who has done it, and certain to be useful to the student.

Professor Seeley does not tell us how he came to write it, but an explanation which we have already seen in print seems a very plausible one. The great events of 1866 and 1870 sent back his thoughts two generations to the day of Prussia's disasters, and he thought he would like to frame for himself and others a theory as to how the process began which transformed the vanquished of Jena into the victor of Königgrätz and Sedan. Seeking about for some figure to make the centre of the story he had to tell, he was naturally brought to Stein, not because Stein's brain could be said to be the source of the Prussian revival, but because he was on the whole the biggest man in the group of extremely remarkable people out of whose brains came that revival.

The work before us is, however, much more than a history of Stein, it is a history of Stein and his times, more especially a history of the anti-Napoleonic movement in Germany; but in reviewing it it will be necessary, in order to leave on the mind of the reader any tolerably definite impression, to stick as closely as possible to Stein himself, and to refer all those who wish to know more about his

environment and the many contemporary events to Professor Seeley's copious narrative.

Heinrich Friedrich Karl vom und zum Stein, *of and at the Rock*, was born in 1757, ten days before the battle of Rosbach, at the old mansion in the town of Nassau to which his ancestors had migrated from the grim fastness hard by, where they had lived till it was burned down in the Thirty Years' War.

The Steins belonged to the Imperial Knighthood, were, in other words, infinitesimally small potentates dependent directly on the Holy Roman Empire, loved as little by the larger princes, of whom they were miniature copies, as by their humbler neighbours of every degree. The future statesman was one of ten children, the most distinguished of whom next to himself was Louise, who, as a girl, was beloved by Hardenberg and admired in later life by Goethe. The poet, writing to the more famous Frau von Stein, who was, by the way, no relation of hers, says:—"What is genius in art she has in the art of life! She knows the greatest part of what is distinguished, rich, beautiful, intelligent in Europe, either directly or indirectly, and has present to her mind, in the highest sense of the word, the life and actions and relations of so many people."

Stein does not appear to have been sent to any school, but in 1773 he went with a private tutor to Göttingen, the great Hanoverian University,

which then formed part of the possessions of the King of England, and where the young student was powerfully influenced by English ideas in the domain of history and politics.

In 1777 he left the university and entered on somewhat extensive travels, during the course of which he visited various German courts, ran down into Hungary, and lingered for some time at Wetzlar, the chief seat of the Imperial judiciary; at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Diet; at Mainz, the residence of the highest Imperial official; and at Vienna, the seat of the Presence itself.

Stein's intention, when he set out on his travels, was to follow the profession which came naturally to a younger son of an Imperial knightly house who did not adopt the career of arms, and to become connected with the law-courts of the Empire. What he saw of them, however, at Wetzlar and elsewhere did not please him, and he entered the Prussian Administration instead, in the Mining Department. He seems to have been led to this partly by admiration for the Great King, and partly by a liking for the sort of work he would have to do, while the step, strange at first sight, was made less disagreeable to his family than it might have been, from the fact that the accidents of German politics had made Frederick for the moment the champion of conservatism against the innovating tendencies of Joseph II.

The youth was fortunate in securing the patronage and, what was far better, the guidance, of Heinitz, a type of the very best kind of Prussian bureaucrat, and the best kind of Prussian bureaucrat was, even in those days, far from a bad thing. He rose quickly in his own branch of the service, and was employed out of it in several missions of importance; but he had no taste for diplomacy, and was on the contrary exactly the sort of man of whom we have so many specimens in India, a man who throws his whole soul into the improving and well-ordering, first of a district, then of a province, and

lastly of a whole country. The highest example of this order of statesman which is to be found in European history is Turgot, and Mr. Seeley considers that the life of that supremely great man was not without its influence on his hero.

The outbreak of the French Revolution found Stein engaged in the comparatively quiet activities of a provincial administrator, and that convulsion produced no great change in his way of life except in so far as that from time to time he had to look after the provisioning of large bodies of troops, and thus to make practical acquaintance with some of the duties of a war minister. During this period, too, he increased his knowledge of applied science, and married the Countess Wilhelmina von Walmoden-Gimborn, through whom he became more closely connected with the Hanoverian nobility. His marriage was as prosaic a proceeding as it well could be, and it seemed at first to him that he had not even secured a tolerably agreeable companion. Things mended, however, in this respect, and his wife showed in the end much strength of character, although but little brilliancy or charm.

The year 1796 brought to Stein promotion in the career of provincial administration, and in 1802 there was for a moment a question of his becoming a minister in Hanover. He declined the offer, however, and remained in the Prussian service, occupied largely in reconciling, as best he might, to the rule of his sovereign the people of the Bishopric of Münster, which had been recently annexed to the great northern kingdom. A little later the wave of change which had overwhelmed the ecclesiastical sovereignties struck the imperial knights also, and Stein's little territories were calmly seized by his neighbour of Nassau. To oppose force to force was out of the question, but the injured baron wrote a remarkable letter to the aggressor, a letter which not obscurely hints the *hodie mihi, cras tibi*—and was in fact a

prophecy whose accomplishment we have lived to witness.

Ere long, however, the more obscure era of Stein's labours was to come to an end. He was summoned to Berlin to take, much against his will, the portfolio of Finance, and although at first the kind of questions which came before him—the re-organisation of the Salt Department and such like—were not unfamiliar, he had soon to find the sinews of war for Prussia's struggle with Napoleon. That struggle ended, as all men know, in a terrible catastrophe, the causes of which are investigated and very clearly set forth by Mr. Seeley in about 100 pages. They may, putting aside accidents, be summed up under two heads. The army created by Frederick William I., and inspired by the Great Frederick, was no longer either organised with reference to the necessities of the time nor led by a man of genius, and the civil administration was deplorable. As to the second of these causes, I shall have something to say presently. With regard to the first, the following remarks, taken from a paper by Gneisenau, will put the reader upon the right track :—

“The inability of the Duke of Brunswick to form a sound plan of a campaign, the irresolution so natural at his age, his bad fortune in the field, the army's distrust of him, the dissensions of the chiefs of the staff, the neutralising of some of its ablest members, our army's want of practice in war, the want of preparation for it visible in almost all departments, the habit formed in the years of peace of occupying it with useless minutie of elementary tactics, invented to gratify the people's love of shows ; our system of recruiting, with all its exemptions, which obliged only a part of the nation to bear arms, and prolonged the term of service of this part unreasonably, so that in consequence it served with reluctance, and was only kept together by discipline ; our system of encouraging population, which allowed the soldier to burden himself with a family, the support of which, when war called him from his hearth, was mostly left to public charity, and whose lot often made the anxious father long for the end of the war ; the system of furloughs, which tempted the chief of a company by his pecuniary interest to send the recruit home half-drilled ; the bad condition of our regimental artillery, which could never

vie with the numerous horse artillery of the French ; the bad quality of our weapons, the incapacity of most of our generals, and, to sum up all, our conceit, which did not allow us to advance with the time, forced from the patriot a secret sigh, and nothing remained to depend on but the intelligence of most of our officers.”

Once installed as a minister, Stein soon became involved in what must be called the intrigues, though proper and salutary intrigues, which the wretched state of the higher Prussian administration rendered necessary. The whole system had depended on a powerful driving-wheel, and that powerful driving-wheel the king. Now, however, there sat on the throne one of the weakest princes of his line, Frederick William III. The result of his character acting on public affairs was the growth of a camarilla which stood between the ministers and the Crown, a camarilla composed of persons quite unfit to hold the helm of the state even in moderate weather, and dangerously unfit to do so in the terrible year of Jena. After much hesitation and many difficulties, Stein was offered the portfolio of foreign affairs. This, being a man of honour and good sense, he forthwith declined, for the excellent reason that he knew nothing whatever of its duties, and possessed neither acquaintance with nor special aptitude for the matters with which he would have had to deal. The letter in which he declined was written in ill-humour, and in the pedantic language which long years of bureaucratic sentence-making had engrafted on the not originally good style of the writer ; but I cannot agree with Professor Seeley, who, like most biographers, is in general only too indulgent to him, when he describes Stein's conduct as the offspring of bureaucratic punctilio. When Stein refused a department for the work of which he felt himself peculiarly unfitted, he took a perfectly just view of the situation. The old Prussian bureaucracy had its faults, and plenty of them, but it was not on Prussian soil that grew up the impudent saying, “Any one has

sufficient ability to perform the duties of any office which he has sufficient influence to obtain."

The intrigues to which I have alluded ended in a furious correspondence between the king and Stein, a correspondence which was to the credit of neither party. That correspondence could have had no conclusion except the one it had, the temporary disappearance of Stein from the Prussian service. He retired first to Königsberg, next to Danzig, and then to his estates at Nassau, where he occupied himself with revolving plans for reforming the administration, for introducing self-government in the towns, and with sketching out a programme of change which should bring about the abolition of serfdom and improve the condition of the peasantry.

Soon, however, Napoleon's intense dislike to Hardenberg brought about the fall of that statesman, and Stein returned to power, not as the head of a department peculiarly alien to his taste, but as a kind of ministerial dictator, a position for which his strong will and great knowledge of the internal affairs of the state peculiarly fitted him, in the opinion of the best politicians whom Prussia could boast of in that dreary time. His assuming this high office was perfectly consistent with his refusal of the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Hardenberg was, in his view, the proper man to be Foreign Minister, while he himself was by all his previous training as well as by his cast of thought marked out for a Home Minister.

"If" (says Professor Seeley) "we compare Stein's dictatorship with Hardenberg's, we may see that it has the difference which might be expected from the fact that in the interval between them the war had come to an end. Hardenberg is a foreign minister, to whom, in order to increase the military efficiency of the government, a control over the other departments is given in addition. Stein is a home minister in a state ruined by war and misfortune, to whom a similar control over the other departments is given, that he may accomplish a work of extensive but peaceful reconstruction."

Even as Home Minister however he

was not a magician who, by arriving suddenly on the scene, brought order out of chaos. His work was facilitated by the labours of several men who had been working hard when he was living in retirement, and who in some respects inferior were in others quite equal to himself. These were Schön, Altenstein, Stägemann, Schrötter, Auerswald, and Niebuhr. Professor Seeley examines at some length the share which several of these persons had in preparing the reforms which made Stein's reputation, and no one can read what he says without seeing that he wishes to be scrupulously just. I am inclined, however, to think that he has been misled by a very honourable scruple into being a little unjust to more than one of them, especially perhaps to Schön. There seems to me in all this biography a sort of undertone of "I am a professor myself; I must avoid the natural temptation of a man of thought to lean rather to those who are like himself than to the men of action." The analogy which he draws between the kind of work done by Stein and that done by Charles Earl Grey cannot be sustained. The difficulties in the way of the English statesman were quite enormously greater. I must, however, content myself with merely a hint to the reader, and pass on.

Stein's own view of his duties was extremely sane, and worthy of his clear and downright intelligence.

"At present," he wrote, "when the state is still occupied by a foreign power, the province of the internal administration is very confined, and foreign relations also are very simple, and the arrangements under which the general conduct of civil affairs can be carried on are different from those under which it will be proper to carry it on after the re-occupation of the land.

"When the monarchy is recovered and a free independent administration is restored, other administrative institutions will be formed, and the relation of the minister towards these will become somewhat different, with a view to which a special plan may be elaborated by way of preparation.

"In other words" (Professor Seeley continues), "Stein considered that his first business was to pay the French and get rid of

them. When this was done, he thought that it would fall to him to establish a new administrative system, which should be free from the faults which had proved so fatal in the old."

Scarcely, however, had he entered on his task than he found that it was very much harder than he anticipated. The French had no mind to be got rid of. They kept raising and raising their demands, till it was but too clear that they wished not to punish, but to crush Prussia.

The effort to propitiate the dragon which was tearing the vitals of the state was Stein's chief concern during his short-lived dictatorship. The great legislative change, which will be always connected with his name, was only his second care. This great legislative change was the Emancipating Edict, which abolished caste both in land and in persons.

Here are its chief clauses :—

CLAUSE I.—FREEDOM OF EXCHANGE IN LAND.

"Every inhabitant of our states is competent, without any limitation on the part of the state, to possess, either as property or pledge, landed estates of every kind; the nobleman, therefore, to possess not only noble but also non-noble citizen and peasant lands of every kind, and the citizen and peasant to possess not only citizen, peasant, and other non-noble, but also noble pieces of land, without either the one or the other needing any special permission for any acquisition of land whatever, although, henceforward as before, each change of possession must be announced to the authorities."

II.—FREE CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

"Every noble is henceforth permitted, without any derogation from his position, to exercise citizen occupations; and every citizen or peasant is allowed to pass from the peasant into the citizen class, or from the citizen into the peasant class."

X.—ABOLITION OF VILLAINAGE.

"From the date of this ordinance, no new relation of villainage, whether by birth, or marriage, or acquisition of a villain holding, or by contract, can come into existence."

XI.

"With the publication of the present ordinance, the existing condition of villainage, of those villains, with their wives and children, who possess their peasant-holdings by hereditary tenures of whatever kind, ceases entirely both with its rights and duties."

XII.

"From Martinmas, 1810, ceases all villainage in our entire states. From Martinmas, 1810, there shall be only free persons, as this is already the case upon the domains in all our provinces; free persons, however, still subject, as a matter of course, to all the obligations which bind them as free persons by virtue of the possession of an estate or by virtue of a special contract."

To these were added certain minor provisions, the wisdom of some of which is at least doubtful.

At this point the careful reader of Professor Seeley's book should turn to Mr. Morier's excellent paper on the land tenure of Germany, printed by the Cobden Club, in which he will find set forth with the utmost care, not only the history of the conflict between Stein and the economists, the pupils of Adam Smith and Kraus, but also the relations of Stein's measure to the later legislation of 1811 and 1850, with neither of which Stein, who was otherwise occupied in the first year, and dead in the second, had anything to do.

In addition to the Emancipating Edict the name of Stein is connected with the abolition of some oppressive monopolies, with the beginnings of a municipal system, and with successful attempts at administrative reform. All that he did in these ways is set forth very carefully by Professor Seeley, but the reader, when he has come to the end of it, will rather wonder that he got so much credit for what seems so little, than that he accomplished so much. The truth is that we who are not Stein's contemporaries cannot realise to ourselves how strong were the forces which were arrayed against him. A letter from Yorck, the famous soldier, gives some idea of the almost maniacal hatred which Stein excited amongst the sinister interests affected by his reforms—reforms for the time sweeping, though to our eyes very moderate. It would be almost impossible to interest any reader in the details of what he did, and Professor Seeley does not make any approach to doing so; but the fact remains that the best men who

lived through the period of Stein's administration give him the greatest praise. If in almost every department he owed much—very much—to able instruments, Schön, Stägemann, Vincke, and so many more, that is only the common case of all great ministers. How many people in this country, out of the West End of London, know the name of Sir Henry Thring, and yet who, that has been at all behind the scenes, is ignorant of the very considerable part he has played in British legislation during the last half generation?

The old Prussian administrative system, which had worked extremely well under the minute and restless supervision of the Great King, who inherited the Nürnberg business habits of the Hohenzollern family, broke down pitifully in the hands of weaker men, and to Stein must belong the credit of having initiated reforms which, in the words of Mr. Morier, led to the "creation of the ablest and the most patriotic bureaucracy which ever weakened the plea of self-government by the plea of good government."

Stein's attention was turned in a new direction by the Spanish insurrection, by the lectures of Fichte at Berlin, and by the feeling gradually forced upon him, thanks to the frightful exactions of the French, that even the most unfortunate war could hardly ruin Prussia more effectually than she was already ruined. He set to work strenuously to prepare for another struggle. It has been said that he worked through the *Moral and Scientific Union*, better known by its popular name of the *Tugendbund*, but Professor Seeley shows that this is an error.

Stein was connected with some societies whose objects were akin to those of the *Tugendbund*, but not with that particular organisation. To the army reforms of the king and Scharnhorst he gave his fullest sympathy, and an account of them is one of the most valuable portions of these three volumes.

Amongst the many parts, however, which Stein was unfit to play was that of a successful conspirator, and a curiously maladroit letter which he had written, falling into the hands of Napoleon, led first to his retirement and then to his proscription.

The king, in taking leave of him, expressed himself thus:—

"It is indeed a most painful feeling to me that I am compelled to part with a man of your sort, who had the most just claim on my confidence, and at the same time had the public confidence, in the most lively degree.

"It is a consolation that these reflexions—and with them the consciousness of having laid the first foundation, given the first impulse to a new-improved and strengthened organisation of the fabric of the state, which lay in ruins—must afford you the deepest and at the same time the noblest satisfaction and solace."

It would be difficult to sum up more neatly Stein's ministerial career. He gathered into one the best ideas which were afloat, and bringing his great force of character to bear—a force of character which secured him confidence outside and acquiescence inside the court, gave the first impulse to a new improved and strengthened organisation of the Prussian monarchy.

He left a political testament behind him, not an elaborate document like that which is connected with the name of Hardenberg, but a short summary of what he thought necessary for the good of the state. The hand that held the pen was Schön's, but Professor Seeley has no difficulty in showing that the views expressed were really Stein's, and that the fallen minister's powerful individuality had impressed itself most strongly on all who were brought into contact with him.

Denounced by Napoleon in a decree signed at Madrid as "Le nommé Stein," he had to fly for his life, and, aided by various friends, he escaped to Prague, where he renewed his acquaintance with the publicist Gentz, to whom Professor Seeley pays the very undue compliment of describing him as the "Burke of Germany." From Prague he went to Brünn, where

he passed three years in close retirement.

An interesting, though highly-coloured description of him as he appeared at this time, by the Russian Count Uwaroff, is quoted by Professor Seeley, but is too long to reproduce here. Varnhagen von Ense saw him also in his exile, and has left another remarkable account of him, in which occurs the following paragraph, which explains a great deal.

"His rapidity and impatience were closely connected with his bodily organisation. He once asked me the rate of my pulse, and then, with a laugh, held out his wrist, and bade me count the beats. They were more than a hundred to the minute. He declared that that had always been his ordinary pulse when he was in perfect health. He seemed to regard this peculiarity as a charter from nature, allowing him to indulge in more fiery ebullitions than other people."

Meanwhile things took their course. Austria was crushed; Schill was killed; the Walcheren expedition, badly conceived and badly executed, turned out a hideous failure.

Hardenberg came back to carry on the reforms which were in the air of Prussia, and to write as it were a second chapter to Stein's introduction, dealing at first chiefly with finance and administrative organisation, and, afterwards, improving the position of the Treasury, and even creating a short-lived national representation, while even before that W. von Humboldt had done a greater ultimate good to mankind than either of them by founding the University of Berlin.

"In him," says Professor Seeley, with profound truth, "meet and are reconciled the two views of life which found their most extreme representatives in Goethe and Stein."

Unhappily Prussia had not yet reached the lowest depth. That came when she was forced by the decision of the king, formed in the teeth of the advice of his principal ministers, to take the side of Napoleon against Russia—a proceeding of which, however, we may perhaps use the old phrase "*felix culpa*," for without it the

catastrophe of the French Empire in 1812 would certainly not have been nearly so great.

Ere long the relations between Russia and France, which had long been getting from bad to worse, ended in open war, and the Emperor Alexander, who had been impressed some years before by Stein's conversation and knew his character, summoned him from his retreat. The ex-minister, who had at a previous period thought of taking service in Russia, obeyed the summons, but wisely declined any regular employment, preferring to be a sort of adviser without portfolio, especially trusted in all that related to Germany.

This began the third period of his activity. We have seen him as the provincial administrator and as the reforming minister; we are now to see him as the adviser of the Czar, exercising a considerable influence on European affairs, for the advantage of what his friend Arndt, who became connected with him immediately after he went to Russia, would have called "the Fatherland."

What may have been the amount of the influence exercised by Stein over the mind of Alexander must remain an open question, but it certainly was, as far as it went, applied in a right direction.

The following extract from a letter to Count Münster does great credit to his statesmanlike insight, an insight sharpened by his Imperial-knightly jealousy of the minor princes and his dislike to the Prussian ministers:—

"I am sorry that your Excellency spies a Prussian in me and discovers a Hanoverian in yourself. I have but one Fatherland, which is called Germany, and since, according to the old constitution, I belonged to it alone, and to no particular part of it—to it alone, and not to any part of it, I am devoted with my whole heart. To me in this great moment of transition the dynasties are completely indifferent; they are mere instruments. My wish is that Germany should become great and strong, that she may recover her independence, her self-government, and her nationality, and may assert them in her position between France and Russia; that is the interest of the nation

and of all Europe. It cannot be maintained in the routine of old, decayed, and rotten forms; this would be like desiring to ground the system of an artificial military frontier on the ruins of the old castles of the knights, and the towns fortified with walls and towers, while the ideas of Vauban, Coehorn, and Montalembert were rejected. My confession of faith is unity, and if that is not attainable, then some shift, some transition stage.

"Put what you will in the place of Prussia, dissolve it, strengthen Austria by Silesia and the Electoral Mark and North Germany, excluding the banished princes; bring back Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden to their condition before 1802, and make Austria mistress of Germany. I wish it, it is good, if it is practicable; only cease to think of the old Montagues and Capulets, and those ornaments of old knightly halls. If the bloody contest which Germany has maintained with bad fortune for twenty years, and to which it is now challenged again, is to end with a farce, at any rate I would rather have nothing to do with it, but shall return with joy and haste into private life."

Very curious in its bearing on the events of 1866, and less creditable to his sagacity, is Count Münster's reply:—

"You say that the dynasties are indifferent to you. They are not so to me. There rules in them a spirit which can be traced through centuries. Read what Johannes Müller says in his *League of Princes* about the Guelfic House. May I refer to the glory of the Guelfs, whose unbending heroism has made their name a watchword of freedom? &c. Even England has never been so free as under the Three Georges, and the Fourth will bring the same mind to the throne. Compare with that the Prussian cudgel and ramrod! I honour Frederick the Great, and yet he has caused the ruin of Germany by aggrandising her, and that of his own state by creating a body which could only be kept alive by a great spirit which departed with him. When I showed this passage of your letter to the Regent, he said: 'If the dynasties are indifferent to Stein, why does not he name us instead of Prussia?'

"I should like to put the same question.

"Prussia's power survives only in memory. She may continue between the Weichsel and Elbe as a power of the second or third rank. Why should not Russia have the Weichsel as a reward for her deeds? Why should Prussia receive back the possessions she ceded in former treaties, only to extend the area of her vexations, and to intrigue with France? On the other hand, consider what I have said to your Excellency on the formation of a great state between the Elbe and the Rhine out of possessions left without a master. It was in-

tended to find in this region an indemnity for Norway; but Denmark's want of sense and the opposition of the Germans will, it is to be hoped, prevent that."

Right however as was the direction in which Stein wished to move, his first efforts were not very successful. He tried to organise a resistance to the French in Germany, working through secret agents, pamphlets, proclamations, and the like; but they all came to very little.

Meantime the hosts of Napoleon advanced successfully, and for a moment it seemed likely that Alexander would yield. This, as we all know, did not happen, and some have found in Stein the cause of his unwonted firmness. Professor Seeley is candid enough not to take this view. The firmness of Alexander was due to the pressure of public opinion, and perhaps also to a gust of mystical feeling.

Important events now succeeded each other with great rapidity. Yorck, finding himself in an impossible position, declared against the French, and concluded a convention with the Russians, thereby going far to force the hand of the King of Prussia and his ministers, who denounced him more energetically than sincerely. Stein, appointed by the Czar to organise an insurrection in the eastern provinces of Prussia, gave, *inter alia*, the first impulse to the summoning of a Parliament, an impulse which worked underground until it became irresistible in 1848.

Soon direct negotiations were opened between the courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin, which resulted in the appointment of Stein, who had just escaped with his life from a severe illness, to be the head of an administration which comprised nearly all the minor states of Germany. In bringing about this reunion of Prussia and Russia, Stein had unquestionably a very great share.

For a brief period he now exercised very considerable influence. That influence, however, tending to call forth the energies of the people by a *levée en masse*, was feared by the minor

princes, hated by Austria, and distrusted as well by the Czar himself as by the King of Prussia. Such as it was it rapidly waned, and we soon find Arndt writing as follows:—

“You may pretty well understand my position here—that is, at the side of affairs, and not in them; and this is really the position of those also who fancy they are in them. I wish we had one who really was in them. Stein is not—for with honest intentions he does no more than make leaps, or sometimes thrusts too: bolder than the boldest on the whole, but in particular cases often painful. My relation to Stein was originally formed and serves me now only as a name under which I diffuse certain ideas. He is almost always kind to me, but never or seldom confidential, which in fact he scarcely knows how to be; birth, indeed, is necessary for that. He could do much more if he had military notions, and if his hot temper allowed him in general to form and keep before him comprehensive views. But this he does not and can not. He knows how to be stern, and underates tranquil powers and virtues. But, after all, he is very much to be praised.”

A few weeks later, Stein again came to the front, receiving extended powers, becoming almost in reality what he was jokingly called—the Emperor of Germany—Germany, be it observed, without Prussia, but including those parts of France which were occupied by the Allies.

Professor Seeley takes us through this time in some detail, but leaves after all a very indefinite impression on the mind as to what Stein really did that would not have been done without him. He is entitled however to have his own words cited.

“Stein arrived in Paris on April 9th, which, as he remarks, was the anniversary of his arrival in Dresden, and felt now for the first time that his own deliverance and that of Europe was secure. ‘Only when I compare,’ he writes, ‘the feeling that begins to prevade my whole being with that of oppression and suffering which has held me for nine years (this goes back, it will be noticed, beyond the Battle of Austerlitz), only this comparison enables me to estimate the degree of my present happiness and of my past suffering.’”

“And thus we close this interesting passage in Stein’s life. Reckoning from his arrival in Königsberg, it covers a period about as long as his Prussian ministry, and it is far more full of striking incident. If I have compressed the narrative of it into less than half the space,

this has been because I neither wished nor was able to travel so far from Germany, and go so deep into Russian, French, and English history as a complete account of the fall of Napoleon would require. It has also been because Stein, whom I have selected as the most central figure of the German politics of that age, is during this year less near the centre than usual.

“He was not allowed the position to which he had a certain right, that of principal leader and manager of the rising of Germany. Hence in my narrative the most memorable German occurrence of the year is necessarily almost passed over. I mean the *levée en masse* of Prussia. For this Stein had worked in 1808, and yet he was not allowed to take part in it. He was allowed to appear in Königsberg and give the signal, but then he was called away.

“Some fatality seemed always to dash this cup from his lip. In 1809 he had been disappointed by the King’s irresolution and by Napoleon’s Decree of Proscription; this time the rising of Germany actually took place and triumphed over all opposition, and when Stein came to Breslau with Alexander’s testimonial his hand must have seemed to touch the golden prize. But it was not to be. Those who had laboured most for Prussia in 1808 were forbidden to enter into the full fruition of 1813. Scharnhorst indeed was not allowed even to see the triumph. And Stein, who had gone forth bearing good seed, looked on from a distance, while others returned with joy bringing their sheaves with them.

“I may mention that this reflexion which the history suggests is not made by Stein himself. Not one word of complaint or regret is to be found in any of his letters. And if he does not complain that he has not been allowed a larger share in the work, still less does he regret the loss of deserved fame. Yet it is somewhat melancholy that in the great story of the liberation of Germany the one man whose heart was truly in the cause, and who represented Germany alone, is little mentioned. Prussian writers have little occasion to name him. Austrians are hostile to him. Russians are jealous of him. Yet there is little exaggeration in the words of Uwaroff quoted above. ‘He wanted the liberation of Germany, and was unquestionably the principal author of it.’

“Let us leave him for a moment in Paris, where Gneisenau thus describes him on the 11th of May:—‘Herr vom Stein is as brilliant as ever, and, provoked as he has been by frequent contradiction, a little more prickly and irritable. We are very much indebted to him. Maybe without him the Russian armies would never have crossed the Memel. How well-disposed he is to Prussia will not be known till later.’”

Put in another way, does not this mean that although Stein had a good

deal to do with bringing about the war of liberation, he had not so much to do with it as it has been sometimes supposed, or as his biographer would like to believe?

He was present at the Congress at Vienna, and took an active, although by no means a very prominent or interesting part in the controversies and consultations of that memorable gathering. He was a strong partisan of the annexation of Saxony by Prussia, attempted to curb the liberal inclinations of the Emperor Alexander in Poland, did what he could to influence his mind against the minor princes—chiefly of course in the interest of that “ancient noblesse, distinguished by its military achievements, its influence in the council, and eminent position in the Church,” to which he himself belonged—and pressed for the creation of really efficient assemblies in the small states, partly from an idea that they would cause their governments to be more active, but to some extent also it is to be feared from his hatred of the natural foes of an Imperial knight. Whatever may have been the motives of some of his advice he at last deserves the credit of having desired a more united and national Germany than that “contradiction of thirty-five wills” which came out of the diplomatic crucible.

With regard to the securities to be taken against France after the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, Stein's opinion was midway between that of Hardenberg and the Duke of Wellington, which were respectively as follows:—

“As soon” (said Hardenberg) “as a nation has overpassed the defensive position assigned to it by nature or art, its activity, its power, its policy, its arrangements, its national spirit, its public opinion—all take the direction suggested by its geographical position, and it will retain this spirit so long as the geographical position remains.

“France has been in this condition since the time of Louis XIV.

“Therefore, if we want a durable and safe peace, as we have so often announced and declared, if France herself sincerely wants such a peace with her neighbours, she must

give back to her neighbours the line of defence she has taken from them—to Germany, Alsace and the fortifications of the Netherlands, the Meuse, Mosel, and Saar. Not till then will France find herself in her true line of defence, with the Vosges, and her double line of fortresses from the Meuse to the sea; and not till then will France remain quiet.

“Let us not lose the moment so favourable to the weal both of Europe and France which now offers of establishing a durable and sure peace. At this moment we can do it. The hand of Providence has visibly offered us this opportunity. *If we let it slip streams of blood will flow to attain this object, and the cry of the unhappy victims will call us to give an account of our conduct.*”

Memorable words, which should redound to the credit of a remarkable man whom Stein did not like, whom his biographer heartily dislikes, and who doubtless had his failings.

“I prefer,” said the Great Duke, “the temporary occupation of some of the strong places, and to maintain for a time a strong force in France, both at the expense of the French Government and under strict regulation, to the permanent cession of even all the places which in my opinion ought to be occupied for a time. There is no doubt that the troops of the Allies stationed in France will give strength and security to the government of the king, and that their presence will give the king leisure to form his army in such manner as he may think proper. The expectation also of the arrival of the period at which the several points occupied should be evacuated would tend to the preservation of peace; while the engagement to restore them to the king or his legitimate heirs or successors would have the effect of giving additional stability to his throne. This term of years, besides the advantage of introducing into France a system and habits of peace after twenty-five years of war, will enable the Powers of Europe to restore their finances; it will give them time and means to reconstruct the great artificial bulwarks of their several countries, and to settle their governments, and to consolidate their means of defence. France, it is true, will still be powerful, probably more powerful than she ought to be in relation to her neighbours; but if the Allies do not waste their time and their means, the state of security of each and of the whole in relation to France will, at the end of the period, be materially improved, and will probably leave but little to desire.”

Stein held it possible to combine what was most essential in both schemes.

“There might be,” he thought, “a temporary occupation of a sufficiently long line of for-

tresses, and in that case it might be sufficient to deprive France permanently of some six or seven important positions. The military history of Belgium and Germany indicates the Upper Meuse, near Dinant, Namur, &c., and the Upper Rhine, as the weakest parts of this arena of war. Hence the defence of the Upper Meuse requires the cession of Maubeuge, Givet, Philippeville to Belgium, while the cession of a line from Thionville and Saarlouis to Strassburg would protect the Upper Rhine. He goes on in his historical way to refer to the negotiations of Geitruydenburg when Louis XIV. had been willing to yield Lille and Strassburg. Then he adds, England might contribute much to sweeten the bitter pill to France by giving back some of the islands and possessions which she has obtained by the Peace of Paris, and everything is to be expected from the magnanimity of that Great Power, and from its desire to facilitate the settlement!!!"

The "fond ally," as usual, was to pay the score for every one.

After the final pacification of Europe Stein did not take any great part in public affairs. Both Austria and Prussia offered him the place of their representative at the Diet, but he refused both offers, for very sufficient and creditable reasons, though it is difficult to agree with Professor Seeley that they were below his merits, and that he might with advantage have replaced Hardenberg as head of the Prussian ministry.

In the political controversies which followed the war Stein took a middle course, which enabled him to criticise both the princes and the Liberals, with his usual acerbity. We take a specimen of his contempt for the princes from a letter to Eichhorn.

"Dr. Schlosser will convey to you this letter, and speak to you of the Estates question which is threatened by a coalition of domestic and external adversaries. They do not blush to utter and spread with the most insolent shamelessness principles of scandalous Machiavellism. The Act of Confederation, they say, promises no doubt estates to the territories, but the time and the mode it leaves to be determined by the wisdom, the caprice of the Government; the subjects have only a right of expectation, and the Confederation has no authority to protect them. Nay, it is bound if disturbances take place to suppress them without concerning itself about the *merita cause*, the motive of the disturbances. These principles are avowed by Prince Metternich and Count Rechberg. They guide the conduct

of the Austrian and Bavarian Representatives in the Confederation and at the German Courts, and it is asserted that Prussia and Hanover will be converted to them. I will not inquire whether a Cabinet in the abstract, or whether the Austrian Cabinet acts worthily or wisely to take refuge in such sophistries; but I will affirm steadfastly and persistently that they are unserviceable, nay, absolutely pernicious, to Prussia."

Here again is a specimen of his much less merited abuse of the Liberals, from a letter to Gersdorf.

"Freedom of the press is a great blessing, but as yet it has not produced any very valuable results in Weimar, and those apostles of equality, Luden, Martin, Oken, Wieland, &c., are not fit to be teachers of the nation. They serve up the bad food of the French democrats, want to level everything, and dissolve all civil society into a great fluid broth.

"Freedom of the press however is very different from freedom of teaching, and nothing entitles the public teacher appointed by the State to preach murder, insurrection, and destruction of everything ancient and traditional, and I would expel Fries from his chair as a thoroughly crude, hollow, unsound babler."

He talked and wrote in those days much nonsense about Guilds to which Professor Seeley is too tolerant, and was full of old prejudices about the land, to an extent which will surprise those who know nothing of him except the loose writing that we all suffered under anent his reforms, when the Irish land question was being discussed.

His later years were not happy. Domestic troubles were sure to embitter the life of a man who was afflicted with so bad a temper. He composed a meagre autobiography, did excellent work in setting on foot the *Monumenta Germanie*, and made a very indifferent President of the Westphalian Estates.

He judged the motives of the Emperor Alexander in the foolish, though not ill-meant transaction which is known as the Holy Alliance, correctly enough, but was as much, or even more deceived about the French Revolution of 1830, than was his friend Niebuhr, that considerable historian, illustrious

student, and absurd politician. Over this subject they quarrelled, or nearly quarrelled, not for the first time, and it is difficult to say which of the two least deserves our sympathy.

Stein's views as to the refusal of the Greek throne by Prince Leopold show no greater insight, and even those who think that the merits of the Belgian Nestor were latterly somewhat over-rated, will smile at the erroneous estimate of his character which Professor Seeley has extracted.

At length, on the 28th of June, 1831, the old man passed away, by no means, one would have said, *felix opportunitate mortis*, for even his biographer's devotion cannot make much of his last decade and a half. Germans, however, have long memories, and although they thought little of him then, recollected at a later period that he had done really great services in his time—nay, more, they invented a Stein legend, and worshipped under his name their own image reflected on the mists of their national aspirations.

In telling the story of his last days Professor Seeley enlarges a good deal upon Stein's religion, which was of that good "home-baked," but somewhat uninteresting kind which has for many generations been sufficiently common in North Germany. It was, as often happens, powerful enough to come in aid of that part of his moral nature, which was strong, his rectitude and desire to do with his might whatever his hand found to do, but not powerful enough to make him, except on rare occasions, gentle, kindly, tolerant, or wise.

Stein's, in truth, was a massive, but hard and unresponsive nature. The philosophies of his time, which had their weak side, but were full of impulse and guidance for minds of another order, ran off his, in the words of his panegyrist, as if they had been water.

He had a considerable interest in, and a large acquaintance with, certain portions of history, knew a good deal about England, for example, but his

having in, and sympathy with, literature were extremely slight, though his respect for Goethe was greater than might have been expected from a man of his mould. By some he has been imagined to have leant towards Catholicism, but nothing can be less true.

"Thank Heaven," he said, in his vigorous way, "Dr. Luther has made the entrance into heaven somewhat shorter, by dismissing a crowd of door-keepers, chamberlains, and masters of ceremony."

It is amusing to see Professor Seeley's struggles to make out a distinction between Stein's aristocratic pride and that of other nobles. "He was no child of privilege," we are told, and so forth, and so forth. What was an Imperial-knight if he was not "a child of privilege"? His privilege was not the same as that of the persons with whom Professor Seeley contrasts him, but still it was privilege. In so far as he felt the truth of the saying, "Noblesse oblige," more than some of them did, he was truly noble; but did none of them feel it? Was it a sentiment confined to "Imperial-knights," and if so, why is it not usually expressed in old German?

Such are the leading facts in the life to which Professor Seeley has given such an enormous amount of labour and time, with the result of making it clear to the reader why the Germans, in an age when the passion for national unity has devoured all their less noble and many of their nobler passions, should have elevated Stein into a national hero; but certainly not with the result of proving that he was a great statesman. And yet there must have been more in him than Professor Seeley or Pertz, or any one else has succeeded in putting on paper, something which struck the imagination of those who came across him, and made them believe that he was capable of far greater things than he accomplished. He evidently had a good deal of what the greatest of his countrymen called the *dæmonic* element, something that is neither genius, nor goodness, nor fore-

knowledge, nor wisdom, nor vigour, but is perhaps more potent than any of them in swaying the minds of men.

Perhaps, too, in a few years it will be possible for those Englishmen who are attached to Germany to read this book with less irritation than they do at present. The truth is that although it would be unjust to Stein to put him in the same category as the statesman before whom united Germany is now contented to bow down, there is nevertheless a sufficient amount of superficial resemblance between the two characters to remind us at every few pages of the sayings and doings of the Imperial Chancellor. Then, too, in these days, when all that is worst in Germany seems coming to the front, when those who sympathised most intensely with her struggles for unity are beginning to ask, with a mixture of bewilderment and disgust, whether what we now see was really the inevitable outcome of the sad mistake she made when she cast in her lot with those who said, "Through Unity to Freedom," rather than with those who said, "Through Freedom to Unity," it is hardly fair to read the story of a man who, like Stein, was above all things a German patriot.

In justice, however, to Professor Seeley, we must remember that he began his work at a time when all the best men in this country could hardly speak too highly of Germany, before the intoxication which followed the military successes of 1870-1, before the great swindling period, before the blundering *Culturkampf*, before the panic about Socialism, before the rigorous laws against the expression of unpopular opinions, before the determination, avowed in the highest quarters, to return to the exploded fallacies of protection.

Of course observers at a distance are subject to optical illusions. We see much that is alarming and distressing in the state of Germany, and

our attention is not attracted to the large amount of faithful work and intelligent happiness which forms the counterpoise to it. An honest foreign observer, looking at Beaconsfieldian England, probably thinks it a far worse place than it really is. He sees much that is dishonest, much that is stupid, much that is contrary to sound policy in our public action, and draws from what he sees many unduly severe conclusions as to what he does not see.

Still, when all allowance has been made, the condition of Germany is not one which her friends can contemplate without misgiving. But dangerous as is the slope on which the German people finds itself, we may hope that it may be arrested, before it is too late, on that *Descensus Averni* down which it is being pushed, to a great extent by evil personal, and therefore temporary influences. Then perhaps we shall be able to look more charitably than we can do now at the life of Stein. For the next age too there must be another English account of him. A hundred octavo pages in a two-volume book, in which he may stand side by side with Hardenberg, Altenstein, Schön, Scharnhorst, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and Radowitz—a man whose life was in his own opinion a failure, but who was in some respects much more interesting than any of them—is all that can reasonably be asked for Stein twenty years hence. Professor Seeley's three immense volumes will form a quarry of admirable materials for such a work. Several of the lives above alluded to, and a good deal else, will be more easily written for his labours, and a Professor of History is perhaps fulfilling his function distinctly better when he is sowing the germs of good historical work in the minds of others, than when he produces a book more perfect in itself, which has not that particular merit.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"GOD BLESS YOU!"

LATE the same night, Mrs. Haworth, who had been watching for her son alone in the grand, desolate room in which it was her lot to sit, rose to her feet on hearing him enter the house.

The first object which met his eye when he came in was her little figure and her patient face turned toward the door. As he crossed the threshold, she took a few steps as if to meet him, and then stopped.

"Jem!" she exclaimed. "Jem!"

Her voice was tremulous and her eyes bright with the indefinable feeling which seized upon her the moment she saw his face. Her utterance of his name was a cry of anxiousness and fear.

"What!" he said. "Are you here yet?"

He came to her and laid a hand upon her shoulder in a rough caress.

"You'd better go to bed," he said to her. "It's late and I've got work to do."

"I felt," she answered, "as if I'd like to wait an' see you. I knowed I should sleep better for it—I always do."

There was a moment's pause, in which she lovingly stroked his sleeve with her withered hand. Then he spoke.

"Sleep better!" he said. "That's a queer notion. You've got queer fancies, you women—some on you."

Then stooped and kissed her awkwardly. He always did it with more or less awkwardness and lack of ease, but it never failed to make her happy.

"Now you've done it," he said. "You'd better go, old lady, and leave me to finish what I've got to do."

"It's late for work, Jem," she

answered. "You oughtn't to try yourself so much."

"It ain't work so much," he said, "as thinking. There's summat I've got to think out."

For the moment he seemed quite to forget her. He stood with his hands thrust into his pockets and his feet apart, staring at the carpet. He did not stir when she moved away, and was still standing so when she turned at the door to look at him.

What she saw brought her back hurried and tearful.

"Let me stay!" she cried. "Let me stay. There's trouble in your face, Jem, for I see it. Don't keep it from me—for the sake of what we've been through together in times that's past."

He bestirred himself and looked up at her.

"Trouble!" he repeated. "That's not the word. It's not trouble, old lady, and it's naught that can be helped. There's me and it to fight it out. Go and get your sleep and leave us to it."

She went slowly and sadly. She always obeyed him whatever his wish might be.

When the last sound of her faltering feet had died away upon the stairs, he went to the sideboard and poured out a glass of raw brandy and drank it.

"I want summat to steady me," he said,— "and to warm me."

But it did not steady him at least. When he sat down at the table, the hand he laid upon it shook.

He looked at it curiously, clinching and unclenching it.

"I'm pretty well done for when it goes like that," he said. "I'm farther gone than I thought. It's all over me—over and through me. I'm shaking like a fool."

He broke out with a torrent of curses.

"Is it me that's sitting here," he cried, "or some other chap? Is it me that luck's gone again on every side, or a chap that's useder to it?"

Among all his pangs of humiliation and baffled passion there was not one so subtle and terrible in its influence upon him as his momentary sense of physical weakness. He understood it less than all the rest, and raged against it more. His body had never failed him once, and now for the first time he felt that its power faltered. He was faint, and cold, and trembled, not merely from excitement, but from loss of strength.

Opposite to him, at the other side of the room, was a full length mirror. Accidentally rising his eyes towards it he caught sight of his own face. He started back and unconsciously glanced behind him.

"Who——!" he began.

And then he stopped, knowing the face for his own—white-lipped, damp with cold sweat, lined with harsh furrows—evil to see. He got up, shaking his fist at it, crying out through his shut teeth.

"Blast her!" he said. "Who's to blame but her?"

He had given up all for her—his ambition, which had swept all before it; his greatest strength, his very sins and coarseness, and half-an-hour ago he had passed the open door of a room and had seen Murdoch standing motionless, not uttering a word, but with his face fairly transfigured by his ecstasy, and with her hand crushed against his breast.

He had gone in to see Ffrench, and had remained with him for an hour in one of the parlours, knowing that the two were alone in the other. He had heard their voices now and then, and had known that once they went out upon the terrace and talked there. He had grown burning hot and deadly cold, and had strained his ears for every sound, and never caught more than a word or low laugh coming from Rachel Ffrench. At last he had left his partner, and on his way out had

passed the open door. They had come back to the room, and Murdoch was saying his good-night. He held Rachel Ffrench's hand, and she made no effort to withdraw it, but gave it to his caress. She did not move nor speak, but her eyes rested upon his rapt face with an expression not easy to understand. Haworth did not understand it, but the rage which seized and shook him was the most brutal emotion he had ever felt in his life. It was a madness which left him weak. He staggered down the stairs and out into the night blindly, blaspheming as he went. He did not know how he reached home. The sight his mother had seen, and which had drawn a cry from her, and checked her midway in the room, had been cause enough for tremor in her. Nothing but the most violent effort had saved him from an outbreak in her presence. He was weaker for the struggle when she was gone.

He could think of nothing but of Rachel Ffrench's untranslatable face, and of Murdoch's close clasp of her surrendered hand.

"What has she ever give me?" he cried. "*Me*, that's played the fool for her! What's he done that he should stand there and fondle her as if he'd bought and paid for her? I'm the chap that paid for her! She's mine, body and soul, by George, if every man had his rights!"

And then, remembering all that had gone by, he turned from hot to cold again.

"I've stood up agen her a long time," he said, "and what have I got? I swore I'd make my way with her, and how far have I gone? She's never give me a word, by George, or a look that'd be what another woman would have give. She's not even played with me—most on 'em would have done that—but she's not. She's gone on her way and let me go on mine. She's turned neither right nor left for me—I wasn't man enough."

He wore himself out in the end and went to the brandy again, and drank of it deeply. It sent him up stairs

with heated blood and feverish brain. It was after midnight, and he went to his room, but not to sleep. He lay upon his pillow in the darkness thinking of the things he had done in the past few months, and of the fruit the first seed he had sown might bring forth.

"There's things that may happen to any on us, my lad," he said, "and some on 'em might happen to you. If it's Jem Haworth that's to lose, the other sha'n't gain, by George!"

He had put the light out and lay in the darkness, and was so lying with this mood at work upon him when there came a timid summons on the door, and it opened and some one came in softly.

He knew who it was, even before she spoke.

"Jem," she said, "Jem, you're not asleep, my dear."

"No," he answered.

She came to the bed-side and stood there.

"I—I couldn't sleep," she said. "Something's a little wrong with me. I'm gettin' foolish, an'—an' fearful. I felt as if you wasn't quite safe. I thought I'd come and speak to you."

"You're out o' sorts," he answered. "You'll have to be looked after."

"It's nothing but my foolish way," she replied. "You're very good to me—an' me so full of fancies. Would you—would you mind me a-kneelin' down an' sayin' a prayer here to myself as I used to when you was a boy, Jem? I think it'd do me good. Would you mind it?"

"No," he answered, hoarsely. "Kneel down."

And she knelt and grasped for his hand and held it, and he heard her whispering in the dark as he had been wont to hear her nearly thirty years before.

And when it was over, she got up and kissed him on the forehead.

"God bless you, my dear!" she said. "God bless you!" and went away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"IT IS DONE WITH."

AFTER the departure of Haworth and Murdoch, Mr. Ffrench waited for some time for his daughter's appearance. He picked up a pamphlet and turned over its leaves uneasily, trying to read here and there, and making no great success of the effort. He was in a disturbed and nervous mood—the evening had been a trial to him, more especially the latter part of it, during which Haworth had sat on the other side of the table in his usually awkwardly free-and-easy posture, his hands in his pockets, his feet thrust out before him. His silence and the expression he had worn had not been of an order to relieve his companion of any tithe of the burden which had gradually accumulated upon his not too muscular shoulders. At the outset Ffrench had been simply bewildered, then somewhat anxious and annoyed, but to-day he had been stunned. Haworth's departure was an immense relief to him—in fact, it was often a relief to him in these days. Then he had heard Murdoch descend the stairs and leave the house, and waited with mingled dread and anxiousness for Rachel's coming. But she did not make her appearance. He heard her walk across the room after Murdoch left her, and then she did not seem to move again.

After the lapse of half-an-hour he laid his pamphlet aside and rose himself. He coughed two or three times and paced the floor a little—gradually he edged toward the folding doors leading into the front room and passed through them.

Rachel stood at one of the windows which was thrown open. She was leaning against its side and looking out into the night. When she turned toward him something in her manner caused in Ffrench an increase of nervousness amounting to irritation.

"You wish to say something to me," she remarked. "What is it?"

"Yes," he answered. "I wish to say something to you."

He could not make up his mind to say it for a moment or so. He found himself returning her undisturbed glance with an excited and bewildered one.

"I—the fact is—" he broke forth, desperately, "I—I do not understand you."

"That is not at all singular," she replied. "You have often said so before."

He began to lose his temper and walk about the room.

"You have often chosen to seem incomprehensible," he said, "but *this* is the most extraordinary thing you have done yet. You—you must know that it looks very bad—that people are discussing you opening—you of all women!"

Suddenly he wheeled about and stopped, staring at her with more uncertainty and bewilderment than ever.

"I ought to know you better," he said. "I do know you better than to think you capable of any weakness of—of that kind. You are *not* capable of it. You are too proud and too fond of yourself, and yet——"

"And yet what?" she demanded, in a peculiar, low voice.

He faltered visibly.

"And yet you are permitting yourself to—to be talked over and—misunderstood."

"Do you think," she asked, in the same voice, "that I care for being talked over?"

"You would care if you knew what is said," he responded. "You do not know."

"I can guess," she replied, "easily."

But she was deadly pale and he saw it, and her humiliation was that she *knew* he saw it.

"What you do," he continued, "is of more consequence than what most women do. You are not popular. You have held yourself very high, and have set people at defiance. If you should be guilty of a romantic

folly, it would go harder with you than with others."

"I know that," she answered him, "far better than you do."

She held herself quite erect and kept her eyes steadily upon him.

"What is the romantic folly?" she put it to him.

He could not have put it into words just then if his life had depended upon his power to do it.

"You will not commit it," he said. "It is not in you to do it, but you have put yourself in a false position, and it is very unpleasant for both of us."

She stopped him.

"You are very much afraid of speaking plainly," she said. "Be more definite."

He actually flushed to the roots of his hair in his confusion and uneasiness. There was no way out of the difficulty.

"You have adopted such a manner with the world generally," he floundered, "that a concession from you means a great deal. You—you have been making extraordinary concessions. It is easy to see that this young fellow is madly enamoured of you. He does not know how to conceal it, and he does not try. You have not seemed to demand that he should. You have let him follow you, and come and go as his passion and simplicity prompted him. One might say you had encouraged him—though encouraged seems hardly the word to use."

"No," she interrupted, "it is not the word to use."

"He has made himself conspicuous and you too, and you have never protested by word or deed. When he was in danger you actually risked your life for him."

"Great heaven!" she ejaculated.

The memory of the truth of what he had said came upon her like a flash. Until this moment she had only seen the night from one stand-point, and to see it from this one was a deadly blow to her. She lost her balance.

"How dare you?" she cried breath-

lessly. "I was mad with excitement. If I had stopped to think——"

"You usually do stop to think," he put in. "That was why I was amazed. You did a thing without calculating its significance. You never did so before in your life. You know that it is true. You pride yourself upon it."

He could have said nothing so bitter and terrible. For the moment they had changed places. It was he who had presented a weakness to her. She did pride herself upon her cool power of calculation.

"Go on!" she exclaimed.

"He has been here half the day," he proceeded, growing bolder. "You were out in the garden together all the afternoon—he has only just left you. When you contrast his position with yours is not *that* an extraordinary thing? What should you say if another woman had gone so far? Two years ago, he was Haworth's engineer. He is a wonderful fellow and a genius, and the world will hear of him yet. I should never think of anything but that if I were the only individual concerned, but you—you treated him badly enough at first."

She turned paler and paler.

"You think that I—that I——"

She had meant to daunt him with the most daring speech she could make, but it would not complete itself. She faltered and broke down.

"I don't know what to think," he answered desperately. "It seems impossible. Good heavens! it *is* impossible!—you—it is not in your nature."

"No," she said, "it is not."

Even in that brief space she had recovered herself wholly. She met his glance just as she had met it before, even with more perfect *sang froid*.

"I will tell you what to think," she went on. "I have been very dull here. I wished from the first that I had never come. I hate the people, and I despise them more than hate them. I must be amused and interested, and they are less than nothing. The person you speak of was different.

I suppose what you say of him is true and he is genius. I care nothing for that in itself, but he has managed to interest me. At first I thought him only absurd; he was of a low class, and a common workman, and he was so simple and ignorant of the world that he did not feel his position or did not care. That amused me and I led him on to revealing himself. Then I found out that there was a difference between him and the rest of his class, and I began to study him. I have no sentimental notions about his honour and good qualities. Those things do not affect me, but I have been interested and the time has passed more easily. Now the matter will end just as it began,—not because I am tired of him, or because I care for what people say, but because I think it is time,—and I choose that it should. It is done with from to-night."

"Good heaven!" he cried. "You are not going to drop the poor fellow like that?"

"You may call it what you please," she returned. "I have gone as far as I choose to go, and it is done with from to-night."

Mr. Ffrench's excitement became something painful to see. Between his embarrassment as a weak nature before a strong one,—an embarrassment which was founded upon secret fear of unpleasant results,—between this and the natural compunctions arising from tendencies toward a certain refined and amiable sense of fairness, he well-nigh lost all control over himself and became courageous. He grew heated and flushed, and burst forth into protest.

"My dear," he said, "I must say it's a—*a*—deuced ungentlemanly business!"

Her lack of response absolutely inspired him.

"It's a deuced ill-bred business," he added, "from first to last."

She did not reply even to that, so he went on, growing warmer and warmer.

"You have taunted me with being

afraid of you," he said, "though you have never put it into so many words. Perhaps I have been afraid of you. You can make yourself confoundedly unpleasant at times,—and I may have shrunk from saying what would rouse you,—but I must speak my mind about this, and say it is a deucedly cruel and unfair thing, and is unworthy of you. A less well-bred woman might have done it."

A little colour rose to her cheek and remained there, but she did not answer still.

"He is an innocent fellow," he proceeded, "an unworldly fellow; he has lived in his books and his work, and he knows nothing of women. His passion for you is a pure, romantic one; he would lay his world at your feet. Call it folly, if you will,—it *is* folly,—but allow me to tell you it is worthy of a better object."

He was so astonished at his own daring that he stopped to see what effect it had produced.

She replied by asking a simple but utterly confounding question.

"What," she said, "would you wish me to do?"

"What would I wish you to do?" he stammered. "What? I—I hardly know," he replied weakly.

And after regarding her helplessly a little longer, he turned about and left the room.

CHAPTER XL.

"LOOK OUT!"

THE next morning he rather surprised Murdoch by walking into his cell with the evident intention of paying him a somewhat prolonged visit. It was not, however, the fact of his appearing there which was unusual enough to excite wonder, but the fact of a certain degree of mingled constraint and effusiveness in his manner. It was as if he was troubled with some mental compunctions which he was desirous of setting at rest. At times he talked very fast and in a comparatively light and jocular vein, and again he was

silent for some minutes, invariably rousing himself from his abstraction with a sudden effort. Several times Murdoch found that he was regarding him with a disturbed air of anxiety.

Before going away he made an erratic and indecisive tour of the little room, glancing at drawings and picking up first one thing and then another.

"You have a good many things here," he said, "of one kind and another."

"Yes," Murdoch answered, absently. Ffrench glanced around at the jumble of mechanical odds and ends, the plans and models in various stages of neglect or completion.

"It's a queer place," he commented, "and it has an air of significance. It's crammed with ideas—of one kind and another."

"Yes," Murdoch answered, as before.

Ffrench approached him and laid his hand weakly on his shoulder.

"You are a fellow of ideas," he said, "and you have a good deal before you. Whatever disappointments you might meet with, you would always have a great deal before you. You have ideas. I," with apparent inconsequence, "I haven't, you know."

Murdoch looked somewhat puzzled, but he did not contradict him, so he repeated his statement.

"I haven't, you know. I wish I had."

Then he dropped his hand and looked indefinite again.

"I should always like you to remember that I am your friend," he said. "I wish I could have been of more service to you. You are a fine fellow, Murdoch. I have admired you—I have liked you. Don't forget it."

And he went away carrying the burden of his indecision and embarrassment and good intention with much amiable awkwardness.

That day Murdoch did not see Rachel Ffrench. Circumstances occurred which kept him at work until a late hour. The next day it was the same story, and the next also. A series of incidents seemed to combine

against him, and the end of each day found him worn out and fretted. But on the fourth he was free again, and early in the evening found himself within sight of the iron gates. Every pulse in his body throbbed as he passed through them. He was full of intense expectation. He could scarcely bear to think of what was before him. His desperate happiness was a kind of pain. One of his chief longings was that he might find her wearing the pale blue dress again, and that when he entered she might be standing in the centre of the room as he had left her. Then it would seem as if there had been no nights and days between the last terribly happy moment and this. The thought which flashed across his mind that there might possibly be some one else in the room was a shock to him.

"If she is not alone," he said to himself, "it will be unbearable."

As he passed up the walk, he came upon a tall white lily blooming on one of the border beds. He was in a sufficiently mystical and emotional mood to be stopped by it.

"It is like her," he said. And he gathered it and took it with him to the house.

The first thing upon which his eye rested when he stood upon the threshold of the room was the pale blue colour, and she was standing just as he had left her, it seemed to him, upon the very same spot upon which they had parted. His wish had been realised so far at least.

He was obliged to pause a moment to regain his self-control. It was an actual truth that he could not have trusted himself so far as to go in at once.

It was best that he did not. The next instant she turned and spoke to a third person at the other side of the room, and even as she did so caught sight of him and stopped.

"Here is Mr. Murdoch," she said, and paused, waiting for him to come forward. She did not advance to meet

him, did not stir until he was scarcely more than a pace from her. She simply waited, watching him as he moved toward her, as if she were a little curious to see what he would do. Then she gave him her hand, and he took it with a feeling that something unnatural had happened, or that he was suddenly awakening from a delusion.

He did not even speak. It was she who spoke, turning toward the person whom she had addressed before he entered.

"You have heard us speak of Mr. Murdoch," she said; and then to himself, "This is M. Saint Méran."

M. Saint Méran rose and bowed profoundly. He presented, as his best points, long, graceful limbs and a pair of clear grey eyes, which seemed to hold their opinions in check. He regarded Murdoch with an expression of suave interest, and made a well-bred speech of greeting.

Murdoch said nothing. He could think of nothing to say. He was never very ready of speech. He bowed with an uncertain air, and almost immediately wandered off to the other end of the room, holding his lily in his hand. He began to turn over the pages of a book of engravings, seeing none of them. After a little while a peculiar perfume close to him attracted his attention, and he looked downward vacantly and saw the lily. Then he laid it down and moved farther away.

Afterward—he did not know how long afterward—Ffrench came in. He seemed in a very feverish state of mind, talking a great deal and rather inanely, and forcing Murdoch to reply and join in the conversation.

M. Saint Méran held himself with a graceful air of security and self-poise, and made gentle efforts at scientific remark which should also have an interest for genius of a mechanical and inventive turn. But Murdoch's replies were vague. His glance followed Rachel Ffrench. He devoured her with his eyes—a violence which

she bore very well. At last—he had not been in the house an hour—he left his chair and went to her.

"I am going away," he said, in an undertone. "Good-night!"

She did not seem to hear him. She was speaking to Saint Méran.

"Good-night!" he repeated, in the same tone, not raising it at all, only somehow giving it an intense, concentrated sound.

She turned her face toward him.

"Good-night!" she answered.

And he went away, Ffrench following him to the door with erratic and profuse regrets, which he did not hear at all.

When he got outside, he struck out across the country. The strength with which he held himself in check was a wonder to him. It seemed as if he was not thinking at all—that he did not allow himself to think. He walked fast, it might even be said, violently; the exertion made his head throb and his blood rush through his veins. He walked until at last his heart beat so suffocatingly that he was forced to stop. He threw himself down—almost fell down upon the grass at the wayside—and lay with shut eyes. He was giddy and exhausted, and panted for breath. He could not have thought then, if he would; he had gained so much at least. He did not leave the place for an hour. When he did so, it was to walk home by another route, slowly, almost weakly. This route led him by the Briarley cottage, and, as he neared it, he was seized with a fancy for going in. The door was ajar and a light burned in the living-room, and this drew him toward it.

Upon the table stood a basket filled with purchases, and near the basket lay a shawl, which Janey wore upon all occasions requiring a toilet. She had just come in from her shopping, and sat on a stool in her usual posture, not having yet removed the large bonnet which spread its brim around her small face, a respectable and steady-going aureole, enlivened with bunches

of flowers, which in their better days had rejoiced Mrs. Briarley's heart with exceeding great joy.

She looked up as he came in, but did not rise.

"Eh! it's thee, is it?" she remarked. "I thowt it wur toime tha wur comin'. Tha'st not been here fur nigh a month."

"I have been—doing a great deal."

"Aye," she answered. "I suppose so."

She jerked her thumb toward Granny Dixon's basket-chair, which stood empty.

"She's takken down," she said. "She wur takken down a week sin', an' a noice toime we're ha'in' nursin' her. None on us can do anything wi' her but mother—*she* can settle her, thank th' Amoighty."

She rested her sharp little elbows upon her knees and her chin upon both palms, and surveyed him with interest.

"Has tha seed him?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Who?" he asked.

"Him," with a nod of her head. "Th' furriner as is stayin' at Mester Ffrench's. Yo' mun ha' seen him. He's been theer three days."

"I saw him this evening."

"I thowt tha mun ha' seed him. He coom o' Monday. He coom fro' France. I should na," with a tone of serious speculation,—"I should na ha' thowt she'd ha' had a Frenchman."

She moved her feet and settled herself more conveniently, without moving her eyes from his face.

"I dunnot think much o' Frenchmen mysen," she proceeded. "An' neyther does mother, but they say as this is a rich un an' a grand un. She's lived i' France a good bit, an' happen she does na' moind their ways. She's knowed him afore."

"When?" he asked.

"When she wur theer. She lived theer, yo' know."

Yes, he remembered, she had lived there. He said nothing more, only sat watching the little stunted figure

and sharp small face with a sense of mild fascination, wondering dully how much she knew and where she had learned it all, and what she would say next. But she gave him no further information—chiefly because she had no more on hand, there being a limit even to her sagacity. She became suddenly interested in himself.

"Yo're as pale as if yo'd had th' whoopin'-cough," she remarked. "What's wrong wi' yo'?"

"I am tired," he answered. "Worn out."

It was true enough, but did not satisfy her. Her matter-of-fact and matronly mind arrived at a direct solution of the question.

"Did yo' ivver think," she put it to him, "as she'd ha' yo'?"

He had no answer to give her. He began to turn deathly white about the lips. She surveyed him with increased interest and proceeded:

"Mother an' me's talked it over," she said. "We tak' th' *Ha'penny Reader*, an' theer wur a tale in it as tow'd o' one o' th' nobility as wed a workin' chap—an' mother she said as happen she wur loike her an' ud do it, but I said she would na. Th' chap i' th' tale turnt out to be a earl, as ud been kidnapped by th' gypsies, but yo' niver wur kidnapt, an' she's noan o' th' soft koin'd. The Lady *Geraldine* wur a difrient mak'. Theer wur na mich i' her too my moind. She wur allus makkin' out as brass wur nowt, an' talkin' about 'humble virchow' as if theer wur nowt loike it. Yo' would na ketch *her* talkin' that road.

"Mother she'd sit an' cry until th' babby's bishop wur wet through, but I niver seed nowt to cry about mysen. She getten th' chap i' th' eend, an' he turnt out to be a earl after aw. But I tow'd mother as marryin' a workin' man wur na i' *her* loine."

Murdoch burst into a harsh laugh and got up.

"I've been pretty well talked over, it seems," he said. "I didn't know that before."

"Aye," replied Janey coolly. "We've

talked yo' ower a good bit. Are yo' goin'?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am going."

He went out with an uncertain movement, leaving the door open behind him. As he descended the steps, the light from the room, slanting out into the darkness, struck athwart a face, the body pertaining to which seemed to be leaning against the palings, grasping them with both hands. It was the face of Mr. Briarley, who regarded him with a mingled expression of anxiety and desire to propitiate.

"Is it yo'?" he whispered, as Murdoch neared him.

"Yes," he was answered, somewhat shortly.

Mr. Briarley put out a hand and plucked him by the sleeve.

"I've been waitin' fur yo'," he said, in a sonorous whisper, which only failed to penetrate the innermost recesses of the dwelling through some miracle.

Murdoch turned out of the gate.

"Why?" he asked.

Mr. Briarley glanced towards the house uneasily, and also up and down the road.

"Let's get out o' th' way a bit," he remarked.

Murdoch walked on, and he shuffled a few paces behind him. When they got well into the shadow of the hedge, he stopped. Suddenly he dropped upon his knees, and crawling through a very small gap into the field behind, remained there for a few seconds, then he reappeared panting.

"Theer's no one theer," he said. "I would na ha' risked theer bein' one on 'em lyin' under th' hedge."

"One of whom?" Murdoch inquired.

"I did na say who," he answered.

When he stood on his feet again, he took his companion by the button.

"Theer's a friend o' moine," he said, "as 'as sent a messidge to yo'. This here's it—'Look out!'"

"What does it mean?" Murdoch asked. "Speak more plainly."

Mr. Briarley became evidently disturbed.

"Nay," he said, "that theer's plain enow fur me. It ud do *my* business i' quick toime if I——"

He stopped and glanced about him again, and then, without warning, threw himself, so to speak, on Murdoch's shoulder, and began to pour a flood of whispers into his ear.

"Theer wur a chap as were a foo'," he said, "an' he was drawed into bein' a bigger foo' than common. It wur him as getten yo' i' trouble wi' th' stroikers. He did na mean no ill, an'—an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out. I'll run th' risk.' He knowed what wur goin' on, an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out.'"

"Who was he?" Murdoch interposed.

Mr. Briarley fell back a pace, perspiring profusely, and dabbing at his forehead with his cap.

"He—he wur a friend o' moine," he

stammered,—“a friend o' moine as has gotten a way o' gettin' hissen i' trouble, an' he ses, 'I'll tell him to look out.'”

"Tell him from me," said Murdoch, "that I am not afraid of anything that may happen."

It was a rash speech, but was not so defiant as it sounded. His only feeling was one of cold carelessness. He wanted to get free and go away, and end his night in his silent room at home. But Mr. Briarley kept up with him, edging toward him apologetically as he walked.

"Yo're set agen th' chap fur bein' a foo'," he persisted, breathlessly, "an' I dunnot blame yo'. He's set agen hissen. He's a misforchnit chap as is allus i' trouble. It's set heavy on him, an' ses he, 'I'll tell him to look out.'"

At a turn into a by-lane he stopped.

"I'll go this road," he said, "an' I'll tell him as I've done it."

To be continued.

THE CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.

READING over the annual reports of the thirty-eight district committees of the Charity Organisation Society produces a curious effect on the mind, of a certain deep yet monotonous interest. With slight variations in arrangement and style, they all consist of the same materials and exhibit a striking uniformity of doctrine. They all apologise for their annual reiteration of the same facts and principles, which they feel must be tiresome to their friends and supporters, but which they one and all find to be ignored, or very insufficiently understood, by the world at large. The individual cases given in most of them as specimens of their work have the same curious monotony and the same perennial interest, and as one reads, one begins to feel that at last something like order is being introduced into the chaos of London distress and London benevolence. Shall I be forgiven for reiterating once more those leading features of the Society's work which it finds so necessary to bring again and again before the public, and endeavour to describe the effect they produce on the mind of an outsider?

One of the habitual misunderstandings against which nearly all the committees find occasion to protest, is the idea that their machinery is expensive in proportion to the amount of relief which they dispense. They all explain again and again that not relief but investigation is their primary object, and that investigation is a necessarily expensive process. I should have thought the complaints would have been in the opposite direction. The real danger seems to be lest the Society should tend to lapse into an additional relief society, instead of keeping to its original and much more arduous task of organising the relief afforded by others, and bringing light and order into the confused mass of overlapping and competing "charities" in this good-hearted but not too clear-headed

metropolis of ours. The pressure of distress on the purse is so keenly felt by all whose duties call them into its immediate presence, that those whose task is not relief can rarely abstain altogether from practising it. And since the very fact of overlapping it is pretty sure to cause gaps (in the present inadequate state of our relief machinery), it is clear that a society whose object is to provide for the even distribution of alms must as often have occasion to fill up overlooked spaces as to clear away accumulations. Besides this, a difficulty is found to arise in practice from the natural disinclination of the poor, and their friends and employers, to answer inquiries which do not appear to tend to any practical result. The relief to be given must, to some extent at least, pass through the hands of the investigators if they are to have any chance of getting to the bottom of the facts.¹

An excellent instance of the way in which the operations of the Society may advantageously be combined with those of existing charitable institutions, is the practice recently adopted by some of our public hospitals of requiring all out-patients, after one visit, to get their "letters" stamped by the Charity Organisation Society before they can receive any further assistance. The Society, with this practical object in view, can easily make the inquiries necessary to ascertain that the patients are really too poor to pay for medical advice and medicines. The precise course of proceeding has been variously modi-

¹ The question whether it would not be better for the Charity Organisation Society to abstain altogether from giving relief has been raised (while these pages have been passing through the press) by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and discussed by some other writers, in the columns of the *Times*. The general feeling of the supporters of the Society seemed to be that such complete abstinence, though very desirable, would not as yet be practicable.

fied in connection with different hospitals, and in some the attempt thus to classify applicants has been abandoned, but not before it had yielded results likely to prove of great importance in leading to a better system of medical relief.

It is clear that a great saving of labour is rendered possible by the existence of a central society possessing branches in every district of London, each branch of which is constantly employed in collecting and recording information about the poor inhabitants of its own district, and which places the whole of its machinery and of its records at the disposal of every stationary institution, as well as of private individuals. By stationary institutions I mean those whose work is necessarily carried on within their own walls, as is in so great a measure the case with hospitals, schools, refuges, and asylums of all sorts. Some of these institutions no doubt do employ officers whose business it is to go out among the poor to seek out suitable cases, or to make inquiries respecting those who apply for admission ; and it is just this addition to their labour and expense which might to a considerable extent be spared by the employment of one central society. In the course of its investigations it would continually kill many birds with one stone, instead of having to go over the same ground over and over again, as must be done in succession by the officers of these various institutions. As a means of simplifying machinery, and so saving valuable skilled labour, it would seem very desirable that the stationary institutions should accept the offer of the Charity Organisation Society to do this sort of work for them.

Not only would a great saving of labour be effected by the employment of a common machinery, but its use would necessarily tend to bring the various institutions availing themselves of it into useful relations with each other. They would learn to know more of each other's objects

and resources, and also of each other's experience. This is an advantage not perhaps likely to be much coveted beforehand by the managers of institutions, in whom a curious instinctive jealousy of similar bodies seems often to spring up, alongside of an inclination to go their own way without interference or dictation from without. But the use of a common machinery for out-of-door work need not in the slightest degree infringe upon the independence of each institution, while it would tend gradually and almost insensibly to melt away this feeling of rivalry, and that which is foolish and ignorant in competition. We so easily set up artificial limits to our sympathies, that whatever tends to keep before our minds the larger community of which we are a part, must be good. Each refuge, each school, each hospital, should desire not only the prosperity and successful accomplishment of its own work, but the spread of knowledge, of medical skill and care, of reformation and civilisation on the widest possible scale, and should feel itself but a part of a national, if not a world-wide, effort to promote these objects ; willing to exchange experiences and good offices with all its fellow institutions. I know that this is difficult, and for that very reason I rejoice in the thought of the help which the Charity Organisation Society may afford in bringing it about.

In like manner, and with a similar economy of labour and diffusion of enlightenment, the Charity Organisation Society have in many districts entered into alliances with Boards of Guardians, district-visiting, and relief societies, School-board visitors, and other bodies of regular workers among the poor. The advantages of such alliances are so obvious that it seems impossible that they should not become universal in the long run, if only the Charity Organisation Society prove themselves equal to the task they have undertaken and resolute in adhering to the province which they have themselves defined as their own.

A more difficult question is that of the ideal relation between them and private individuals engaged in works of charity on their own account. The theory of the society seems to be that private individuals should learn more and more to look to it for advice, and employ it to make inquiries, in their dealings with the poor who apply to them for help. No doubt there are many cases so difficult that they can scarcely be wisely dealt with except by the use of such machinery as no private individual can command, and which less experienced observers may thankfully refer to the judgment of the Society's officers. There are other cases which, though not particularly perplexing, may require help of a kind which is beyond the resources of the individual applied to, and these may fairly be handed on to any organisation sufficiently central to have access to a variety of sources of private benevolence. The Charity Organisation Society, and the ministers of various denominations are the natural channels to which in such cases private individuals have recourse. It is much to be desired that there should be so cordial an understanding between these two bodies that an application to the Charity Organisation Society (whose primary object being organisation, is the one of the two which ought logically to open the door to the other) should be sufficient to bring such cases at once under the notice of the proper pastors and their congregations, and to secure their sympathy and co-operation. I fear this is but a distant prospect; yet in some parishes a glimpse may be caught of the advantages to be found in it. But the practice of passing on applicants for assistance to be dealt with by the Society, does not seem to me to be one which it is desirable greatly to encourage. And to do justice to the Society, I do not at all suppose that they wish to encourage it, except in special cases. They are indeed continually explaining that they have no wish to supersede, or to check, private

benevolence. Their object is to afford assistance in rendering it more discriminating and therefore more effectual. But the drawback to the advantages of all efficient machinery is that it does necessarily tend to supersede hand work, and in some degree, if only temporarily, to paralyse the disposition to bestow much skill and care upon doing perfectly in a few cases what can be done with so much less (proportionate) labour on a large scale. It is, however, useless, and would probably in the long run prove to be folly, to strive against the labour-saving tendencies of our age. Let machinery do its best or its worst, there will always remain abundance of scope for the more delicate and intelligent labour of the human hand. And so, when all that can be done by societies and institutions, and by the organisation of societies and institutions, has been accomplished, there will still be abundance of healing and tending and raising to be done by the purely friendly influence of one human being upon another. The true work of the Charity Organisation Society is not to forestall or to supersede these influences, but to clear the way for them.

The proper division of labour between charitable organisations and charitable individuals is a question of great interest at this moment, while it is in the very act of being (more or less consciously and intelligently) worked out. A great part of the value of the Society's work is the degree in which it tends to throw light upon this question. The reports of its committees contain line upon line, and precept upon precept, on this subject. To sift out the "poor law cases" from the "cases for private charity," and themselves fill up the unavoidable, but not very wide, gap between these two classes, is in fact the chief part of their practical work, as distinguished from their recording work. No one probably sets greater store by the tenderly adapted influences of personal and unofficial ministrations than do the officers of the Society, thus standing between the two camps—we might almost

say between the living and the dead—so great is the contrast between “the House” and “outdoor relief” on the one hand, and private houses, with their overflowing benevolence, on the other. Whatever else we give up, the Charity Organisation Society would, I am sure, be the first to say let us never do anything which might tend to dry up that healing stream, which flowing out from the richer to the poorer in the form of comfort in sickness, and help and advice in times of difficulty, returns from the poor to the rich not only in blessings, but in such teaching and such heart-stirring examples as are not otherwise accessible to those who have no experience of poverty in their own persons.

The distinction between the work of individuals and that of societies has to be made with reference both to the work and to the people engaged in it. Some cases can best be relieved by individuals and some by societies, while some people can work best as members of an association and others independently. The Charity Organisation Society undertakes to make the distinction with regard to cases of distress, but no Society has yet arisen, nor probably can ever arise, for distributing the workers among the various societies which need their help, and to adjust the respective claims of independent and associated occupation. This choice must be made by each one of us on our own responsibility. The various publications of the Charity Organisation Society, however, afford valuable materials for making the decision. Workers are urgently needed both on the committees themselves and in connection with a variety of associations which they bring before our notice. That large majority of people who can work better under direction than independently may thus find plenty of work cut out for them, and can, if they prefer it, work upon purely unsectarian bases. Those on the other hand who lack either the leisure for regular work for the poor, or the inclination to submit to the degree of routine implied in concerted action,

may render a great service to the Society by allowing one or more of its committees to apply to them on behalf of special cases of such a kind as they may feel able to deal with, either by gifts in money or in kind, or by personal intercourse. And here let me say briefly what I have endeavoured to explain more fully in another place,¹ that those ladies who are not much able to leave home, but have a little space to spare in their homes and in their hearts, can do a quite special and most valuable service to the poor, and to those who work among them, by occasionally receiving at their own houses carefully-selected poor persons either for an occasional dinner, or as guests for two or three weeks or a month at a time. If any lady who is willing to try this experiment would make her willingness known to the Society through any of their district committees she would be soon supplied with as many or as few visitors as she wished of the class for whom our convalescent homes are intended, but are far from affording sufficient accommodation. The agents of the Charity Organisation Society, or of the Relief Societies, or the clergy or other regular visitors of the poor in their own homes, might be relied on to see that the poor visitors were sent sufficiently provided with clean clothes, and with properly attested medical certificates as a security against infection, and none but those who have tried it can say how delightful to both hostess and guests is the restorative process which is effected in a very short time by the warmth, good air, and good food (not prepared by their own hands or before their own eyes), the freedom from care and the cheerful welcome and friendly sympathy which can so easily be bestowed in any happy simple household, where mistress and servants are willing to take a little trouble to “entertain strangers.” Till we have seriously tried the experiment we have no right to say that our servants would not heartily join us in it. And it is quite a mistake to suppose

¹ See an article on “Receiving Strangers,” in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1879.

that all convalescents need country air. The change from poor homes in the crowded parts of London to any good-sized house in the comfortable quarters, is quite as great a gain for the poor as a journey to the sea-side is for the rich. In this and in many other ways those who cannot undertake regular work among the poor may strengthen the hands of those who do undertake it, by letting them feel that they have friends and helpers "at their back" to whom they may apply in case of need. Many of the committees sorely feel the want of such helpers, and all would be most thankful for names of residents to whom they might apply for such help as they cannot themselves bestow, but which it is most painful to them to have to refuse altogether. The Society also greatly needs the services of additional working members, especially ladies, on many of their district committees. It is obvious that the whole character of the Society's influence in any district depends upon the volunteers serving on the committee; and if its work does not always come up to the high expectations formed of it, our remedy is to strengthen its hands where they are weak, and to infuse a gentler element where it may be inclined to harshness.

The committees find it necessary in their reports to insist, again and again, not only on the nature of their plan of operations, but on the principles by which they are guided in giving or withholding the help which is asked from them. The first of these is not to assist those who are already receiving parish relief; obviously a necessary part of that endeavour to prevent overlapping, which is the very reason of the Society's existence; although in some cases it joins hands with the guardians with regard to particular cases in order to supply a kind of help which the guardians are not authorised to give; such as money to redeem tools, the cost of removal to other parishes than that to which the poor person belongs, or of emigration to countries other than British colonies, &c., &c.

Another rule is not to give help in providing the ordinary necessities of life, or rather in providing the necessities of life under ordinary circumstances. The Society consider that it is the duty of even the poorest to provide these for themselves and their families (including the duty of not having families larger than they can reasonably expect to provide for), and that a permanent society which should undertake in any degree to relieve the poor of this burden would be encouraging idleness and improvidence in the long run, and thus injuring those whom they were trying to help.

Thirdly, they will not give help in hopeless cases, because however unexpected and unavoidable may have been the misfortunes which have destroyed the power of self-maintenance, they consider that such cases properly belong to the province of the Poor Law, and would, as a rule, be best cared for in the workhouse infirmaries. Some of the committees, however, are in the habit of obtaining from other societies, or from private individuals, small pensions for such infirm and aged persons as may by that means be enabled to pass the evening of their lives under the care of relations not able to support them without some assistance.

And fourthly, all cases are dismissed at once as "undeserving" in which the applicant can be proved to be of drunken or immoral habits, or to have given wilfully false answers to the inquiries made of them.

The typical cases thus marked out as most suitable for assistance by the Charity Organisation Society are those of temporary distress brought about by sickness or accident, or some such cause, falling upon sober, respectable people, who could not reasonably be expected to provide against such emergencies. When it is believed that suitable assistance will set such people upon their feet again, and save them from being dragged down by misfortune into pauperism or dependence upon others, the Society assure us that they spare neither money nor

toil in the endeavour to do so. Sometimes a timely gift or loan will be enough; and it is worth while to remark that, with scarcely an exception, all the committees speak most strongly in favour of the system of small loans, granted without interest on the security of some respectable person as nearly as possible of the borrower's own class, to be repaid by weekly instalments of one shilling in the pound. These loans are almost invariably repaid, as the Society make it well understood that the sureties will be strictly held to their obligation, and the poor naturally feel much more strongly their responsibility towards sureties in circumstances like their own than towards those who, as it seems to them, could so much better afford to lose the money. When money is granted, either as a loan or a gift, the Society attach great importance to the principle of giving liberally, if possible enough to float the persons helped, not mere doles which will need to be repeated again and again.

In some cases money is not the whole, nor even the most important part, of the assistance given. Advice and information, and the power of ascertaining and vouching for the respectability of candidates for employment, may obviously in many cases be of great service, and in giving help of this kind a widely spread society, with a uniform system and a central office, has manifest and great advantages.

Such is the outline of the objects aimed at by the Charity Organisation Society; the machinery by which it is accomplished scarcely needs description. It consists of a committee (meeting weekly) for each poor-law district, the honorary secretaries of which give daily attendance for a certain number of hours at the district office to receive applications from the poor or those interested in helping them. The honorary secretary conducts a certain preliminary examination, more or less according to a fixed routine, one part of which

consists in requiring from applicants for help, not only references, but a short sketch of their previous history; this process naturally makes impostors liable to much more easy and certain detection than a reference to people who may be acquainted only with a part of their career. The case is afterwards investigated on the spot by a paid agent, and all inquiries from previous employers and other referees are made by the honorary secretary; the results to be laid before the committee at their next weekly meeting. The committee then decide upon the steps to be taken, the execution of which is entrusted to one of themselves, to the honorary secretaries, or to the paid agent, as circumstances may require. At the office are kept records of all cases investigated, and reports of all the charitable societies in the district, with any other papers or books bearing upon the interests of the poor which may be thought useful. These records and other stores of information are placed freely at the service of any inquirers, to whom also advice in cases of difficulty is willingly given by the honorary secretaries.

Some committees keep at their office a "Labour Register" for men and women, which is found to be very useful. It would seem obviously desirable that such a register should exist in each district, and the work falls exactly within the province of the Charity Organisation Society.

The mere existence of such an association as the Society we are describing is a very powerful influence, especially as it is by many people regarded as a sort of embodiment of all the most approved theories and enlightened views of our day upon all subjects connected with charity. The effect of its theories and example upon our thoughts and feelings about the poor is already very marked, and will no doubt become more so in proportion as it succeeds in its endeavour to bind together the scattered branches of our various agencies of relief into one organised system. It is therefore a very im-

portant question how far the principles upon which it proceeds are the true and right principles upon which the poor should be dealt with by their richer brethren.

A great deal of the antagonism and coldness of which so many of these reports complain, arises, I think, from a misapprehension of the place and scope of the work undertaken by the Society. The common and obvious complaint against it is that it is harsh and severe in its operations, and in the restrictions which by its example it tends to impose upon the benevolence of the rich. I do not think this complaint is quite a just one as regards the Society; nor do I believe that it quite fully expresses the real feeling of those who make it. I think it is really prompted by a doubt, sometimes only half-consciously entertained, whether the principles of the Charity Organisation Society, and the state of things which it aims at bringing about, may not be in the long run incompatible with more specially Christian principles and aims. Under a good deal of dissatisfaction with the Society there lurks a doubt whether "Charity Organisation" is in reality a part, though not the highest part, of Christian service; or whether it is not in fact a logical outcome of the unbelief and secularism of the day. Of course there are those to whom this last hypothesis would involve no conclusions unfavourable to the Society, but I cannot treat the question from that point of view.

The Christian ideal, we all feel, is an outpouring of love upon the just and the unjust. It aims at nothing less than to be "*perfect*, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect." As He makes His sun to shine upon the just and the unjust, and sends rain upon the unthankful and the evil, so Christian charity would make no distinction of persons; or, if any distinction is made, it is in favour of those whose need is the greatest. It rejoices above all things in the restoration of the erring, leaving the ninety-and-nine to go after that which is lost,

forgiving until seventy-times-seven, and blessing those who despitefully use it. It would fain have all things in common, and values its command of money only as a stewardship through which it may speak an unmistakable language of love which will reach the heart. It is the working of a principle which fills with spiritual meaning the simplest act of kindness, as the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, is a brotherly offering of love to the children of our common Father.

Hearts fed upon such visions as these must needs feel a chill in turning to a system which aims, or seems to aim, above all things, at training every man to do without assistance, and in the first place to do the best he can for himself; which calmly rejects the "undeserving," and omits all reference to the restoration of the erring, unless the path into which they are straying be that of pauperism, and their fault a tendency to lean too much upon our help.

But it is obviously unjust to compare a part with the whole, the work of the hand or the foot with the work of the body. The Charity Organisation Society have marked out for themselves very distinctly one special aim in their dealings with the poor. It is so to apply the money at their command as to make it tend most effectually to lessen poverty in the long run. The even-handed distribution of public alms, subject to the general maxim, "he that will not work, neither let him eat," is by no means inconsistent with the purest spirit of Christian love. If we do bestow any of our substance to feed the poor, we are bound to see that it is bestowed well and wisely; and we may even be justified at times in postponing objects of deeper importance to the pressing urgency of physical needs. To put preaching before relief in order of time would be as great a mistake as to put relief before preaching in order of importance.

The danger is lest the central and eminent position occupied by the Society should lead us to look upon

its work as if it assumed to be the type of all that charity should be. I cannot help thinking that if it had been called the "Society for Organising Relief," instead of "Charity," it would have shown a truer conception of its own province, and would have been less likely to be misunderstood and therefore misjudged by others. For charity, truly so called, is not a fit subject for organisation, and the very name rather grates upon the spiritual ear as if it implied a material view of that divinest grace.

Material and spiritual things are, however, so interwoven, that even when we have fully recognised that there need be no conflict between the aims of the Charity Organisation Society and those of religion, there may yet remain a misgiving lest the weight of the Society's influence should prove to be thrown into the scale of severity and not of mercy. The great and standing difficulty in dealing with those who depend upon us in any way is to adjust the respective claims of merit and of need. When the two are combined, of course all is easy; but how rarely are they combined in equal degrees! In trying to help the poor this difficulty meets us at every turn. The most "deserving" are very seldom the most in want; the most hopeful cases are by no means those which appeal the most powerfully to our feelings. The Charity Organisation Society *seems* to recommend a stern disregard of feeling, and a resolute dismissal of all undeserving and unpromising applicants. Of course this dismissal may be, and probably is, only a necessary part of the work of classification. The Society may have no intention whatever of discouraging in others that spirit of Christian chivalry which covets above all things to serve on the "forlorn hopes" of charity. But the fact that the Society does sift out from among the objects of its own beneficence all the "undeserving," must, I think, to some ex-

tent, lend the weight of its authority to the theory that it is according to merit, rather than according to necessity, that we should give help. To work out the relation of this view or this practice to the Christian ideal of charity, and to show how they may, as I believe, be reconciled, would be beyond my present scope. I will only say here that they are, I believe, to be reconciled by keeping in view the ancient and obvious, but often forgotten, distinction between almsgiving and charity; between the help which lessens poverty and the help which redeems from evil. For while Christian charity includes the just and the unjust in its universal embrace, spending its life-blood the most freely for the most erring, the very same spirit of charity may well teach us to give money only to those who can be trusted to use it well. We all need mercy, and goodwill is profitable to all, but this is far from being equally true of gifts of money.

I do not know exactly how far the Society can be said to represent any particular theory or ideal, but I see one clear gain in the comparatively modern view of our relations to the poor which is so largely represented by it. It is the recognition of the fact, that to help them to do their duty is a greater kindness than to give them food and clothing; and that the worst use we can make of our influence is to tempt them to flinch either from work or from honesty. For the part which it has taken in bringing out this view of the matter, our earnest thanks are due to the Charity Organisation Society. And if there are other sides of truth to which it seems to some of us to do less complete justice, let those who naturally look on the other side make it their care to supply with equal zeal that which is needed to complete the sphere of perfect fellowship in good works.

C. E. S.

BURNS'S UNPUBLISHED COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

III.

AFTER the last four lines of the ode on Mrs. Oswald the Common-place Book gives on page 27 :—

Vol. I. pa. 185.

CASTLE GORDON—intended to be sung to Morag—

1

¹ Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains ;

¹ Currie gives the following account of the circumstances under which this song was composed from 'information extracted from a letter of Dr. Cowper, of Fochabers' to himself. "In the course of the preceding winter (1786-7) Burns had been introduced to the Duchess of Gordon, at Edinburgh, and presuming on this acquaintance, he proceeded to Gordon Castle, leaving Mr. Nicoll at the inn in the village. At the Castle our poet was received with the utmost hospitality and kindness, and the family being about to sit down to dinner, he was invited to take his place at table as a matter of course. This invitation he accepted, and after drinking a few glasses of wine, he rose up, and proposed to withdraw. On being pressed to stay, he mentioned, for the first time, his engagement with his fellow traveller ; and his noble host offering to send a servant to conduct Mr. Nicoll to the Castle, Burns insisted on undertaking the office himself. He was however accompanied by a gentleman, a particular acquaintance of the Duke, by whom the invitation was delivered in all the forms of politeness. The invitation came too late, the pride of Nicoll was inflamed into a high degree of passion, by the neglect which he had already suffered. He had ordered the horses to be put to the carriage, being determined to proceed on his journey alone ; and they found him parading the streets of Fochabers, before the door of the inn, venting his anger on the postillion, for the slowness with which he obeyed his commands. As no explanation nor entreaty could change the purpose of his fellow-traveller, our poet was reduced to the necessity of separating from him entirely, or of instantly proceeding with him on their journey. He chose the last of these alternatives, and seating himself beside Nicoll in the postchaise, with mortification and regret, he turned his back on Gordon Castle, where he had promised himself some happy days.' Sensible however of the great kindness of the noble family, he made the best

Glowing here on golden sands,
There ² immixed with foulest stains
From Tyranny's empurpled ³ hands :
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave ² the tyrants and their slaves,
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by CASTLE GORDON.—

2

Torrid ³ forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil ;
Or the ruthless Native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood and spoil :
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by CASTLE GORDON.

3

Wildly here without ⁴ controul control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
In that sober, pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,

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She plants the forest, pours the flood :
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonny ⁴ CASTLE GORDON.⁵

The poem was entered after January, 1789, when the ode on Mrs. Oswald was written, and probably, as Currie says, sent to Castle Gordon, to Mr. James Hoy, the Duke's librarian, with whom Burns had struck up a warm friendship. His letter, dated Oct. 20, 1787, does not mention it, but Mr.

return in his power, by the following poem." Burns described Nicoll to Mr. Cunningham (Paterson's edition, iv. 274) thus : "In short his mind is like his body, he has a confounded strong inkne'd sort of a soul ;" and he compared himself during this excursion (iv. p. 284) to "a man travelling with a loaded blunderbuss at full cock."

² Currie gives 'commix'd' for 'immixed,' 'bands' for 'hands,' and 'to' for 'the.'

³ Currie gives 'spicy' for 'torrid.'

⁴ Currie gives 'controul' for 'control' and 'bonnie' for 'bonny.'

⁵ Currie adds in a note : 'These verses our poet composed to be sung to *Morag*, a Highland air, of which he was extremely fond.'

Hoy's answer,—Gordon Castle, 31st October, 1787,—says :—

"Your song I shewed without producing the author, and it was judged by the Duchess to be the production of Dr. Beattie" (1). "I sent a copy of it by her Grace's desire, to a Mrs. McPherson in Badenoch, who sings *Morag* and all other Gaelic songs in great perfection. I have recorded it likewise, by Lady Charlotte's desire, in a book belonging to her ladyship ; where it is in company with a great many other poems and verses, some of the writers of which are no less eminent for their political than their poetical abilities. When the Duchess was informed that you were the author, she wished you had written the verses in Scotch."

Burns left Gordon Castle about Sept. 8th. On Oct. 20th he writes to Hoy :

"I shall certainly, among my legacies, leave my latest curse to that unlucky predicament which hurried—tore me away from Castle Gordon. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be curst to Scotch mile periods, and damned to seven league paragraphs ; while Declension and Conjugation, Gender, Number, and Time, under the ragged banners of Dissonance and Disarrangement, eternally rank against him in hostile array."

Hoy answers :—

"As for *Dick Latine* (your travelling companion), without banning him wi' a' the curses contained in your letter (which he'll no value a bawbee), I should give him nought but *Strabogic custocks* to chew for *sax ouks*."

After Castle Gordon comes the following poem on p. 28. It was first published by Robert Chambers from a "portion of a manuscript book in Burns's handwriting, which is now in the possession of Mr. B. Nightingale, London." It occurs there after the verses on the Stirling window, under the title of a Song by the Same Hand. I note the variations from the version of the Common-place Book, in which it was entered after January 1789.

Scots Ballad.—Tune, Mary¹ weep no more for me.—

My heart is wae and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her gardens² green,
And th' bonie³ lass of Albanie.⁴

¹ Chambers gives 'Mary's Dream' as the tune.

² Charles died at Rome, and his obsequies were celebrated at Frascati where his brother Cardinal York lived.

³ 'Bonny' for 'bonie,' 'Albany' for 'Albanie,' and throughout.

No. 235.—VOL. XL.

This lovely maid's of noble⁴ blood,
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three ;
But Oh, Alas ! for her bonie face !
They hae⁴ wrang'd the lass of Albanie.—

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,
There sits an isle of high degree ;
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the lass of Albanie.—

But there is⁵ a youth, a witless youth,⁶
That fills the place where she should be ;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore ;
And bring our ain sweet Albanie.—

Alas the day, and woe⁷ the day,
A false Usurper wan the gree,
That now commands the towers and lands,
The royal right of Albanie.—

But we'll daily

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We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most ferventlie,⁸
That⁸ the time may come, with pipe and drum,
We'll welcome home⁸ fair Albanie.—

Albany was an ancient name for the Highlands. Probably it is only another form of Albion, the original name of Britain among its Celtic inhabitants. The title of Duke of Albany was first conferred on the brother of King Robert III. of Scotland, then acting as Regent. It was conferred successively on Darnley,

⁴ 'Noble' for 'roya' 'they've' for 'they hae.'

⁵ 'There's' for 'there is.'

⁶ The 'witless youth' was the 'Prince of Wales,' afterwards George IV., who was born in 1762. In the first three years after his majority, he amassed debts amounting to half a million. It was in 1787 that Parliament granted him 160,000*l.* to pay them. In the same year he repudiated Mrs. Fitzherbert under the advice of his friend Charles James Fox. She afterwards received a pension of 8,000*l.* a year from the royal family. The position of the Prince of Wales was discussed in the debates on the Regency, Dec. 1787—March 1788, which arose on the apparently permanent disablement of King George III. They were terminated by the King's recovery, but for months in the winter of 1787-1788 the whole country rang with them, and with the struggle between Fox who took the Prince's part and Pitt who took the King's. See Knight's *History of England*, vol. vii. pp. 151—155.

⁷ 'Wo' for 'woe.'

⁸ 'Fervently' for 'ferventlie,' 'the time,' for 'that the time,' 'hame' for 'home.'

Mary Stuart's unfortunate husband, and in their infancy on Charles I. and James II. George III. conferred it on his second son, Frederick.

The town referred to in the Frith of Clyde is of course Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, from which the Prince of Wales takes his first Scotch title.

The story of the Duchess of Albany, daughter and heiress of the unfortunate Prince Charlie, who nursed him till he died, wearied with misfortune and disappointment, and shattered by the habits which had gradually got the mastery over him in the latter years of his despair, is so curious, and so little known in this country, that I may perhaps be forgiven for attempting a brief outline of it founded on Alfred von Reumont's admirable monograph, *Die Gräfin von Albany*.

The Chevalier de St. George, the Pretender of the Hanoverians and the James III. of the Jacobites, married Marie Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the great King of Poland, and goddaughter of Pope Clement XI. The marriage was opposed by the Emperor Charles VI., who was friendly to the house of Hanover, and the young girl was detained by his orders at Innsbruck on her road to Italy in October, 1718. In 1719, she escaped in disguise to Bologna, where she was married by proxy at seventeen years of age. Her bridegroom was absent organising a Spanish attempt at an invasion of England in his interests, which shattered in the storms of the Bay of Biscay, as the Spanish Armada had done before it, only two ships reaching the Scotch coast. The Pope received his goddaughter with royal magnificence. The Spouses met in September, their marriage was crowned with all the blessings of the Church, and the Palazzo Sacchetti assigned for the residence of their little court of exiles. One of their Courtiers was John Walkinshaw, of Baronsfield, in Lanarkshire, a gentleman who had fought at Sheriffmuir and had acted as James's secret agent in the Emperor's capital. He had made the best of his way to Rome, probably

after the Emperor had shown his rage at the escape of his girl-captive by throwing her father, Prince James Sobieski, into prison. Out of gratitude for his services the Jacobite Queen became godmother to his infant daughter, Clementina Walkinshaw, whose story came to be so closely interwoven after her death with that of her own eldest son.

The King and Queen had two children—Charles Edward Louis Casimir, born on the 31st December, 1720, and named Prince of Wales, and Henry Benedict, Duke of York, born on the 20th March, 1725. At the birth of the heir to the crown of the Jacobites there were great rejoicings. Seven Cardinals were present and the Pope ordered a *Te Deum*. Before the second son arrived things had altered dreadfully for the worse. Very shortly after his birth his mother left her husband and took refuge from her own jealousy, or from the substantial cause he may perhaps have given for it, in the Benedictine cloister at Trastevere. She remained there for nearly a couple of years, and it was not till after the sudden death of George II. in June, 1727, which for a brief moment renewed their hopes, that the married pair again lived together.

Meanwhile the young Prince Charlie grew up a brilliant boy full of fire and generosity, devoted to athletic sports, a first-rate shot, the worthy heir of a long line of kings, most of whom had been men of far more than average intellectual and moral force. When he was only fourteen he served at the siege of Gaeta, and a year later he was engaged under the title of Count Albany in the Lombard war. About this time his mother died, in her thirty-third year. On her monument in St. Peter's at Rome one still reads the record of the unfulfilled hopes which had danced like Will o' the Wisps before her eyes through all her married life—"Clementina Magnae Britanniae et Hiberniae Regina."

I need scarcely touch on the well-known story of "the Forty-five"—the

final issue of innumerable intrigues at all the European Courts and with half the noble families of Scotland and England. After the meteor splendour of his early successes had faded away—when his weary and dispirited troops were prosecuting the siege of Stirling on their way back to their Highland fastnesses, and fighting the last battle of Falkirk in which fortune smiled on their cause, Prince Charlie met his old playmate, his mother's goddaughter, Clementina Walkinshaw, who with her father had come to Scotland after him, at Bannockburn House. The connection then begun lasted till 1760. Clementina followed him to the Continent, lived with him in one city of refuge after another, and bore him a daughter, Charlotte Stuart, in 1753, at Liège. His foreign friends visited and paid court to her, but his English adherents bitterly deplored the connection, believing that their secrets sometimes filtered through her sister who was in the service of the Dowager Princess of Wales, and found their way to the most dangerous quarters. They sent him an ambassador to whose remonstrances he refused to listen, not, he said, from any passion for her, but from his settled determination not to allow an interference in his affairs which would never have been attempted but for his misfortunes.

In 1760, while he was absent, Clementina Walkinshaw and her seven-year old daughter left his house for ever. She had been anxious that their little girl should be educated in a convent, and serious differences seem to have arisen between them on the subject. The English ambassadors reported home that by this time Charles had sunk into habits of drunkenness, and that personal ill usage was the cause of Miss Walkinshaw's flight. Whatever the facts were, the Prince did everything possible to recover her after he returned home and found her gone. He appealed to Louis XV. in vain. The Prince's father took her part and granted her a suitable pension, and

mother and daughter lived comfortably for the next five-and-twenty years in various convents in Paris and at Meaux. In the attempt to drown remembrance, Charles seems to have sunk deeper and deeper into dissipation. A sheet of paper written about this time has the words he scrawled upon it: '*De vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup plus que de mourir.*' In the spring of 1761, H. Stanley, the British ambassador at Paris, writes that the son of the Pretender drinks heavily in the morning, that his people have to put him to bed unconscious at night, and that the emigrants themselves have the poorest opinion of him.

Whether there was ever any written contract of marriage between Clementina Walkinshaw and Prince Charlie must remain uncertain. On March 9th, 1767, she was compelled, by the threat of the stoppage of her pension, to deny that there had ever been any foundation for the report. The day after she signed her declaration to that effect she wished to withdraw it, but it was too late. By that time, in his 78th year, the old Pretender had laid aside the burden of his shadowy crown at the little court he had held in Rome for nearly fifty years. He died on New Year's Day, 1766, before his son and heir could arrive. For months before Charles had been vainly negotiating with the Pope to be recognised as heir-apparent and as King of Great Britain when death should put an end to his father's sufferings. He arrived at Rome on the 23rd January, 1766. James III. had been buried with all the honours due to a reigning sovereign. Forty-six years previously he himself had been recognised by the Pope as Prince of Wales, but the new Pope would grant no recognition except in concert with other European States. A few miles from the city Charles Edward met the Cardinal Duke of York, whose acceptance of the Cardinalate nineteen years before (in 1747) had really, as he foresaw, given the deathblow to the hopes of his house. The act had been

approved by his father, and was completed before Charles was told that it was in contemplation. Since that time the brothers had never met. They struggled hard to obtain from the Pope a recognition of the royal rights of Charles III., but in vain.

Pope Clement XIII. died in 1769, but there was no change in the official attitude of his successor. In 1770, the French Minister, the Duc de Choiseul, seems to have wished to favour one more attempt at the invasion of England in his interests. Charles hurried to Paris in the deepest secrecy. The Duc de Choiseul and the Maréchal de Broglie arranged that he should drive up to the Hôtel de Choiseul at midnight, carefully disguised, and in a hackney coach. They waited till one, and at last they heard the sound of wheels. When Charles arrived he was too tipsy for conversation, and next morning he was ordered to leave France at once. The ministers saw that it was hopeless to attempt anything for him. It was the last chance of the unfortunate Young Chevalier. He returned to Italy, living successively at Florence, Pisa, Siena, and Rome. In 1772, when he was 52 years of age, he unexpectedly married Louise, Princess of Stolberg-Gedern, at that time a girl of twenty. She had been educated in a convent at Brussels, and was only in name and parentage a German. A new minister of foreign affairs guided the policy of France, and there is little doubt that political hopes induced the French Government to encourage, as political fears would have induced the Austrian Emperor to prevent, the marriage. It was accomplished at Paris, on the 28th of March, by proxy, like his father's. It was completed at Loreto on Good Friday, April 17th. The medal struck on the occasion has the portrait of Charles on the one side with the legend—Carolus III. nat. MDCCXX Magn. Brit. Franc. et Hibern. Rex MDCCLXVI, and her portrait on the other with the legend Ludovica Magn. Brit. Franc. et Hibern. Regina. MDCCLXXII.

Even at first the marriage seems

not to have been a happy one. Hopes of issue which at one time fluttered the hearts of the Jacobites of Europe, disappeared, and the young girl, eagerly devoted to art and literature, and full of romance, found her visionary hopes mocked by the sad realities of her married life.

Count Vittorio Alfieri, the poet, met the Countess of Albany for the first time in 1777. He was then 29 and she was 27, and a friendship destined to be the chief happiness of both their lives soon sprung up between them. He was her devoted Cavalier, according to the manner of Italy, and though her husband never let her out of his sight, the feelings of the two young people for each other were well understood in Florence. At length, in 1780, she felt that she could no longer endure her bondage. The story of her flight from her husband's house is told in Horace Mann's *Letters from Florence*, Dec. 12, 1780 :—

"I have often had occasion to mention to Your Lordship the irregular behaviour of the Pretender, but a late instance of it has produced a scene last Saturday, of which it is my duty to give Your Lordship the earliest account. Of late the intemperance of his behaviour, especially when he was heated with wine and stronger liquors, has been vented against his wife, whom he has for a long time treated in the most indecent and cruel manner. On St. Andrew's Day, which he always celebrated by indulging himself in drinking more than usual, he ill-treated her in the most outrageous manner by the most abusive language and beating her, and at night by . . . attempting to choke her. Her screams roused the whole family, and their assistance prevented any other violence ; but it is supposed that from that instant she determined to separate from him, though she concealed her intention till she could write to the Cardinal of York to represent the affair to him and to receive his answer. In the meantime she meditated on the means of putting it into execution. The Cardinal's answer was conceived in terms of great civility and compassion, exhorting her, for the honour of his family, to bear with his brother's behaviour as long as she could, but promising her both assistance and protection in case she should be obliged to leave him. Fresh instances of his cruelty making her think herself in danger of her life, she meditated on the means of putting her resolution into effect ; for which purpose she made her case privately known to the Great Duke, and invited a lady of her

acquaintance to breakfast with her in company with her husband as she had often done before ; after which he proposed to the ladies to take the air in his coach as usual, and they, under the pretence of visiting a sort of convent, not a strict cloister, which is immediately under the Great Duchess's protection, induced him to go thither, having previously engaged a gentleman of her acquaintance to be there to hand her out of her coach and prevent any acts of violence that might ensue, as the Pretender always carried pistols in his pocket. The ladies getting first into the convent, the door was immediately shut and barred to prevent the Pretender's going in. He flew into a violent passion, demanding his wife : a Lady of the Court who has the direction of that place in the name of the Great Duchess, came to the grate and told him that the Countess Albanie had put herself under the protection of the Great Duke, and that being in danger of her life, she had resolutely determined never to cohabit with him any more. Upon which he returned home, where he committed the greatest extravagances, and has since declared that he will give a thousand zecchins to anybody who will kill the gentleman who assisted his wife on that occasion. He likewise had the folly to say publicly that he knew that by his Majesty's order I had given several thousand zecchins to his wife to induce her to administer a potion. . . . He immediately sent Count Spada his gentleman to the Great Duke to complain of what had happened and to demand his wife ; but he received a very unfavourable answer. Thus the affair remains at present."

She wrote to her brother-in-law Cardinal York who had always befriended her, and on his advice she left Florence for Rome in the end of December.

" Besides her own servants she was attended by one of the nuncio's, and other steps were taken by order of the Great Duke, for her greater security against any molestation, in case the Pretender should have got notice of her departure."

In the end of 1782, Charles formally demanded of the Pope, to whom, to the Pope's great dissatisfaction, he had persuaded an ambassador to convey his message, that his wife should be restored to him, that his papal pension should not be diminished by the portion which had been assigned her, and that Count Alfieri, whom he accused of having been chiefly instrumental in devising her elopement, should be banished from Rome. To safeguard her reputation, Alfieri avoided going to Rome from Florence

till February, 1781, when he saw the Countess at the grating of her convent. She left it in the end of March to live in the palace of her brother-in-law the Cardinal at Frascati, and there in May 1781, Alfieri, who stayed in Rome till 1783, resumed his visits. Charles stayed in Florence, where he was very ill in the latter half of March, 1783. Alfieri left Rome in May of the same year, and the fact that the Countess retained the friendship, and lived in the house of her brother-in-law, and was received by the Pope during these two years, while her poet-lover was sighing at her feet, was no doubt accepted as a complete guarantee of her reputation.

At the close of 1783, King Gustavus III., of Sweden, appeared as a mediator. He was born in 1746, while Charles Edward was besieging Stirling and meeting Clementina Walkinshaw. At this time Gustavus was one of the most distinguished princes of Europe. So far, the struggle with his nobility, in which his whole life was spent, and which ended, without advantage to them, in his murder by Count Ankarström at a masked ball in Stockholm in the middle of March, 1792, had been eminently successful, and Sweden looked upon its eloquent and accomplished King as a second Gustavus Adolphus. The King, who had never worn a crown, and the King whose days were already numbered in the register of fate, met on December 1st, 1783. They talked of everything. The elder told the younger the story of his secret visit to London in 1750, when he had met fifty Jacobites in a house in Pall Mall. Both were Freemasons, and Charles claimed to be grand master of all the lodges of the North of Europe, a fact which goes a long way to explain the "Jacobitism of the heart" in which Burns indulged. From Florence, Gustavus proceeded to Rome, and saw the Countess of Albany and the Cardinal Duke of York. On the 27th March, 1784, Charles wrote to him that he placed himself entirely in the hands of so worthy a friend.

"For I know no one to whom I can better trust both my honour and my interests. Try to settle this business as soon as possible. I consent absolutely to a complete separation from my wife, and that she should no longer bear my name."

The Countess renounced her pin-money and part of her pension, the French court assuring her of a corresponding sum. The pope sanctioned a separation *a mensa et thoro*, and on the 3rd of April, 1784, Charles forwarded his official consent. Immediately afterwards we find him complaining bitterly of his brother, who kept back a portion of the pension from the Pope to pay the expenses of the Countess's residence in his palace at Frascati.

"Il faut observer aussi que le tyran de mon frère ne veut pas absolument me donner un liard, de sorte que je n'ai pas le pain pour ma table."

The Cardinal was a strict man, not generous in money matters, and unpopular with the people in Frascati, whom he would have liked to see spending their days in church, instead of going to *festas* and wasting the hours of preparation for eternity in frivolous merrymaking. But he seems to have been just, if he was narrow, and he had a true vocation for the profession of Cardinal, on which he had entered at the age of twenty-two.

Immediately after the divorce, Charles legitimised his daughter by Clementina Walkinshaw, then thirty-one years of age, by a solemn act registered in the Parliament of Paris, 6th September, 1784. The act of legitimation declares that she was his natural daughter by Miss Clementina Walkinshaw at a time when both parents were free of any other contract, and it was registered by permission of Louis XVI., on whose head also fate had set its seal.

On the 5th of October, Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, by which title she had been legitimised by her father, came to him at Florence. From that time she never left him, and the last four years of the unhappy man, who had hoped to have 'ruled Albion's kingdoms three,' were sweet-

ened by an affection and tenderness he had never perhaps known since his mother's death, when he was fifteen. His last will and testament—

("Testamento mistico di Carlo Odoardo Stuart figlio primogenito della fu Maestà Sua Giacomo III Rè della Gran Bretagna del di 22 Ottobre 1784, ricevuto nello stesso giorno dal Notaro S. Leonardo Maria Checcani, e pubblicato in Archivio il 2 Febbrajo 1788'—)

was drawn up on the 22nd. He made her his executrix. He named

'Mia Erede universale' 'S. A. R. la Sig. Carlotta Stuart, Duchessa d'Albany mia figlia naturale nata da me é della Sig. Clementina Walingsbu (Walkinshaw), in detto tempo ambidue in stato libero, legittima e restituita pienamente ai legittimi natali con una legittimazione plenaria per atto inserito nel Parlamento di Parigi, con approvazione del Rè di Francia, e suo Ministro degli affari esteri Sig. Conte de Vergennes, gli 6 Settembre 1784, presentemente commorante in quessa Città di Firenze, con me Testatore.' "

He left numerous legacies to his brother (mio amatissimo fratello), to whom he specially recommended his daughter, his friends, and his servants, the result of which was that ultimately the Duchess's legacy proved small enough. He left nothing to his divorced Countess, whom he did not even mention in the will. The document is signed Charles R.

The Countess betook herself to Alsace in 1785, where she again met and lived with Count Alfieri in 1787. They left their rural elysium for Paris, and from that time lived together. In 1786 (January 6th), King Gustavus writes to the Countess of the reconciliation of the two brothers:—

"Vous savez sans doute déjà le raccommodement des deux frères, et que le Comte d'Albanie va à Rome pour y passer l'hiver. Il m'a annoncé cet événement important pour lui de la manière la plus honnête. Je voudrais bien qu'il y trouvât le bonheur et la tranquillité qui ont toujours fui pendant la cours de sa vie. On dit que c'est sa fille qui l'a remis avec son frère : elle doit avoir du mérite. J'espère que cela ne nuira pas à vos intérêts."

It was not till October, 1785, that the Cardinal, Duke of York, took any notice of his brother's daughter. She met him in Perugia, and won him to a complete reconciliation. Charles left

Florence for Rome for ever on the 2nd of December. The change seemed for a while to revive the dying man. His daughter was received by the Pope, and warmly welcomed in the best Roman society. He spent his last days in the palace where he had drawn his first breath. He went out little. Corani, who saw him at this time, says that he found him always huddled up on a sofa, or petting a little spaniel, that never left him for a moment. One day, Mr. Greathed, a friend of Charles Fox, visited him, and began to talk of "the Forty-five." At first he was unwilling to speak, but as Greathed went on, the languor of his faculties seemed to pass away, his eye glowed, and he told the story of his campaign, of the perils he had afterwards undergone, of the measureless loyalty of his Highlanders, and the cruel vengeance which so soon after overtook many of them. He grew more and more excited till his strength failed altogether, and he fell on the floor unconscious. At the noise the Duchess rushed in from the next room, crying, "What have you done, sir? You must have been talking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders. Nobody is allowed to mention them in his presence." Once, we are told, when he happened to hear the mournful strains of "Lochaber no more," which had wailed through the prison cells of his adherents before they were led to the scaffold, he burst into tears.

The separated husband and wife took each their several ways. When the news that the grave had closed over the husband of her youth, on the 30th January, 1788, reached the Countess of Albany, Alfieri tells us that she was deeply touched. The young Pretender was buried at Frascati, after sixty-eight years of troubled life, and his Cardinal brother paid him the honours due to a king. His daughter's affection and his brother's respect made the descent to the tomb easier for the heir of so many kings. On his coffin, across the inscription—

CAROLUS III. MAGNAE BRITANNIAE REX.

lay the star and decoration of the Garter.

Cardinal York immediately claimed the crown, and a medal was struck, with his portrait on the one side and a legend commemorating the strange mixture of incongruous dignities, "Henricus IX. Magnae Brit. Franc, et Hib. rex Fidei defensor Card. Ep. Tusc.," and on the reverse, the mournful epitaph of that divine right of kings which had led so many gallant hearts in that century down the way to dusty death:—

Non desideritis hominum sed voluntate Dei
MDCCLXXXVIII.

The 'Bonie lass of Albanie' survived her father less than two years. Her inheritance proved small, but her uncle remembered his brother's last will, and assigned her all the income he received from the Apostolic Camera. She lived in his palace in the same rooms as the Countess of Albany had occupied six years before. The only sign that she had enemies before or after her father's death is the fact that, in 1786, Goethe refused to be introduced to her when he was in Rome. That absolute monarch assigns no reason for the attitude he assumed to the heiress of the Stuarts. The Duchess, indeed, seems to have justified King Gustavus's remark, and to have been a person of really striking merit. She sickened in 1789, an operation had to be performed to alleviate sufferings somewhat similar to those which tormented the last days of her grandmother, Mary Clementina Sobieski, and on the 14th of November, 1789, the 'bonie lass of Albany' was gathered to her fathers.

"Incisionem forti animo sustinuit; at crudescens morbo et in gangrenam, post dies 39, placide regia virgo obdormivit in Domino, sacramentis omnibus ex Catholico ritu devotissime susceptis," says the official record of the death of "Carlotta, ex regio sanguine Stuardo, Filia Caroli III quondam Iacobi idem III Angliae Regis."

Her uncle, the Cardinal, was her heir, but she directed him to continue to pay an allowance to her mother, who

lived at Freiburg, Switzerland, as Countess of Alberstorff, till 1802.

The after life of the divorced Countess of Albany has an interest of its own. The shadowy crown of Great Britain and Ireland, which had tempted the imagination of the convent-bred girl of twenty, as it had dazzled her young mother-in-law, fifty-three years before, had fallen from her head, but the laurel with which her poet-lover replaced it remains green for ever.

They lived together in Paris in the stormy days of the French Revolution, and visited England, where she was presented to George III. and Queen Caroline. Sir William Wraxall describes her residence in Paris in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, in the Faubourg St. Germain. In one of the rooms there was a throne-seat with the royal arms of Great Britain above it, and all the silver of the establishment was stamped with them. She bore the title of Countess of Albany, but her servants always addressed her as your Majesty. She was visited by the French Minister, the Papal Nuncio, the Austrian Ambassador, and a crowd of distinguished English and French people. Among the rest were the Baroness von Staël Holstein, the famous daughter of Necker and of Gibbon's early love, and the still more famous and unfortunate Josephine Beauharnais, afterwards Empress. With both of them she maintained a close and intimate friendship till death. The unmarried lovers stayed in Paris till after the storming of the Bastille, and the emigration of Polignac and the Comte d'Artois. One night in September Alfieri and a friend were stopped by an excited mob in the streets, and as Paris soon became too dangerous a residence for one whose head had once been circled with a shadowy crown, they went to Normandy in the autumn of 1790, and crossed to London in the spring of 1791. Two-thirds of their income withered to paper in the storms of the French Revolution. In England they visited Oxford, Windsor, and Hampton Court, and saw Herschel's observatory at

Salthill. The whirl of society in London, with its unnatural life—the ladies going to bed at four in the morning and getting up after midday—bewildered and fatigued the widow of Charles Stuart. It was on Queen Caroline's birthday, in 1791, that the Princess Stolberg was presented to her and the King, and that she had a long interview with the whole of the Royal Family,—the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., Clarence, afterwards William IV., and the royal princesses being present. That night she went to the opera and sat in the royal box. On the birthday of her father-in-law, the old Pretender, she attended a diet of Parliament, sitting with other ladies at the foot of the throne. She and Alfieri had intended to visit Scotland, but bad weather prevented them. At the end of 1791 they went to Brussels, from which city they returned to Paris.

They left the French capital once more on the 18th August, 1792, a week after the king had been made prisoner. They were just in time. Though their passports were perfectly regular, they were stopped for half-an-hour at the gates of Paris by an excited mob from a tavern outside the walls, though the officer of the feeble National Guard that was stationed there wished to let them pass. At last, after a scene of wild excitement, which Alfieri describes in the most vivid colours, they were allowed to go. Two days later their house in Paris was broken open, and all its contents "looted" by the mob. By September they had escaped from France into Belgium, where they heard the news of the king's execution. On the 3rd of November they arrived at Florence. They saw the tide of French invasion flow and ebb over their Tuscan country. The bloody day of Marengo laid Italy at the feet of Buonaparte. The Pope fled from Rome, the Roman Republic was proclaimed in 1798, and all Italy was shaken from the Alps to the farthest Calabria by the after-swell of the French Revolution.

Alfieri spent those years in a literary

activity, to which his accomplished companion was always his best inspiration. He died in his 55th year, in 1803, on the 8th of October. Chateaubriand, who was passing through Florence, on his way to Rome, saw him in his coffin. His friend writes two months afterwards that he

"Mourut sans fièvre, comme un oiseau, sans agonie, sans le savoir. 'Ah, Monsieur, quelle douleur! J'ai tout perdu; c'est comme si on m'avoit arraché le cœur.' 'Imaginez-vous que depuis dix ans je ne l'avois jamais quitté, que nous passions nos journées ensemble; j'étois à côté de lui quand il travaillait, je l'exhortois à ne pas tout se fatiguer, mais c'étoit en vain: son ardeur pour l'étude et le travail augmentoit tous les jours, et il cherchoit à oublier les circonstances des temps en s'occupant continuellement.'" What a cry of despair this is: "Vous savez par expérience quel malheur affreux c'est de perdre une personne avec qui on a vécu pendant 26 ans, et qui ne m'a jamais donné un moment de déplaisir, que j'ai toujours adorée, respectée et vénérée. Je suis la plus malheureuse créature qui existe; j'ai tout perdu mon sentiment dans ces circonstances malheureuses, ma consolation, et ma société. Je suis seule dans ce monde qui m'est devenu odieux."

The inscription for her tombstone, written by Alfieri himself, tells his feelings:

.... A Victorio Alfieri
Ultra res omnes dilecta
Et quasi mortale numen
Ab ipso constanter habitata
Et observata.

It was not till January 29th, 1824, in her 72nd year, thirty-six years all but a day after her husband—that she died, full of years and memories, in the beloved Florence, where she had loved and endured so much.

I could willingly follow the widow of Charles Stuart, and the friend of Alfieri through the twenty long and deeply interesting years during which she lived alone in the world, always the centre of a distinguished society—gathering round her by the unfailing charm of her conversation and her character all the best people who came near Florence in that memorable time. Her brother-in-law, the Cardinal Duke of York, died on July 13th, 1807, in his 82nd year—sixty years after the fatal day when he and

his father for ever ruined the Jacobite cause, by clothing him with the scarlet of his Cardinalate, and nineteen years after he had ascended the visionary throne of his ancestors as Henry IX. The mortal remains of the venerable priest were laid beside those of his father and his brother, in the grottoes of the Vatican, and it was George IV. who erected a monument over their graves.

Jacobo III.

Jacobo II. M. Brit. Regis. Filio

Carolo Eduardo

et Henrico Decano Patr. Card.

Jacobi III. Filiis

Regiæ Stirpis Stuardiæ postremis.

Immediately after his death, the Countess applied to the British Government for a pension, and on the 22nd of October, Lord Hawkesbury—afterwards Lord Liverpool—who attended Burns's funeral in Dumfries—granted her 1,600*l.* a year. In the summer of 1809, Napoleon paid her the compliment to order her to Paris, and told her in an audience that he thought it better she should stay there, as Paris was an admirable residence for a lover of art and as he knew that her influence seriously interfered with his plans for a fusion of feeling between the Tuscans and the French. She was detained in Paris fifteen months, and treated with distinguished courtesy by the Emperor, who divorced her old friend, the Empress Josephine, in the winter of 1809. She was permitted to return to Florence in 1810.

It was in 1812 that she became acquainted with Ugo Foscolo, when she was sixty and he was thirty-four. The young and passionate revolutionary poet followed the friend of Alfieri with a touching devotion, but her relations with him were of course almost maternal. Alfieri was his model, and his worship naturally overflowed to the companion and inspirer of Alfieri's best years. He left Florence for Switzerland in 1815, and Switzerland for London in September, 1816. The correspondence between the widow of

Charles Edward and the eager but violent exile gradually cooled away.

The last ten years of the life of Charles Edward's widow were spent in Florence.

She died just four years after George III., and her friends wrote her name over her grave :—

Hic sita est
Aloysia e principibus Stolbergiis
Albaniae Comitissa
Genere forma moribus
Incomparabili animi candore
Praeclarissima.

They were the very words with which Alfieri had begun the epitaph he had written for her more than twenty years before, but her friends thought it prudent to omit his name. The epitaphs as he wrote them for himself and her remain on two marble slabs in the Museum at Montpellier, but neither was used. Alfieri's monument by Canova was erected by the Countess of Albany in 1810, in the church of Santa Croce—with the inscription—

Victorio Alfieri Astensi
Aloisia e principibus Stolbergis.
Albaniae Comitissa
M.P.C. An. MDCCCX.

His friend is buried in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in the same Church of the Santa Croce in Florence.

It was probably the news of the death of Prince Charlie that was the 'motif' of Burns's 'Scots Ballad'—which however was not entered in the Common-place Book till after January 1789. The Jacobite sympathies of the House of Gordon—the Duke's great-grandfather having held the Castle of Edinburgh for King James II. at the first revolution, and his grandfather having been out for King James III. at the battle of Sheriff-muir—may have suggested that the one song would appropriately follow the other. Burns himself had written a birthday ode for Dec. 31st, 1787, for a Jacobite Club in Edinburgh. At the time he was laid up in Edinburgh with a sprained knee and bargaining for a nod from his

Clarinda. The club met to celebrate the birthday of the Pretender. Currie gives a few stanzas, "False flatterer Hope, away," i. p. 188—of which he says :—

"In the first part of this ode there is some beautiful imagery which the poet afterwards interwove in a happier manner in the Chevalier's Lament. But if there were no other reasons for omitting to print the entire poem, the want of originality would be sufficient. A considerable part of it is a kind of rant, for which indeed precedent may be cited in various other odes, but with which it is impossible to go along."

He remarks however that—

"Though deficient in the complicated rhythm and polished versification that such compositions require, it might, on a fair competition, where energy of feelings and of expression were alone in question, have won the butt of Malmsey from the real laureate of that day."

Who was Thomas Warton? The ode has been published in full from the Glenriddell MSS., and Currie's remarks are extremely inapplicable.

Burns sent the next song, in the Common-place Book, which is also a Jacobite one—or perhaps a first draft of it—to Mr. Robert Cleghorn, from Mauchline, on 31st March, 1788 :—

"Yesterday, my dear sir," he says, "as I was riding through a track of melancholy, joyless moors, between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and your favourite air, 'Captain O'Kean,' coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it. You will see that the first part of the tune must be repeated.—I am tolerably pleased with these verses, but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music."

Cleghorn replies :—

"SAUGHTON MILLS, 27th April, 1788.

"My Dear Brother Farmer,

"I was favoured with your very kind letter of the 31st ult., and conceive myself greatly obliged to you for your attention in sending me the song to my favourite air, Captain O'Kean. The words delight me much—they fit the tune to a hair : I wish you would send me a verse or two more : and, if you have no objection, I would have it in the Jacobite style. Suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden by the unfortunate Charles. Tenducci personates the lovely Mary Stewart in the song Queen Mary's Lamentation. Why may not I sing in the person of her great-great-great-grandson?"

Dr. Currie adds a note :—

"Our poet took this advice. The whole of this beautiful song, as it was afterwards finished, is below."

In Burns's letter to Thomson, 7th April, 1793, he says :—

"If I could hit on another stanza equal to 'The small birds rejoice,' &c., I do myself honestly avow that I think it a superior song."

Mr. Scott Douglas says :—

"At some period subsequent to 7th April, 1793, the poet added the second verse and forwarded it to Thomson, but there is no reference to this fact in the correspondence."

The first verse—or the first draft of it—was really written on March 30th, 1788: Burns copied it in the Common-place Book, with the second verse, somewhere between January, 1789, and August, 1790.

Song—Tune, Captain O'Kean.¹

1.²

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves' returning,

The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;

The primroses³ blow in the dews of the morning,

And wild-scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,

When² the lingering moments are numbered by Care?

No³ birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,

Can sooth³ the sad bosom of joyless Despair.—

2.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,

A KING and a FATHER to place on his throne;

His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,

¹ The usual title, 'The Chevalier's Lament,' is absent in the Common-place Book.

² Burns has written the song in two verses, the first four lines of each indented as I have printed them. Currie makes four stanzas of four lines each.

³ Currie gives 'hawthorn trees' for 'primroses,' 'while' for 'when,' 'no flowers gayly springing, nor birds sweetly singing,' instead of the line in the Common-place Book, and 'soothe' for 'sooth.'

Where⁴ the wild beasts find shelter but I can find none:

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,

My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;

Your faith⁴ proved so loyal in hot, bloody trial,

Alas, can I make it⁴ no sweeter return!

The song was first published by Thomson, vol. ii., July, 1799. In the edition of Thomson before me, vol. ii., p. 97, printed from the plates in 1801, it is given thus :—

"The small birds rejoice, &c.
From a MS. by Robert Burns.

"These admirable stanzas are supposed to be spoken by the young Prince Charles Edward when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland."

The version differs little from that of Currie. The variations of Thomson from the version of the Common-place-Book are 'on' for 'in' in the first line, 'wi' for 'by' in the sixth, 'Nor' for 'no,' 'soothe' for 'sooth' in the eighth, 'tho' for 'but' in the twelfth, and 'better' for 'sweeter' in the sixteenth. He certainly comes far closer to the Common-place Book version than Currie, the variations being such as might be made by a rather careless transcriber hearing a MS. read aloud. There is nothing so extraordinary as Currie's 'hawthorn trees' for 'primroses' in the third line, or his 'deeds' for 'faith' in the fifteenth. The poem is printed in two stanzas. Thomas Campbell wrote "The Wounded Hussar" to the same tune, and Thomson publishes his verses beneath those of Burns.

In Robert Chambers's edition, 1856, vol. ii., the letter to Cleghorn is given with the first stanza alone inserted—apparently filled in from Currie.

WILLIAM JACK.

⁴ Currie gives 'the.' Burns marked it out. He gives 'deeds' for 'faith,' and 'you' for 'it.'

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN SICILY.

IV.—INNER SYRACUSE.

THE last stage of our present Sicilian journey leads us, as our furthest halting-place, to the most renowned of Sicilian cities. We may muse as we will on any other spot of Sicilian ground, we may call up before our minds the historic associations of any other Sicilian city; but we must acknowledge that all of them pale before the long array of mighty deeds and immortal names whose memory dwells on the historic soil, and around the venerable monuments, of the greatest of Hellenic colonies. Syracuse, the great city, the city of many cities—so called by Pindar in that happy and untranslatable epithet which in his day had not yet gained half its meaning¹—has now sunk far below Palermo, Messina, and Catania; in modern importance Taormina is the only one of our halting-places which yields to it in present extent. For eight hundred years Syracuse has been of small account in Europe, of only secondary account in Sicily. Its greatness passed away with the coming of

the Saracen, which ruled that Palermo should be the head of Sicily, with Messina as its only possible rival. From the ninth century to the nineteenth, Syracuse has no buildings, she has but one memory, to set against the long roll of the buildings and the memories of Palermo during the same ages. She has the one remembrance of her Byzantine deliverer to set against the many remembrances of the kings who ruled over Syracuse but who reigned at Palermo. Nor have we at Syracuse that strange interest which attaches to the dwelling-places of earlier races, even when no signs can be found of their presence. As Syracuse is only in a secondary sense the city of the Saracen or the Norman, so it is in no sense at all the city of the Sikel or of the Phœnician. The Sikel was driven out from her soil that Syracuse might come into being; the Phœnician was driven back from her walls and havens that Syracuse might keep the same life which she had from the beginning. The characteristic feature of Syracuse is to be the greatest of Hellenic cities in those lands which, from the point of view of old Greece, we must call the West. She, alone among the Greek cities west of the Adriatic, kept up, from the beginning of Greek colonization to the decay of old Greek independence, a position in the Hellenic world at least equal to the greatest cities of old Greece. Other colonial Greek cities, eastern and western, were earlier in the race; but none kept so great a position for so long a time. The greatness of Sybaris and Milêtos was older than the greatness of Syracuse; but the greatness of Milêtos, the existence of Sybaris, came to an end in the age in which the greatness

¹ The second Pythian ode begins *μεγαλοπόλις ὁ Συράκουσαι*. I used to be told in my youth that this referred to the several separate towns making up the Syracusan whole, and that *μεγαλοπόλις Ἀθῆναι* at the beginning of the seventh Pythian referred to the union of the several Attic towns in the one Athenian commonwealth. But the Attic towns were not physically joined together like the component parts of Syracuse, and these last were not already existing towns, but enlargements of the Syracusan city. One has therefore an uncomfortable feeling that it may simply mean "Syracuse that great city," put in the plural merely because the name of the city, like that of Athens, happens to be plural. But, if we might take it the other way, the epithet has a wonderful force as applied to the city of Dionysios and the second Hierôn, and it had begun to have some force even when Pindar was singing the praises of the first.

of Syracuse began. There can hardly be a doubt that the later Syracuse, the Syracuse of Dionysios and Timoleôn and later the Hierôn—in Syracusan history the tyrant, the deliverer, and the paternal king, have to be thus strangely bracketed—was in extent the greatest of contemporary Greek cities, the greatest of contemporary European cities. Whether its actual area in acres was or was not greater than that of Rome or Athens, it must certainly have been a longer journey from one end of the city to the other. And the historical position of Syracuse was fully equal to its physical extent. The recorded history of Syracuse must be quite equal in bulk to the recorded history of Athens. The political revolutions of Syracuse affected the world in general quite as much as the political revolutions of Athens did. Each city fulfilled a kindred mission at the two ends of the Grecian world. If Athens was the champion of Hellas against Persia, Syracuse was no less the champion of Hellas against Carthage. The greatest victories of each over their several barbarian enemies were won at the same time; men loved to say, truly or falsely, that they were won on the same day. Other Greek colonies were the seats of mighty commonwealths and mighty tyrannies, but no other colony was the seat of commonwealth or tyranny so mighty that its chief could, with some show of reason, claim to place his force on a level with the forces of Athens and Sparta put together. Akragas counted among the great cities of Hellas; but Thêrôn would never have dared to boast like Gelôn that, if his troops found no place in the general muster of Hellas, a spring would be taken out of the Hellenic year.¹ Athens is greater than Syracuse, not so much on account of any higher political or military position in the days of their common might—for the Athenian dominion over the Ægean was after all a very short-lived thing—as in all

those characters, political, intellectual, and artistic, which made Athens, not so much the greatest of Greek cities as the model Greek city, the most abiding of Greek cities. Athens was the foremost of Greek cities in a way which had little to do with her position as a politically ruling city. She gave the world the picture of a lawful and well-ordered democracy, while Syracuse was tossed to and fro between mobs, tyrants, and foreign deliverers. She had in her an intellectual life which kept her on as a free Greek city, the teacher of Greece and of the world, for ages after Syracuse had sunk to the rank of a provincial city of the Roman dominion. Syracuse was plundered by Verres the Prætor and by Constans the Emperor; but she never, as a free ally of Rome, chose Hadrian as her archon or Constantine as her general. Before the moral and intellectual greatness of Athens Syracuse seems as nothing. Athens has a place in the inner history of man which no other spot on earth can rival. But this should not lead us to forget that, in all those outward features and events which make up the sum of ordinary outward history, Syracuse was for some ages the peer of Athens. We are indeed tempted to look on Syracusan history as in some sort an appendage to Athenian history, because the page of Syracusan history which is likely to come first into our thoughts is the tale of the struggle between Athens and Syracuse as told by the historian of Athens. Of all the days in the long history of Syracuse, the days which first rush upon our minds are the day when the fleets of Athens and Syracuse met for the last time in the great harbour, the day when the remnant of the vanquished host of Athens set forth on its last weary and hopeless march.

It is well then to bear in mind—and on the spot we are not likely to forget—what the positive greatness of Syracuse really was. He who makes his way from the castle of Maniakês

¹ Herodotus, vii. 162.

to the fort on Epipolai is not likely to undervalue the physical greatness of Syracuse. But it is also well to bear in mind that the greatness of Syracuse was, after all, only a colonial greatness, a greatness inferior in kind and less lasting in duration than the greatness of the cities of old Greece. We need not go about to prove that Athens was older than Syracuse, and we have seen that she lived on with one side at least of her old life long after the true history of Syracuse was ended. But it is not merely a matter of duration. No truer thing was ever said in earlier or in later times than when Alkibiadēs, or Thucydides in his name, contrasted the comparatively stable state of things in old Greece with the endless changes in Sicily, and above all in Syracuse. The Athenians were not to be afraid of the great apparent power of the Sicilian cities. They were great and full of inhabitants; but they were inhabitants brought together from various quarters. Coming with one revolution and going away with another, they had not the same ties to the soil, to its laws or to its memories, which bound the inhabitants of the cities of old Greece to the abodes of their forefathers. No contrast could be more true. The population of Syracuse, of Messina, of Katanê, shifted more times than one can count in a few generations, while the people of Athens remained essentially the same people from the days of legend to the sack of Sulla, while the people of Sparta remained essentially the same people from the Dorian conquest to the tyranny of Nabis. Revolutions and changes of population were assuredly not unknown in old Greece; but in the days of her free commonwealths, they never affected the greatest cities; they never turned the whole land upside down in the way in which they constantly did in Sicily. We are tempted

to undervalue the greatness of Syracuse, because no city had so often to ask for foreign help. Of the two brightest names in Syracusan history one is the native deliverer who comes to save her by the help of foreign swords; the other is the foreign deliverer who leads a crusade to her help from beyond the sea. Foreign indeed we should hardly say; the relations between Syracuse and her metropolis set before us the bright side of the Greek colonial system. They show us how a colony, independent from its birth, needing no War of Independence to sever any tie of sovereignty, could be bound for ages to the mother city by the nobler ties of filial reverence and hereditary friendship. They show us too how, among all the changes of the Syracusan population, new citizens and old alike clung to this hereditary sentiment. In no age of independent Syracusan history could a man of Corinth be called a foreigner in Syracuse. And when, first Diôn, then Timoleôn, came, the deliverance which Syracuse needed was not a deliverance from alien enemies but from domestic tyrants. As a power in the world, the free commonwealth of Syracuse was never so mighty as her tyrants were. As rulers of their own city, no names call up more well-earned loathing than the names of Dionysios and Agathoklês. And it may be that it is chiefly the glamour of Pindar's verse which keeps us from placing earlier tyrants alongside of them. But all of them, Gelôn and the first Hierôn, Dionysios and Agathoklês, had one mission in which they did not fail. Even though some of them handed over spots of Greek soil to barbarian inhabitants, they were in the main the champions of Hellas against the barbarian, the champions of Europe against Africa, the champions of the Aryan against the Semitic man. It may be a fable, but it is at least a speaking fable, which tells us that Gelôn made it a condition of peace with Carthage that the gods of Canaan should no longer be worshipped with

¹ Thucydides, vi. 17. Some of the phrases used are most emphatic—*ὅχλοις ξυμμίκτηις πολυανδροῦσιν αἱ πόλεις, καὶ βαβίλας ἔχουσι τῶν πολιτειῶν τὰς μεταβολὰς καὶ τὰς ἐπιδοχάς.*

the fiery rites of Canaan.¹ Agathoklès handed on to Regulus and Scipio the lesson of policy that the masters of Africa could be best vanquished on African soil. Agathoklès and Roger, each in his own age the first to bear the kingly title on Sicilian ground,² were also, each in his own age, the first lords of Sicily and of Europe who could boast—Agathoklès, to be sure, only for a moment—that

“Siculus mihi servit et Afer.”

At Syracuse then it is the Greek memories and the Greek remains which gather round them the main, almost the whole interest. Syracuse is as emphatically the city of Hellenic tyrants and Hellenic deliverers as Palermo is the city of Saracen Emirs and Norman Kings. It is not indeed, either in its memories or in its remains, so purely Hellenic as Akragas. We must allow that, simply as a display of Hellenic art, Syracuse has nothing to set against the unequalled range of the Akragantine temples. Akragas again is so purely Greek in its history—its place in its later forms of Agrigentum and Girgenti is so very secondary—its later monuments, though anywhere else we should call them important and interesting, are so utterly overshadowed by the wonderful works of the older day,—that there our musings on the city of Thêrôn and Gellias, the mightiest and saddest victim of Phœnician havoc, are all but undisturbed by other thoughts. Syracuse, on the other hand, though its Hellenic history is primary, has a long later history which cannot be

wholly put out of sight. Nor can we put the monuments of later times so easily out of sight at Syracuse as we can at Girgenti. That part of Syracuse which is at once the oldest and the newest, the island, Ortygia, the site of the original colony, the narrow limit within which the city has again shrunk up, is singularly rich in mediæval domestic buildings. Girgenti too, where also the modern city has shrunk up within its oldest limits, has also its mediæval sights, ecclesiastical and domestic; but it would hardly claim a place among purely mediæval cities on a level with mediæval Syracuse. And at Syracuse, though the Hellenic memories overshadow all others, yet the monuments of Hellenic and later times are worked together in a way which tells us of the unbroken life of the city abiding on through both in a more forcible way than anything at Girgenti.

In dealing with a city like Syracuse, whose history is so long, in many parts so familiar, and whose history and topography has been illustrated over and over again by a series of eminent scholars, it is needless to attempt anything which may come ever so near to a continuous history as has been given in our earlier Sicilian sketches. We may assume a more wide-spread knowledge of the great names and great events of Syracusan history than we can safely assume in the case of other Sicilian cities. In a paper then, or even in two papers, like these, it will be better, without following any very strict chronological order, to put on record some of the impressions suggested by some of the most striking and historic points in Syracusan topography. The position of the city marks at once that, when Archias led thither his Corinthian colonists, a considerable advance had been made since the days when the most ancient cities came into being. Syracuse is no hill-fort, no collection of hill-forts, like Athens and Rome, like Le Mans and Lincoln. When Naxos was founded in one year and Syracuse in

¹ One can hardly help feeling that Mr. Grote (v. 299) is right in rejecting this story, which comes only from later writers, Theophrastus being the first.

² We have seen in what sense the kingly title was applied to earlier tyrants. They were pleased with it, if everybody would give it them. But Agathoklès seems, exactly like Roger, to have taken it in a formal way (see Diodôros, xx. 54), and to have worn the kingly diadem. This was of course done to put himself on a level with the Macedonian captains who had done the same thing in the East.

the next, men had altogether got rid of their fear of the sea and of the dangers which it brought; Naxos was planted on a peninsula; Syracuse was planted on an island. Syracuse did indeed become a hill city in after days; but she became so simply by climbing up the neighbouring hill, very much as Bath and Bristol have done amongst ourselves. Syracuse has, strictly speaking, no akropolis; her oldest and strongest quarter occupied some of the lowest ground within her walls. But it is curious to see how the familiar notion of the hill city and the akropolis influenced men's thoughts and language, even when the names that they suggested were utterly out of place. Much of our knowledge of Syracusan history comes from Plutarch; but we may guess that Plutarch had never seen Syracuse with his own eyes. If he had, he would hardly have spoken, as he constantly does, of the height or akropolis (ἄκρα), meaning the part which answered to the akropolis of most other cities. This was the oldest quarter, the specially fortified quarter, the stronghold, the dwelling-place of her tyrants and her kings, whenever Syracuse, in the course of her revolutions, had tyrants or kings. But it was no akropolis. The oldest and strongest quarter of Syracuse was Ortygia, the island of the fount of Arethousa, at once the oldest and the newest Syracuse. We have seen the island far away from an early stage of our journey along the eastern coast. We see Ortygia; we know it to be the site of inhabited Syracuse, balancing the site of vanished Naxos, long before it comes into our minds that the long hill on the mainland that rises to our right was once Syracuse too. The railway carries us under the walls of Dionysios, without our fully taking in that we have already reached the Syracuse of Dionysios, if not the Syracuse of Archias. But the Syracuse of Archias tells its own story. The isle of Arethousa is joined to the mainland; but it is joined by a range of fortifications, bridge after bridge, gate

after gate, reared on the site, perhaps of the foundations, of the Dionysian citadel, fencing in the city as though Dionysios himself were still there needing to be guarded alike against discontented citizens and Carthaginian invaders. But no portcullis bars the way; no guards stop our progress; the entrance into modern Syracuse has something in it which is stately and solemn, but it presents nothing of difficulty or hardship. We find ourselves within the island, now rather the peninsula, covered by the city whose narrow streets supply us at every turn with specimens of the later domestic art of Sicily, but which would seem at first sight to contain nothing to be set at all on a level with the buildings of many other cities of far lesser fame than Syracuse. Nowhere shall we find a church, we shall hardly find above one palace, to remind us of the glories of Palermo. We might pass through some lines of streets from one end of the city to the other, without our eye being caught by any building remarkable for size, richness, or outline. If we wish to take in the whole of Syracuse from a point within the oldest Syracuse, it may be well to hurry at once to the furthest point of the island.

At that furthest point then, not to the east as we are at first inclined to fancy, but to the south, facing Plemmyrion on the other side of the mouth of the Great Harbour, stands the fortress of Syracuse, but not the fortress of Dionysios. On our way thither we are met by a modern phenomenon to which it might not be easy to find a parallel elsewhere. We soon weary in the cities of Italy and Sicily of the *Via* or *Corso Vittorio Emmanuele*, above all when the new name supplants a former one of old and historic meaning. We may even weary of *Via Garibaldi* when there is no real immediate connexion with any exploit of the hero. But at Syracuse we meet with something in this way for which we shall hardly be prepared. It is not often that modern street

nomenclature gives us a name taken from the annals of the Eastern Empire. But Syracuse, which thus commemorates a string of local worthies starting from Diôn, has not forgotten to place on the list her momentary deliverer from the Saracen, *Georgios Maniakês*. A street leading down from the central place of the city bears the name of *Via Maniaci*. The name, like the names of Diôn and Timoleôn, is doubtless modern and artificial, but it is well that a modern and artificial system of nomenclature should do justice all round, and should remember that brave men lived after Timoleôn and before Garibaldi. We will not compare the deliverance wrought by Maniakês to the deliverance wrought by either the earlier or the later worthy; but to exchange the rule of the Saracen Emir for that of the Christian Emperor was as near an approach to deliverance as was to be had in the first half of the eleventh century and it at least better deserves the name than the deliverance of Rome by Belisarius from the Goths. The Byzantine re-conquest of at least all the eastern part of Sicily is an event at which we have already glanced when speaking of Messina. To those who are led astray by the vulgar notions about abiding Byzantine weakness and folly, such an exploit must seem wholly unintelligible. Even with a better knowledge of the world's history, it has somewhat of the air of a strange and romantic episode. But, if we look carefully before and behind, we shall see that it fits in exceedingly well with much that went before it and much that came after it. As was hinted in a former paper, it is well to remember, notwithstanding the length and the important effects of the Saracen dominion in Sicily, how very short the time was of unbroken Saracen dominion over the whole island. It is only during two periods, from 965 to 1038, and again from 1042 to 1061, that the whole of the soil of Sicily was under Mussulman dominion. The Emperors of the Macedonian dynasty never gave up

their claim to Sicily; they never forgot Sicily; they made more than one attempt to recover Sicily. At last the day of re-conquest came; the only wonderful thing is the time when it was done. What was not done by Nikêphoros, by John Tzimiskês, or by Basil the Second, was done under what, as far as internal government was concerned, was the wretched time of Zôê, her husbands and her eunuchs. But there is nothing really wonderful in this. A watch, when it is well wound up, will go on of itself, and a great general trains up a school of officers who can do great works when he is gone. Maniakês was a soldier trained in the school of the Bulgarian-slayer; the difference between him and his master was simply the difference of their several positions. Basil, Emperor as well as general, had no one left at home to thwart him: but it was open to every minion of Zôê's court to thwart Maniakês, who was general only and not Emperor. That his victory was largely won by the help of foreign mercenaries, that there is reason to believe that Harold Hardrada led the axemen of the North to the deliverance of Messina and Syracuse, we have already mentioned when speaking of the former city. But the presence of the Normans in his host is of higher historic importance than the presence of the Northmen. The remembrance that they had helped to win Sicilian cities in the Imperial service could hardly have passed away when, twenty years later, they began to win Sicilian cities for themselves. The earlier warfare surely went far to suggest the thought of the later; Maniakês was in truth only opening the path for Roger. Syracuse and all eastern Sicily now passed again for a moment under Christian rule. And, if it was but for a moment, if within four years the Saracen again reigned in Syracuse and Messina, that was no fault of the deliverer, but of those who recalled him and drove him into rebellion. But even this short occupation has been enough to stamp

the name of Maniakês for ever on the soil of Ortygia. The castle which crowns the extreme point of the island, a peninsula within the island, is still the Castle of Maniakês, and boasts itself to be the work of the Byzantine hero. He has however left no signs of his presence in the existing architecture of the castle. The chief part of the building, setting aside more modern works, savours of the thirteenth century, not the eleventh, and seems to bespeak the presence of the Wonder of the World. The chief feature is a vaulted, but now ruined hall, the capitals of whose vaulting-shafts, large and boldly floriated, far more Northern than Italian, are very like those in Frederick's castle at Catania. A goodly fire-place too, with all mediæval appurtenances, seems to tell of one who was King of Germany as well as of Sicily, and who had found out that it might sometimes be well, even in Syracuse, to fall back on the winter comforts of Gelnhausen. But the most striking feature of this hall is its entrance. A tall pointed doorway, with a tympanum which has vanished, shows, like so many others in Sicily, not the vulgar Italian Gothic, but the true Northern style, with its mouldings modified by unwonted materials and by ideas lingering on from other days. A Northern architect would not have endured straight joints; but then a Northern architect would have had no blocks of marble to tempt him to give the sides of his doorway the form of a straight joint. But we ask, why does the outer order of the doorway stand out so far in advance of the others, with so deep and dark a hollow behind it? We look and see that that deep and dark hollow is no other than the groove of a portecullis. In a gloomy, frowning, castle-gate, plain and unmoulded, with a round tower on each side and a drawbridge below, this is only what we should look for. In an elaborately moulded doorway, opening at once into an elegantly vaulted hall, we should not have looked for it. The outline

of this part of the castle with its round towers at the corners, is very like the outline of Frederick's Catanian castle; but that stands by itself, while here we have already passed the purely defensive gateways. We think of the "*domus defensabiles*" of Domesday, of the "*aula lapidea*," which played the part of an "*arx*" in the island fortress of Brionne.¹ Whatever the cause, there is this beautiful doorway with its portecullis-groove, and on either side are the corbels where once stood the famous bronze rams which Maniakês set up, on each side doubtless of some earlier doorway. They are said to have bleated with the wind. Unluckily we cannot now test their powers. One only is left, and that—patched up as usual—is still to be seen, not in Syracuse, but in the Museum at Palermo.

We climb to the roof of the castle. No point gives a better idea of the relation of the primitive Syracuse, the island city, to the land and the water around it. Nowhere do we better take in the vast expanse of the Great Harbour; we see at once before us all the main points of the two great sieges; the famous siege at Athenian hands, and that other, but a few years later, when the plague, at least as much as the arm of Dionysios, saved Syracuse from the fate of Akragas.² We here see how much turns on the telling of a tale. The Athenian siege is told by Thucydides, and is therefore immortal; the Carthaginian siege is told only by Diodôros, and its memory speaks only to special students of Sicilian history. Yet, in the general history of the world, the deliverance wrought by Gylippos and the moon is of less account than the deliverance wrought by Dionysios and the plague. The Athenian siege was, after all, only a struggle of Greek against Greek; its decision either way would not have affected the area of Europe or of Hellas. Deliverance from Lamachos and Dêmostenês—there is

¹ See Norman Conquest, ii. 268, 625.

² Diodôros, xiv. 71.

something grotesque in the formula of deliverance from Nikias—was a gain for the Syracusans of that day; it was perhaps a loss in the general course of the world's history. For the siege by Himilkôn was part of the great struggle of the world, that struggle of which Sicily has seen so many stages. And it may be that, if the might of Syracuse had been added to the might of Athens, instead of a Phœnician fleet lying before Syracuse, a Hellenic fleet might have lain before Panormos, perhaps before Carthage itself. On the scenes of all these events we look down from the castle of Maniakês, and the memory of the two deliverances of the Greek city from Semitic rule, fourteen hundred years apart in date, blend well together in our thoughts. We look over the harbour, the scene of the death-struggle of the Athenian fleet; there was pitched the camp of Nikias and the camp of Himilkôn; there, so far away that it is hard to believe that it could even have been girded in by the same walls as the spot where we now stand, rises the height of Epipolai, the scene of that night encounter which taught the stout heart of Dêmôsthênês that Syracuse was not to be taken. We look out over the great and wide sea, the sea which washes Italy, that Italy which on bright days the eye may rest on, the sea too which washes Greece, which dwells as a dream-land far away. And over land and sea, beyond the height of Epipolai and the bluff of Hybla, Ætna itself rises as the crown and lord of the whole Sicilian realm. But as we look on the city itself, we are tempted to mourn that the days of commonwealths and tyrants have passed away. Nowhere does the utter shapelessness of modern Sicilian architecture stand out more nakedly. A mass of buildings without form or proportion covers the site of ancient Syracuse. The horizontal outline of the Greek is gone, and nothing has come in its stead. Conceive a German city on such a site, with its turrets, its gables, its towers

and spires, making us no longer repine that the porticos of Athênê and Artemis have vanished. Conceive a North-Italian city, sending up its crowd of bell-towers. Conceive even Saracen Syracuse, with its cupolas and minarets, as they must have shone when Maniakês sailed into the Great Harbour. But all that past times had, or could have had, of form, outline, or proportion, is utterly gone. The attractive side of the later Syracuse is hidden in a general view: it reveals itself only when we have learned to thread the narrow streets of the mediæval city in search of its mediæval treasures.

The porticos, we have just now said, of Athênê and Artemis have vanished. In a general view of the city they have vanished utterly. The temples of Syracuse do not stand forth before all eyes, like the temples of Akragas and the temples of Athens. But they are there none the less. Three venerable monuments of the ancient time, of the days of the commonwealth or of the tyrants, are still to be found, two within and one without, the oldest bounds of the oldest Syracuse. One indeed has to be looked for. Of the temple of Artemis—rather, it is said, of Apollôn; but the brother may perhaps not shut out the sister—large portions still stand; but we come upon them suddenly in a narrow street, and half the height of the columns is below the present level of the ground. But from above we can mark the massiveness of the columns ranged thickly together, the bold echinus, the heavy architrave, all the signs of the true primitive Doric. We go down to the lower area, and mark the plan, in Sicily at least unusual, which is technically called *hexastylus peripteros pyknostylus*. That is to say, in plainer words, the columns are more in number and closer together than usual. The *cella*, itself forming a front in *antis* with columns of its own, had a whole pillared forest in front of it. Here we would gladly see the building as it stood in the days of its perfec-

tion: there is another Syracusan temple where any such wish must be sternly chased away. On our way to the castle we found ourselves, perhaps by a little topographical confusion, in the *Via Maniaci*. Let us retrace our steps more orderly by the way of that street from the castle to the heart of the city. But, before we come to the name of the Byzantine deliverer written up by modern Sicilian hands, we pass by a spot suggesting memories which in their own way are as famous as the memories of any deliverer or tyrant of them all. We pass by the fountain of Arethousa; and, before we reach it on our way from the castle, we pass by an ancient building—that is, it would be ancient out of Sicily—which is connected with the fountain of Arethousa by a somewhat strange tie. There is still the spring of the water-nymph, whose name at once calls up the harmony of the most musical verses that were ever sung of her, and makes us wonder at their geography. We all know how

“Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acrocarauian mountains.”¹

Yet it is hard to understand why Arethousa had chosen a couch so far away from her usual haunts, or what process even of mythical geography could carry her and her Peloponnesian follower so far north as the High Thunder Peaks of Epeiros. But if Arethousa escaped from Alpheios, she has not escaped the mightier powers of the Ionian sea; the salt water has made its way in, and has rifled the sweetness of the virgin spring. But the paper-plant, growth alike of Egypt

¹ I do not set up for a Shelley critic; but I suppose that the wonderful beauty of these verses comes largely from the way in which thing and person are wrought into one. It is the same in that strangely sublime passage of Hesiod, or whatever may be the right name, describing the loves (or hates) of Heaven and Earth.

ἡλθε δὲ νύκτ' ἐπάγων μέγας Οὐρανὸς· ἀμφὶ δὲ
Γαίῃ
ἱμεῖραν φιλότῃτος ἐπέσχετο, καὶ β' ἐτανύσθη
πάντη.—Theog. 171.

and of Sicily, still grows at Syracuse, as it once grew at Palermo; its leaves still fall over the fountain, and in these last times, Arethousa has been rescued from the lowest blow which had fallen upon her. Could the pastoral muse of Theokritos find anything to say about the present race of the Naiads of Syracuse? As the calling of a Greek shepherd or shepherdess, with whom the crook, the pipe, and the distaff are not figures of speech, is certainly more picturesque than that of their English fellows—as a flock of Sicilian goats is more picturesque than a flock of English sheep—so even the calling of the female invaders of the fountain of Arethousa puts on a more picturesque shape in southern lands than it bears in our own. The Welsh tongue, on both sides of the Alps, gives its votaries names of reasonable softness; even the High-Dutch is a degree more respectful than our own; the speech of the Angles and Saxons can give to the late occupants of Arethousa's spring no loftier title than that of washerwomen. But Arethousa has got rid of them; they have left the open air and the open fountain, and they now carry on their art and mystery under the vault of a neighbouring Roman building, seemingly a Roman bath. Let no critic rise up to quarrel with the phrase “art and mystery,” and to say that “mystery” is no mystery at all, but is a mere corruption of “ministerium” which is “métier.” In this case, as there is something of picturesque effect, so there is also something of mystery, as the cleansing work is carried on in the half-shade of the ancient vault. And, as is the case of other mysteries, the uninitiated must not press too near. Manners indeed are softened: in these days Aktaïon is no longer condemned to pay with his person, but he is expected to pay with his purse.

We may seem to have turned away from the Syracusan temples; but we are still on our way to the chiefest among them. We pass by Arethousa; then we may turn downwards and make a

nearer acquaintance with the Great Harbour; or we may go up the street of Maniakēs till we find ourselves at the central point of the present city. There stand, side by side, the metropolitan church and the archiepiscopal palace, showing nothing very striking or attractive as we look at them from the main place. But there on the proper days we may behold, and not only behold but hear, the modern devotions of the Syracusan people, when, at the appointed hour, they gather to shout as lustily for Santa Lucia¹ as ever their forefathers shouted for Athênê or Artemis. But turn round the corner to what is or ought to be the northern side. There we may learn a lesson indeed in the unity of history; we may grasp the fact of the long abiding life of the Syracusan city through so many ages. We know that we speak as barbarians in the ears of classical purists; but then it is only as barbarians that classical purists speak in our ears. There are those who think it a feat to wipe out the history of Olympia, the unbroken succession of monuments, older Greek, later Greek, heathen Roman, and Christian Roman—monuments filling up the whole length of the history of Olympia from her Hellenic birth to her Slavonic overthrow—if only the ruthless havoc should chance to be rewarded by knowing exactly what sculptures filled the pediment of a single temple of a single period. Those who could destroy, those who could threaten to destroy,²

¹ The fact that the purely Latin name of this saint is always sounded with the Greek accent gives me an opportunity of correcting a careless remark which I made in my article on Catania. I said that the present name of this last city kept the accent of *Kardyn*, while *Siracûsa* had forsaken the accent of *Συράκουσαι*. I know not how I came to forget that the modern form naturally comes from the accusative, not from the nominative, and that *Siracûsa* keeps the accent of *Συρακούσας*.

² I have not been able to find out whether this barbarous destruction has been actually carried out. The Olympic basilica, one of the most precious monuments of early Christian times, was untouched when I was at Olympia in 1877. But its destruction had

the basilica of Olympia, would, we may suppose, be ready to pull down Saint Sophia itself, if they had a chance of finding among the ruins a letter or two of an inscription of the days of Megarian Byzantium. In such minds the sight of the metropolitan church of Syracuse, once the temple of Athênê, might perhaps call up the full fierceness of destroying rage. There stand the ancient columns, columns of the true Doric type, even if a trifle less closely set together than the columns of the temple of Artemis. The entablature still remains above them; but the cornice is gone, and the *gutta* and triglyphs have been taught to bear a battlement, kindred with, though not the same as, that which bears the name of the lords of Verona. The columns are built up by a wall; sometimes they barely peep through the wall; between two of them a doorway and window of the latest Roman work have been cut through. We enter; the walls of the *cella* have been pierced with arches. By thus building up the colonnade and piercing the solid wall, Christian Syracuse has made herself the nave and aisles of a great minster out of the temple which was reared by the old Syracusan aristocracy in the days before the tyrants, the temple which Marcellus spared and which Verres plundered. The change is no change of yesterday. The transfer of the holy place of Athênê to be the holy place of Our Lady is at least as old as the days of the Heraclian Emperors, perhaps as old as the days of Belisarius. Here too it was that, two hundred years or more after its new dedication, in the day of the Saracen capture of the city, the bishop and his clergy were seized by the conquerors as they strove to hide themselves among their seats behind the

been threatened, and that by no less a person than Ernst Curtius, in very plain language in the *International Review* for January 1877. Its removal would simply destroy one of the most speaking series of buildings, fragmentary as they are, to be found in the whole world. A description was given in the *Saturday Review*, October 20, 1877.

high altar.¹ It is a wonderful sight to look on the vast columns of the heathen temple, still standing in all their strength, though half imbedded in the walls of the Christian church. It is a wonderful thought, if Christian worship has gone on in unbroken order on that spot for twelve hundred years after an almost equal time of heathen life. It is almost more wonderful still if, as is far more likely, the church became a mosque at the coming of Abou-Isa—what mockery in the name—if it became again a church at the coming of Maniakês, again a mosque when the Saracen came back again, again a church when Roger came to do for ever what Maniakês had done only for a moment. But doubtless there are those who would wipe out all such memories as these, if they could only see the columns of Athênê stand forth clear from the walls which now hide some of their flutings. We would say, "Spare us our one ewe lamb"; art and heathendom have seized upon much, and have left but little for history and Christendom. In the church of Our Lady of Athens but one small trace of painting tells us of the days when it was the church of Our Lady of Athens—*der schöne Mariendom*, as the last historian of later Greece loves to call it.² From the church of Saint George below the akropolis all sign is gone of the time when the fighting saint displaced the fighting hero. On not a few Greek and Sicilian sites the foundations of the temples may be traced beneath the walls of the church. On a distant point of the hill of Akragas a small temple of early times has been changed into a now forsaken chapel. But here we have, not the foundations, not the ruins, not the mere traces or fragments in any shape, but the temple itself, in well nigh all its fullness, the building

which under every dominion, under every creed, has been for more than three-and-twenty centuries one of the holiest homes of Syracuse and her people. Here at least we feel that the history of man, his works and his beliefs, form one unbroken story. May so precious a possession as this never be taken from us by those who cannot look beyond the narrow bounds of two or three chosen centuries.

The story of the taking of Syracuse by the Saracens in 878 is told by the monk Theodosios in a letter to the archdeacon Leo. It is given in a Latin version in the collections of Pirro and Muratori; but the true text is Greek. It has been printed, for Amari refers to it; but unluckily it is not to be found in the place where we should most naturally look for it, in the Bonn collection of Byzantine historians.³ From his narrative we see plainly that the fortified city of Syracuse was already confined to the island. The whole description of the siege implies it, and we learn further that the metropolitan church had not always been in the island; there had been an earlier seat of the bishopric in some church in some of the other parts of the city which was now occupied by the invaders.⁴ It follows from this that it was since the public establishment of Christianity that the city had

³ The student of Sicilian history is constantly vexed by this strange fashion of printing Latin translations instead of Greek originals. Even in the Constitutions of Frederick the Second in the great collection of Huillard-Bréholles, though here the Latin text is of equal authority with the Greek, still we want the Greek to see how the words answer to one another. Yet M. Bréholles gives the Latin text only in full, and nothing but extracts from the Greek. I find from Pottthast's *Wegweiser* that the Greek text of Theodosios was published by Hase in 1819 along with Leo the Deacon—quite another man from Leo the Archdeacon. But when Leo was reprinted in the Bonn series, why was not Theodosios reprinted with him? It is hard to expect one to search for and buy a second Leo in an odd place, as one's only way of getting at Theodosios.

⁴ The prisoners were taken "ex urbe . . . ad Amiram qui in vetere majori ecclesia considerat."—Murat. i. 263.

¹ "Inter aram et sedem," says the Latin version in Muratori (i. part 2, p. 262); that is, behind the altar, between it and the bishop's throne in the apse.

² See Hertzberg, *Geschichte Griechenlands*, passim.

shrunk up into its old narrow bounds; we may guess with tolerable certainty that the change was recent, that it had been made since the Saracen inroads began. The long siege and its horrors, the breaking down of the towers which guarded the harbours, the entry of the besiegers, and the havoc wrought by them, are all told with spirit. One specially valiant defender of the city, Nikétas of Tarsos, who had often reviled Mahomet from the walls, was flayed alive; his heart was torn from his body and eaten, and he was lastly stoned.¹ But Bishop Sôphrônios and his clergy were, as compared at least with Nikétas, mildly treated. They were seized, as we have seen, in the church; but no harm was done to them save shutting them in a most unpleasant prison—we must remember that few prisons of those days, either in Christian or in Mussulman lands, were likely to be much better. Theodosios distinctly acquits the conquerors of any acts of torture or insult towards them. There was doubtless a good deal of difference between one Saracen and another, and Nikétas had clearly brought on himself special hatred. Again, when the prisoners reached Palermo, after a theological disputation with the Emir, the holy captives were once more condemned to a horrible prison among very bad company; but they were not killed or tortured. A distinct notice whether the church did or did not become a mosque would be precious. According to ordinary Mahometan rule, Christian worship would be allowed in some church or churches in or near the

city; but what we know of other places makes it most likely that the head church would be taken as a trophy for the use of the dominant faith. It is certain that Syracuse became one of the strongholds of Islam in the island, and the succession of bishops now ceases till Count Roger gave the liberated church a prelate of his own name.

Our present survey belongs to the inner Syracuse, to the city alike of the earliest and the latest times. But our survey of Ortygia is imperfect without a visit to at least one spot beyond its many gates. We have seen two hoary temples within the walls of the island city; we have to go forth and look on the small remains of a temple which is even more venerable, and, in the purely Hellenic history of Syracuse, more famous, than either of the others. The virgin daughters of Zeus had their holy places within the city; the Father of Gods and men himself was worshipped beyond its walls, in a sanctuary standing apart between the hills and the Great Haven. We reach the mainland; we forbear to turn to the right to visit any of the later quarters of the city; we turn to the left, and skirt the shore of the Syracusan harbour. We cross the Anapos, the miniature Nile of Sicily, where the paper-plant grows no less than by Arethousa's spring; and we find ourselves on the first battleground of the Athenian invaders. Above us, on a low hill, we see two massive columns, one as it were tottering for very age. Those are the relics of the temple of Olympian Zeus, which, here at Syracuse, just as at Athens and at Akragas, stood below and looked up at the loftier regions of the city. That hill is the Olympieion, the rich and holy site which Nikias not only spared, as Witiges spared the temples of the apostles without the walls of Rome, but which he further allowed to be turned into a military post against himself. It is needless to say that no such respect was shown to Olympian Zeus at the

¹ Ib. p. 261. This reminds one of the sufferings of Bishop Prokopios at Tauromenion. But the fashion of tearing out and eating hearts is not uncommonly reported. The reason is given in Geoffrey Malaterra, ii. 46; "*Serlone eventerato, Saraceni cor extrahunt. Ut audaciam ejus, quæ multa fuerat, conciperent, comedisse dicuntur.*" On this principle some savage nations are said to eat the eyes of their enemies. But we must remember that Richard of Poitou, already Lion-hearted, is reported in some ballads to have now and then enjoyed a slice of Turk.

hands of Phœnician Himilkôn. The little hill is climbed; the temple-platform is reached, and the spot is one rather to muse on than to explore. Part of the basement is there; otherwise the two columns, standing far apart from each other, relics of distant parts of the temple, are all that is left. The columns, strange to say, are monoliths; their capitals have vanished; but their whole air proclaims them to belong to the first days of Doric art. As such, they are the earliest monuments of Syracuse, earlier most likely than even the thick ranks of columns of Artemis in Ortygia. They have looked out on the whole history of Syracuse, from Gelôn to Garibaldi. The Great Harbour lies beneath us; we may, if we will, cover it in thought with contending triremes, as on the fearful day when it was Athens that fought for life and Syracuse for victory. We look out in thought at least at the whole range of cities, from the island settlement of Archias to the fortress, be it of Dionysios or of the last Hierôn, on the neck of Euryâlos. And, as the eye passes along the deserted crests of the hills once thick with houses and temples, we think of the cycles which reign in human things. The cities of Gelôn, Dionysios, and Hierôn have passed away, while the primitive settlement of Archias still remains a living city of men. Athenian, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Saracen, Swabian, Angevin, and Spaniard, have all passed by as invaders, most of them as conquerors. Verres and Constans have dwelled as robbers; Diôn, Timoleôn, Maniakês, Roger, Frederick, and Garibaldi have come as deliverers. And those two aged columns, rising close above the battle-fields of the two earliest invasions, have looked on all. To us this seems antiquity; but the thought is rebuked as over the once

inhabited hills Ætna soars in its vastness, to remind us of long ages and mighty revolutions of nature, not only before Greek and Phœnician, but, before Sikel and Sikanian, had stepped forth to dispute the possession of this memorable island. The moon rises over the waters, untouched alike by the strife of men and the strife of contending elements, bright and full as that fateful moon whose unlucky veiling condemned the doomed host of Athens to linger so many wretched days by that deadly shore. We come back to the road which we have left to climb the hill; and, if not before, then at least we remember that this is the very Helôric road by which that doomed host strove in vain to make its way to the friendly Sikel land. At another stage of our journey, we may, among the seats of the vast Syracusan theatre, call up in imagination all the triumphs of the Grecian drama; but here, on this green hill, without the walls alike of the lesser and of the greater Syracuse, we seem to see the whole tragedy which Thucydides has made immortal played out on the very spot before our eyes.

We have thus, in a hurried and superficial way, beheld the inner city, the city of Archias and of Maniakês, the city of our own day. But the Syracuse of Archias and Maniakês is but a small part of the mighty Syracuse which Timoleôn freed and over which the stern Marcellus, in his hour of conquest, wept in wonder. Another journey must take us through the newer and upper region over which, when the island fortress was found too narrow, the dwelling-places of men spread themselves, and from which they again fell back. We have seen Ortygia and the Olympieion; we have yet to see Achradina, Neapolis, Tychê, and Epipolai.

THE CHANCES OF ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. ROSA's successful season at Her Majesty's Theatre has brought the question of the permanent establishment of English opera in London into the foreground once again. Thoughtful musicians and amateurs ask themselves, "Why should not we have an opera in our own tongue, sung more or less by our own people, and produced at least in reasonable proportion by our own poets and composers; such as the French and Germans, and even the Hungarians and Danes have had for years?" The late operatic season has proved two things:—First, that singers English-born, and partly at least English-trained, are quite able to do justice to some of the most difficult works of the international repertoire; and, second, that under an intelligent and enterprising management English opera need by no means spell "Ruin." By these two facts the chance of future and of permanent success may be considered safely established; but intelligence and enterprise are not alone sufficient to account for a success which is in strong contrast with the anything but brilliant results of previous seasons at the Lyceum and the Adelphi. The causes of this change must be looked for elsewhere, and it is of these causes, considered from a broadly historic point of view, that the present article is intended to treat.

The most superficial observer of social and artistic matters in London cannot but have noticed the change which has of late years come over the spirit in which music is listened to and practised by English amateurs. Not only does the interest taken in it exceed that granted to all the other arts in conjunction, but the character of this interest itself is becoming more and more divested of the attributes of a fashionable pastime. A glance at the crowds which assemble to listen to Beethoven's quartets at St. James's Hall, and to his symphonies at the Crystal Palace, would be

alone sufficient to establish the point. And in equal measure as the taste of our audiences has become more serious and refined, it has also broadened in scope. The exclusive admiration of Handel and Mendelssohn, on the one hand, and of the school "of the future," on the other, is gradually being merged in an intelligent appreciation of all good music to whatever school or country it may belong. But there are other signs of the times, if possible, still more important. A glance at the rise which the national development of music has of late taken in such remote countries as Russia and Norway, and the applause which the works of Tschaikoffski, of Grieg, and Svendsen, have met with all over Europe, naturally awaken the desire that England also should occupy her proper place amongst musical nations, and it has been justly recognised that, for that purpose, it is necessary not only to give due encouragement to the native talent already in existence, but also to prepare a healthy and congenial atmosphere for that yet to come. In this sense the agitation for a great central school of music after the pattern of the Paris Conservatoire is one of the most hopeful signs of the musical reawakening in England.

It is at such times of national art revival that the demand for a national opera, in the sense above specified, becomes irresistible. The opera, as we at present understand the word, occupies a peculiar position in the history of music and of art, generally. A combination of the drama and of music, it is as different, on the one hand, from spoken tragedy or comedy, as it is, on the other, from music pure and simple. The last named arts have been derived from distinctly national sources, the drama from the old Mysteries and miracle plays; the symphony and the artistic song from simple dance forms and popular ditties. But no such natural growth is observ-

able in the opera. The Florentine *dilettanti*, Vincenzo Galilei (the father of the astronomer), Jacopo Peri, and Emilio del Cavalieri, who, in the sixteenth century cultivated *musica in stilo rappresentativo*, and became the founders of the modern opera, did so in connection with the great Renaissance movement of their time. They were intent upon reviving the classical drama with its rhythmical recitation and its choral interludes; and their efforts were, therefore, in the first instance, addressed to scholars and the upper classes generally. So great, however, was the love of music in Italy, and so abundant her production of musical genius, that the narrow limits of the original *dramma per musica* were soon expanded by a succession of men of genius, beginning with Claudio Monteverde, and extending to Rossini, Bellini, and Verdi. But the aristocratic and unpopular, or, at least non-popular, character has in some measure remained attached to Italian opera. Especially is this the case in foreign countries where the high price of the Italian importation practically excludes the multitude from its enjoyment.

Whatever their taste and their critical bias may be, musicians ought never to forget the enormous debt which the progress of the art owes to Italy. She not only produced great musicians herself, but also gave a stimulus to what latent genius there might be in other countries. Pelham Humphreys, the master of Henry Purcell, was himself the pupil of Lully, an Italian by birth although a Frenchman by adoption. But the most casual glance at the music of Humphreys, Purcell, and other writers of the English school will show the important influence exercised on them by Carissimi. Of the great Roman master's paramount reputation in this country, the following extracts from *Pepys's Diary*, published for the first time in Mr. Mynors Bright's recent edition, may serve as evidence:—

“22nd July, 1664.—Met (at his house), as I expected, Mr. Hill (my friend the merchant)

and Andrews, and one slovenly and ugly fellow, Signor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the theorbo most neatly, and they spent the whole evening in singing the best piece of musique counted of all hands in the world, made by Signor Charissini, the famous master in Rome. Fine it was indeed, and too fine for me to judge of. They have spoke to Pedro to meet us every weeke, and I fear it will grow a trouble to me if we once come to bid judges to meet us, especially idle masters which do a little displease one to consider.”

The same inexhaustible source of amusing gossip and valuable information testifies to the fascination exercised by Italian opera on the amateurs of England, and at the same time throws an interesting light on the natural antagonism existing between the foreign and the national elements of music in this, as in other countries. No excuse is needed for the quotation of the interesting extract which moreover bears upon the subject in point:—

“Feb. 12, 1667.—With my Lord Brouncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique; and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista,¹ who hath proposed a play in Italian for the opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician, which is very much, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to anybody else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as it may be I should be if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray who understood the words, did say most excellent. . . . He (Tom Killigrew) tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me) hence to Rome, to hear good musique; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured

¹ Giovanni Baptista Draghi, the younger brother of the more famous Antonio Draghi, born at Ferrara; he accompanied the Princess d'Este, wife of James II., to England, where he wrote several operas; one, *Psyche*, in conjunction with Matthew Lock (1672). The date of his death is unknown, but one of his operas was produced as late as 1706.

in the late King's time and in this to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. And says 'Hermitt poore' and 'Chiny Chase' (*sic*! 'Chevy Chase' is evidently meant) was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendome, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give 200*l.* a-year a-piece to; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous Gundilows, he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way. And indeed I do commend him for it; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres."

But the influence of Italian music, and of Italian opera especially, was not limited to this country alone. Bach himself submitted to it, and the reputation of Handel, when he came to England was, as every one knows, chiefly founded on the setting of Italian words to more or less Italian music. And the same state of things continued in Germany for more than half a century after his death. Hasse and Graun and Mozart, and even Gluck, wrote *opere serie* and *buffe* to order, and by the dozen, in spite of their nationality and their individual genius. In the meantime, however, national music, to a great extent owing to the efforts of the masters above named, had gone its own way to a degree of perfection infinitely superior to that ever attained by the foreign product; and it may be said that, for the last century, Italian opera in Germany and France and other musical countries has had an essentially artificial existence fostered by fashion and apart from the real musical life of the nation. The first country to throw off the foreign yoke, and to establish a thoroughly national style of operatic music, was France, and the history of this re-action is worth studying in more than one respect. Curiously enough the founder of French operatic music was himself an Italian by birth, and, to some extent, by training. For although Lully was, at the age of thirteen, brought to France, and

trained by French masters, his style, like that of his pupil, Pelham Humphreys, distinctly shows the influence of Carissimi. Lully's early attempts at dramatic writing were limited to pieces of incidental music to various ballets and plays, Molière's *L'Amour Médecin* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* amongst the number, in which the composer also appeared as an actor and dancer. Various lucrative Court charges, and the exclusive privilege of performing opera at the Académie Royale de Musique of Paris were the reward of Lully's successful efforts at amusing the Great Monarch. In the meantime, French opera itself was as yet in an embryonic condition. In France, as elsewhere, opera was at first synonymous with Italian opera, having being introduced as early as 1645 by Mazarin, under whose auspices Strozzi's *La festa teatrale della finta pazza*, was performed by an Italian troupe. It was not till sixteen years later that the Abbé Perrin proved that the French language was at all available for musical purposes by breaking through the absolute rule of the Alexandrine, and writing what in the preface to his poems he aptly styles, *paroles de musique ou de vers à chanter*. His musical collaborator was Robert Cambert; and the joint production of these two men, named *La Pastorale*, and performed for the first time at a private theatre in 1659, may be called the first French opera proper. To Perrin's untiring energy the foundation of the Académie de Musique, or, as we should say, "Grand Opéra," is due. Lully at first was antagonistic to the new enterprise, and used all his natural aptitude for intrigue, and his Court favour, to injure his French rivals. It was not till after Perrin had quarrelled with his associates that Lully changed his tactics, purchased the privilege of performing operas from Perrin, and became the champion of the French music-drama—the possibility of which he had previously denied. It proves the potent spell of national French art, on the one hand, and Lully's pliable genius, on the other,

that he, the Italian, became the founder of the national music-drama in France. That name, rather than opera, is applicable to such works as *Persée*, *Armide*, and *Acis and Galatea*. They are, in a manner, the musical complement of the French classical tragedy as represented by Corneille; in the place of Italian floriture and cantilena the declamatory principle is here, for the first time, relied upon, and it is by this historic fact, rather than by their intrinsic beauty, that Lully's works claim the attention of modern musicians. How that principle, and French opera generally, were further developed by Rameau, this is not the place to show. Of the twenty-two large works, which he composed and produced after he had completed his fiftieth year, not a single one now remains on the boards; but their historic interest is, nevertheless, unimpaired. In the meantime, Italian opera was by no means extinct in France, and it required an acute and prolonged struggle before the claims of French music, and of the French language as a medium for musical expression, were admitted by the majority of Frenchmen. Curiously enough the leading literary men of the day took the side of the foreign movement. French opera and its representatives were from the first in little favour with the poets and journalists of the capital. Boileau hated Lully, and calls him "un bouffon odieux, un cœur bas, un coquin ténébreux," and Diderot, in his fictitious dialogue with the nephew of Rameau, shows little sympathy with that celebrated composer and bumptious and overbearing man. But the most dangerous, and the most uncompromising antagonist of French music was Jean Jacques Rousseau. The *Lettre sur la Musique Française*, and the shorter and more amusing *Lettre d'un Symphoniste*, foreshadowing the manner of Berlioz, are nothing but the most violent diatribes against French, and in favour of Italian, music, in which instances of keen insight into the principles of dramatic composition are mixed up with the

most grotesquely absurd application of those principles to cases in point. There is much that is just in his objection to the irrelevant airs and *insipides chansonnettes* with which the French interspersed their dialogue, and the detailed analysis of *Armide's scena* (*Enfin il est en ma puissance*) in Lully's opera of that name, is, in its way, a masterpiece of unrelenting criticism; but when, on the other hand, we read the rapturous praise of everything Italian, and consider what the *Serva Padrona*, and Italian opera generally in the eighteenth century, really were, the unfairness of Rousseau's special pleading is but too apparent. The amusing wind-up of the article, which concentrates in a few sentences the venom of the preceding pages, must be quoted in the vigorous language of the original:—

"Je crois avoir fait voir qu'il n'y a ni mesure ni mélodie dans la Musique Française, parce que la langue n'en est pas susceptible; que le chant François n'est qu'un aboyement continu, insupportable à toute oreille non prévenue; que l'harmonie en est brute, sans expression, et sentant uniquement son remplissage d'Ecolier; que les airs François, ne sont point des airs, que le récitatif François n'est point du récitatif. D'où je conclus que les François n'ont point de Musique et n'en peuvent avoir; ou que si jamais ils en ont une, ce sera tant pis pour eux."

It ought to be remembered that the author of these remarks was himself the composer of an operetta in French, and that he who compared *le chant Français* to the barking of dogs, wrote and composed two of the sweetest of the innumerable sweet chansons transmitted to us from the eighteenth century, *Le rosier* and *Que le temps me dure*. But in the heat of argument, and in his eager desire to spite Rameau, Rousseau forgets even the productions of his own mind, of which he was more proud than of *Emile* or *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Another point ought to be considered. Rousseau's criticism, although too sweeping, is by no means wholly unjust. Lully's recitation is dry and pompous, and Rameau's counterpoint pedantic. There is, indeed, no doubt that the French

school would have succumbed in the struggle, if rescue had not come from a different quarter. The arrival of Gluck in Paris, his difficulty at first in having his operas performed, his final triumph, and the great artistic commotion generally known as the struggle between Gluckists and Piccinists, are too familiar to musical and unmusical readers to require detailed mention. French music now, at last, had found a champion capable of holding his own against the best Italians. He was a foreigner, but his inspirations, and his artistic principles, were thoroughly French. If he had never come to Paris, French opera would never have become what it was, and is; but neither would Gluck have been the Gluck we know, the author of the French *Alceste* and of *Iphigénie en Tauride*. The phenomenon has been repeated in the cases of Meyerbeer, and, if such juxtaposition may be tolerated, of Offenbach; it proves the immense fascination of the French type of art for good and for evil. In Gluck's case the classic spirit, as revived by Corneille and Racine, and transferred to the lyric stage by Lully and Rameau, was the leading motive. The result is well known, and concerns us here only as far as it has reference to the national development of French opera. This national side of the question was fully acknowledged by the controversialists of the day. Clumsy adversaries occasionally taunted Gluck with his foreign origin, but judicious writers at once perceived that position to be untenable. They therefore contended, as one of Rousseau's cleverest and most hostile critics has put it, "qu'à l'exception de deux ou trois airs qui sont dans la forme italienne, et quelques récitatifs d'un caractère absolument barbare, sa musique est de la musique française, aussi française qu'il s'en soit jamais fait, mais d'un chant moins naturel que Lully et moins pur que Rameau." Rumours were started at the time, and have found their way even into modern histories, that Queen Marie Antoinette warmly adopted the cause

of her countryman and old singing master, and that the gentlemen of her Court used, from the "Coin de la Reine," to applaud Gluck and to hiss Piccini. But Baron Grimm, an unimpeachable authority on Court gossip, on the contrary, informs us that it was the special desire of Marie Antoinette to retain Piccini in France. Very curious, and never before sufficiently noticed, is the attitude which Rousseau observed towards Gluck. He was, as we have seen, in every way committed to the Italian side; but he was too keen, and, it is pleasant to add, too honest a critic to deny the genius of Gluck. The relation of the two great men seems from the first to have been friendly. When Gluck came to Paris he submitted to the philosopher the score of his Italian *Alceste*, asking him for such observations as might suggest themselves. Rousseau reluctantly undertook the task of studying the score, and proposed one or two alterations, which, it appears, were adopted in the French version. But before he had finished his task, Gluck withdrew his work, "without," as Rousseau somewhat peevishly adds, "asking me for my remarks, which had only been just begun." Such fragments as he had put down, he afterwards embodied in a letter to Dr. Burney, and they are still worth reading as a specimen of minute and intelligent criticism. The objection on principle against French opera has of course been dropped, and, along with it has disappeared the unbounded admiration for its Italian rival. Rousseau is now willing to acknowledge that "Le récitatif ennuye sur les théâtres d'Italie, non-seulement parce qu'il est trop long, mais parce qu'il est mal chanté et plus mal placé."

The results of the foregoing remarks which concern us here, are briefly: that the national music-drama in France was founded in antagonism to the Italian opera, although by an Italian; and that it was placed on a permanent basis by another foreigner at the time of a national revival in matters musical. That such a revival was

taking place at the time is sufficiently proved by the interest which not only men of literary eminence, such as Diderot, Rousseau, and La Harpe, but also the highest social circles, took in the artistic discussions above referred to. Even the events of the Revolution were unable to extinguish this interest, and it was during the darkest days of the Terror that the unrivalled school of national music, the Paris Conservatoire, was originated.

To follow the rise of national opera in other countries would far exceed the limits of this essay. Germany was early in the race, but her first efforts were feeble. Nothing of Reinhard Keiser's (born 1673) numerous operas written for Hamburg now remains; and the Elector Charles Theodore's vast scheme of founding a German opera at Mannheim proved abortive. Here also, by the way, an "Alcestis" played an important part; Wieland had supplied the libretto, but the composer Schweitzer was not equal to his task, and the opera, although brought out with great *éclat*, and trumpeted all over Germany as a great national event, soon sank into deserved oblivion. It need hardly be said that the real founder of German opera was Mozart, although his chief works were written to Italian words. But the struggle between the national and the foreign element did not take an acute form till after the War of Liberation, which roused the feeling of German unity to a pitch previously unknown. It would be interesting, but it would also require a large amount of space, to relate the valiant fight sustained by Weber against so unworthy a rival as Morlacchi, at Dresden. The personal humiliation suffered by the great master at the hands of an obtuse Court and aristocracy may be read in the biography written by his son. Sir Julius Benedict also remembers many a sad tale to the same effect. But although the master died young, and among strangers, his work survived and bore fruit. Without Gluck there would have been no Méhul, and, perhaps, no Auber; without Weber the supreme

power of Wagner might have taken a different, at any rate a more circuitous, route.

In the minor and less cultivated countries the same process as that hitherto described may be observed with more or less important variations. In Mr. Gosse's recent volume on *Northern Literature*, there is the following succinct account of the genesis of Danish opera:—

"The theatre in Kongens Nytorv took a new lease of vitality (towards the close of the last century), and, after expelling the French plays, set itself to turn out a worse cuckoo-fledgling that had made itself a nest there—the Italian opera. This institution, with all its disagreeable old traditions, with its gang of *castrati* and all its attendant aliens, pressed hard upon the comfort and welfare of native art, and it was determined to have done with it. The Italians were suddenly sent about their business, and with shrill screams brought news of their discomfiture to Dresden and Cologne. Then for the first time the Royal Theatre found space to breathe, and since then no piece has been performed within its walls in any other language than Danish. When the present writer heard Gluck's opera of *Iphigenia in Tauris* sung there some years ago with infinite delicacy and finish, it did not seem to him that any charm was lost through the fact that the *libretto* was in a language intelligible to all hearers. To supply the place of the banished opera, the Danes set about producing lyrical dramas of their own. In the old Hartmann, grandfather of the now living composer of that name, a musician was found whose settings of Ewald have had a truly national importance. The airs from these operas of a hundred years ago live still in the memory of every boy who whistles. From this moment the Royal Theatre passed out of its boyhood into a confident manhood, or at least into an adolescence which lasted without further crisis till 1805."

Making allowance for local differences, this account may be accepted as typical. Thus Alexej Verstovskij and Glinka became the fathers of Russian opera, the former with his *Asskold's Tomb*, at Moscow, in 1835; the latter, in the following year, at St. Petersburg, with his *Life for the Czar*. Amongst their numerous successors are Rubinstein and Alexander Serov, the author and composer of *Judith*, and other successful operas. The Russian school, although, like all other contemporary schools of dramatic music, under the influence of Wagner,

yet preserves sufficient originality of style to be distinguishable from those of other countries. In Bohemia the process was somewhat different. At Prague it was, in the first instance, German opera which superseded the decrepit Italian institution, to be in its turn followed by, or at least associated with, a national opera, of which Smetana, himself a successful composer, is the artistic leader. In Hungary matters have not progressed equally well. Ferencz Erkel's *Bank Ban* (his best work), and *Hunyady László*, over which patriots at Pesth go into raptures, are, to all intents and purposes, Italian operas, with Hungarian or pseudo-Hungarian airs skillfully interpolated. Mosonyi Mihály, another Magyar composer, has not yet had a fair trial; his best work, *Almos*, having never been performed. Baron Bodog Orczy also has treated a Hungarian subject, and used Hungarian rhythms in his opera *The Renegade*, the overture and ballet music from which have been recently performed in London. But it is said that the general type of his music is too essentially German to please his compatriots.

And how about England? Where are her national singers and composers; and where the enthusiastic audiences who watch over the development of native talent with care and jealous zeal? The question is, or at least was till quite lately, difficult to reply to, unless we accept *The Pinafore* as the ultimate acme of English art, and the Opera Comique, in the Strand, as its temple. Many and various causes might be alleged for this national deficiency. Sir George Bowyer, and other persons apt to rush in where students and impartial critics fear to tread, might complain of the national inaptitude of Englishmen for music, regardless of the fact that from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of James II. England ranked among leading musical nations, both as regards production, and intelligent reproduction and love of the art. To the student of English musical history, the failure of English opera appears to

have its origin in two events and in a name. The first event was the premature death of Purcell. That Purcell, had he lived, would have established a national school of music, and that that school would have been pre-eminently a dramatic one, no one acquainted with his work can deny. Unfortunately he died too soon to fully develop his own power; or to give stability to such results as he had achieved already; and when, fifteen years after his death, Handel came to England, the interest of all lovers of music immediately centred in him, and the English school was too weak to resist the general, and, under the circumstances, perfectly natural tendency. Still the case was by no means hopeless: Handel, as a dramatic composer, had hitherto followed Italian models, but, like Gluck, he was by no means impermeable to the influences of the country which he made his own. Germans themselves acknowledge that the great impulse which produced the oratorios is essentially English in character, and it may be assumed that if Handel had adhered to dramatic composition, similar causes would have produced similar effects, and Handel might have become the English Gluck. But, thanks to the intrigues of Italian rivals, working hand in hand with the religious bias of the country, this second chance of English opera also was to be foiled. The failure of *Xerxes*, in 1738, may stand for the second event, above referred to. Of the numerous attempts at establishing English opera on a permanent basis, which were made during the last and present centuries, and amongst which the joint enterprise of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison was the most important, this is not the place to speak; neither is it the present writer's desire to judge in a summary manner of the numerous works by well-known English composers called into life on such occasions. Some of these have kept the stage to the present day, but none of them has become the legitimate model of what, without extreme stretch of

courtesy, could be called a representative school of English opera.

This leads us back to the third detrimental element—the name. English opera has, in the course of time, become identified with a kind of mongrel type of entertainment; consisting of detached pieces of music, interspersed with spoken dialogue, which, in its turn, seems introduced only to explain the reason for another song. To call this class of work English *par excellence* is as absurd as it is unhistoric. The same inferior type of dramatic music has existed, and to a great extent still exists, in most countries. The Germans, for example, have their *Singspiel*. But no person in his senses would, for that reason, call Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheker*, or Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*, German operas proper. The existence of the spoken dialogue in such a work as Beethoven's *Fidelio* can be compared only to one of those formations in the human body which, according to Darwin, were of great use to our tree-climbing forefathers, but which now only serve the osseologist as the memento of a previous inferior type. This inferior type of the semi-musical drama has been fully recognised in France, where the line between Opera Comique and Grand Opera is actually drawn by the law. It was at the same time, in France, where, under peculiarly favourable circumstances, the first-named *genre* reached its highest, and indeed a very high, stage of development. On the French stage every singer knows how to declaim, and the transition from the word to the song is divested of that abruptness so jarring to the feeling and the ear in English theatres. At the same time the fact remains that in France, as elsewhere, the spoken dialogue is absolutely unavailable for the purposes of the higher music-drama. Masaniello spouting Alexandrines, or Tannhäuser lapsing into prose, would be voted unqualified nuisances all the world over. It is one of the great merits of the Italian opera seria to have demonstrated this fact beyond dispute. The *fiasco* of *The Golden*

Cross last year, and of *Piccolino* three months ago, taught Mr. Rosa a wholesome lesson as to the merits of spoken dialogue at a large theatre.

To return to early English writers; so far from shunning the recitative, they were, on the contrary, most eager and most competent to treat it. Purcell's first dramatic attempt, *Dido and Aneas*, although written by a boy, and performed by boys, is full of the most striking instances of accurate and forcible declamation; *vide*, for instance, the short dialogue between Dido and Anna, and Dido's accompanied recitative, "Whence could so much virtue spring," with one of those curious attempts at tone-painting to the word "storms" of which Purcell was so fond. And Purcell is not alone in this respect: Henry Lawes—

"Who with smooth air could humour best our tongue,"

attends to every *nuance* of enunciation with as much care as Liszt or Robert Franz could do: and even so humble a worshipper as Mr. Pepys was not remiss in this respect. When, a short time ago, the present writer unearthed from among the treasures of the Pepysian library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, the song "Beauty retire," with the merits and genesis of which students of the Diary are so well acquainted, he was surprised at the skilful and truly dramatic way in which the pompous love-plaint of the tyrant is musically rendered. It is true that the spoken dialogue is, with a few exceptions, found in the early specimens of English opera, but this, as we have seen before, was the case in most other countries, and there is every reason to believe that the English school, had it lived, would have been among the first to rid itself of the intruder.

From Purcell and Lawes, to Mr. Rosa's season, at Her Majesty's Theatre, it is a long step; but there is little to detain one by the way. Of the aims and chances of this last enterprise a great deal has been said and written of late, and, instead

of trying to find new phrases for old thoughts, it will be as well to quote the words of a daily contemporary to this effect :—

“It may be alleged that an opera season conducted by a German, Mr. Rosa, and an Italian, Signor Randegger, and the novelties of which are a German and two French works (*Rienzi*, *Carmen*, and *Piccolino*), shows but little of the national English element. But it ought to be remembered that in France also it was Lully, an Italian, who formed the national school, and Gluck, a German, who saved it from the encroachments of the foreign element. Moreover, Mr. Rosa has, by word and deed, shown himself desirous to produce works by English composers, if it can be done with a reasonable chance of success. The most important thing for the present is to establish English opera—that is, dramatic music of all schools sung in the English language—on a permanent basis in London. If this has once been done, first-class English singers and, in due course, English composers will be attracted by the chances of fame and gain thus offered to them, and the nucleus of a truly national theatre will be formed.”

And in its summary of the results of the English season the same journal remarks :—

“It is easy to point the moral to be derived from this record of success (*Rienzi* and *Carmen*) and of failure (*Piccolino*). If English opera is to become a permanent, or at least an annual, institution, at a large London theatre, it must not rely upon works of the *Piccolino* type, no more than on constant repetitions of *Favorita*, *Sonnambula*, and other stock pieces of the Italian stage. What is wanted is an impartial and intelligent selection from the important operas of the international *répertoire* without undue predilection for any particular epoch, school, or country, the only necessary condition being the elevated type and intrinsic value of the work chosen. *Carmen*—to return to the case in point—is as different from *Rienzi* as can well be imagined, yet both have succeeded because both contain in a more or less developed state the germs of genuine human interest, as regards dramatic impulse and its musical embodiment. A selection made on these principles and executed in an

artistic and generally efficient manner, would at once place English opera on a par with the national institutions of other countries.”

And in that case, what, it may finally be asked, is to become of Italian opera in England? Is the London season to be no longer made musical by Italian melody and Italian vocalisation? Such an issue ought to be devoutly deprecated in the interests of both art and fashion. Neither need it be in the least apprehended. Italy will always remain the land of song and the school of singing; and that school all other musical nations will have to attend. It is by their neglect of this duty that German singers have lost that art of producing the voice without which the best natural gifts are of little avail. We, in this country, are more fortunately situated: the wealth of the nation and the laudable enterprise of our operatic managers attract the most eminent foreign singers to our shores, and the Italian opera may in the course of time become a most valuable complement to a national conservatoire. Unfortunately, the purity of Italian singing itself has been much impaired of late years. Natives of all countries have invaded the Italian stage, and the undoubted, and, in some cases, supreme value of French and English and Swedish acquisitions is somewhat counterbalanced by the heterogeneous style of singing and of pronouncing the words introduced by less accomplished natives of those and other countries. If some of the English-speaking talent, thus absorbed, were diverted to its natural channel, perhaps Italian opera, as well as English opera, would profit by the division of labour.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

MANZONI'S HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

Or all the Sacred Hymns of Manzoni this is the one which breathes the most comprehensive spirit. The first part runs on the more mystical emblems of the Church. But the latter part, which alone is capable of general use, enters into the very heart of the doctrine of the spiritual nature of Christianity, and contains a meaning beyond the original force of the words, which was intended to be confined to the limits of the Roman Church. It is in this wider sense that the following paraphrase has been attempted.

I.

SPIRIT unseen, our spirit's home
Wheresoe'r o'er earth we roam,
Lost in depths of trackless wood,
Tost on ocean's desert flood,
By the Old World's sacred haunts,
Or the New World's soaring wants,
Peopled isle or coral shoal,
We through Thee are one in soul.

II.

Spirit of forgiving Love,
Come and shelter from above
Those who claim Thee as their own,
Or who follow Thee unknown;
Come and fill with second life
Minds distraught with doubt and strife;
Conquering with Thy bloodless sword
Be the conquer'd's great reward.

III.

Come, and through the languid thought
Of the burden'd soul o'erwrought,
Send, as on a gale of balm,
Whisperings sweet of gentlest calm;
Come, as with a whirlwind's might,
When our pride is at its height,
Lay its surging billows low,
That the world her God may know.

IV.

Love Divine all love excelling,
Quell the passions' angry swelling;
Lend us thoughts which shall abide
That last day when all is tried;
Nourish with the grace of Heaven
All good gifts to mortals given,
As the sunshine seeks to feed
Brightest flower in dullest seed.

V.

Yea—the flower would fade and perish
Were there no kind warmth to cherish,
Never would its petals rise,
Clothed with their refulgent dyes,
Had no genial light been near,
Turning from its loftier sphere,
With unwearied care to nurse
Highest good 'mid darkest curse.

VI.

Led by Thee the poor man's eye
Looks towards his home on high,
As he thinks with joy of One
Deem'd like him a poor man's son :
Touch'd by Thee the rich man's store
From his open hand shall pour,
Lightened by the loving look
And the silent self-rebuke.

VII.

Breathe the speaking speechless grace
Of the infant's smiling face ;
Pass with swift unbidden rush
Through the maiden's crimson blush ;
Bless the solitary heart
Dwelling with its God apart ;
Consecrate to things above
Happy home and wedded love.

VIII.

When the pulse of youth beats high,
Be Thy still, small warning nigh ;
When for great resolves we yearn,
Towards the Cross our manhood turn ;
When our locks grow scant and hoary,
Light them with Thy crown of glory :
When at last we come to die,
Sparkle in the vacant eye,
Hope of Immortality.

A. P. STANLEY.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CONFERENCE.

"WELL, Horace, my boy, where's the use of going on arguing? I suppose it never happened yet that a young man's mother has exactly the same opinion of the girl he is going to marry as he has himself, more especially when the young man is an only son, and the mother, poor soul, has been all her life in the way of thinking nothing good enough for his having. I'm not going to quarrel with you for not being as exacting of what is due to you as I am. No, nor yet for disliking to take up the cudgels on my account when I'm tempted to think that the girl who professes to love you might make a little more of your mother. I say nothing about that."

"I am sorry enough you should have occasion to complain, mother," answered Horace, gloomily. "You can't think it pleases me to see you overlooked; but as to what you say about professing to love me—don't let us make *her* out a hypocrite, there's not been so much profession of the kind that we need talk about it."

"The more shame for her then, I say," cried Mrs. Kirkman, fanning herself vigorously; "there it is where I do lose patience. Open the window a crack, will you, Horace? for I feel suffocating. It's either that the weather is unnaturally hot for April—or else—I am getting stouter and stouter till it'll be a mercy if your Miss Rivers don't send me off in an apoplectic fit some fine morning with her shilly-shally and her vagaries. No, I'm not going to call her names; hussy was on my lips, but I know it don't become me to say it, or you to hear, but I've a right to speak my thoughts out to my own son, and I will say that it's a shame for her to

have as good as promised to marry you at the end of the season, which ain't far off now, if she don't love you as you deserve to be loved, my boy."

"A man deserves in that way what he can get, I suppose, mother," said Horace, a little proudly and sadly; "and if he chooses to give *all* for nothing, it's his own look-out, I believe; no one can mend the matter to him by talking about it."

"My poor boy!" said Mrs. Kirkman, putting down her fan to pat her son's broad, brown hand, which hung over the back of her chair, against which he had been leaning during a long conversation, started by the arrival of a little twisted note from Alma Rivers, that at the end of half an hour lay open on the table before them, still unanswered.

"My poor boy!"

"You need not pity me, mother," Horace answered, in a pained, sulky tone. "I hate pity! Let me manage my own affairs without your interference or my father's, and they'll come right enough, I daresay. She and I understand each other. I don't go in for sentiment myself to the extent that some people do, and if she likes to make the most of her time of keeping me in suspense, it's what every woman enjoys, I am told. It will end as we wish, provided my father and you consent to let her alone, and don't put up her pride by perpetually requiring her to tack herself on to us wherever we choose to take her."

"But that's just what your father does expect, and I warn you he won't hear any contradiction about it. He ain't what some people call sensitive; he has put up with a good deal in his time, but now he feels he has got beyond all that, and other people should begin to put up with whims of

his if he chooses to start 'em. It's his whim just now to make a figure in society, and in picking a wife for you he has chosen a girl he thought likely to help him. He has not stood out for money to match what he can give you, nor yet for rank—though he believes you could have had that for the asking. He does not care to put you and your wife at the top of the tree, and for him and me to be looked down upon by your wife's people; his thought was to connect ourselves with a family that had risen, but who had gone in for reputation and making their way into society, while he ground on at the money-making till he'd got it up to the mark he had set before himself. The Riverses seemed to have fit his thoughts exactly. They manage to be well received everywhere, and yet we know enough of their beginnings to feel quite at ease with them. I've had it in my mind scores of times, when Lady Rivers has been talking to me about my lady this, and the countess that, and her court dresses, and her confidential maid, to put her in mind of a day when I dropped in at her old home in Darlington, and caught her and her sister with fingers the colour of a mallow, dyeing their last year's ribbons to retrim their hats for assize week, when Frank Rivers and his friend Mr. West were expected down from London. I let her talk as if we'd neither of us done a hand's-turn of useful work in our lives, but I'm ready to laugh in her face all the while, and the recollection don't dispose me to encourage Miss Alma in giving herself the airs of a duchess before your father and me. If she'd shown the same pride when we first knew her—as she's treated us to lately—you'd never have had leave to make up to her, I can tell you, Horace."

"I might have done it all the same, mother; you and my father seem to have taken it into your heads that I have likings to order, but you are wrong there. I did not fall in love with Miss Rivers to further my

father's plans, I can assure you; and I can't, and sha'n't change my feelings towards her, because he's not satisfied with the bargain he thought he'd made. You had better let him know as much."

"Nay, nay! it has not come to anything of the kind yet," said Mrs. Kirkman, soothingly. "I only meant to put you on your mettle, so to speak, that you may let the young lady see you are not to be trifled with. It's all very well to talk about feelings, and I respect you for having 'em, my boy, but all the same we can't shut our eyes to it, that they are not the first things exactly to be thought of in this case. Where would you be if your father turned grumpy, and sent you to Miss Rivers with nothing but your feelings to speak to her about? Not even in as good a position as your father was when he came for me long ago, for you've not been brought up to work as he was, and though I don't think little of you—as you know, my boy—I don't take you to be such a man as your father."

"And whose fault is it, mother, that I have never been allowed to work? I'm always being twitted with my idleness, and the contrast with my father, but what opportunity have I had of doing as he did? He prides himself on having crowded the business of a dozen lives into one, and of leaving nothing for me to do. He surely need not reproach me for being what he has worked so hard to make me! How does he know that I should not have liked work and independence better than the life he thrusts upon me? I can tell you I am often sick enough of it. I don't need you to tell me what a poor figure I cut, or how little chance there is of Miss Rivers taking me except for my father's money."

"Tush! Tush! Your father made the money with toil enough, and plenty of enemies alongside of it, to grudge and carp at some of his plans in getting it together. All he asks of you is to spend it creditably, and please yourself, with

a thought to his pleasure and credit too, which don't seem to me a very hard bargain. Come, come, Horace! don't let us get into the dolefuls for next to nothing."

"It is something to me, however, if my father expects me to quarrel with Miss Rivers, after all he's done to bring us together."

"It's to prevent a quarrel, not to make one, that I advise you to show some spirit to-day. So long as a woman fancies she can twist her lover round her fingers, she never knows the hold he has on her heart. Let Miss Alma see that there is something you insist upon above pleasing her whims, and she'll soon come to her senses, and think more of you than she has ever done yet. I know women, if even, as I see you are thinking by your obstinate face, Horace, my dear, I am not equal to understanding your sweet heart. It don't alter human nature, that ever I've heard, to be able to speak a dozen foreign languages and play on the piano, no, nor to have worn kid gloves and led a useless life ever since you was born; you're a woman when all's said and done, and you can't bring yourself to think much of a man who is soft enough to knock under to you at every turn. You may take my word for that."

"I don't doubt the wisdom of your advice, so far as it goes," said Horace, slowly. And then he rose from his leaning posture over his mother's chair, and, strolling to the window, stood with his arms folded, looking out. He wished with all his soul that he could take his mother's view of the case, and credit Alma with so much genuine regard for him that an assumption of loving authority on his part would awaken a response of womanly tenderness on hers. He tried to imagine a lover's quarrel between them, which should be, as his Eton Latin Grammar had taught him, "the renewing of love." *Renewing!* but had there ever been a beginning of love on her side? Could he, looking back on all the variations of

manner that so engrossed him—kind, coquettish, fascinating, indifferent—fix on a single look or word in all their intercourse that had quite satisfied him at the time as evidence of the feeling he was always looking for and never exactly finding? He did not expect or wish for sentiment, as he often reminded himself, but a certain genuine preference he did feel to be necessary. He could not quite reconcile himself to the thought of being taken simply for what he had to give, however satisfactory such homage to the magnitude of their possessions might be to his father. He wanted something for himself, some sort of recognition; and he thought, as he stood taking stock, as it were, of his own love and the strength of his own feelings towards Alma, that there was that in him which gave him a right to demand it. Perhaps his mother was right, and he had damaged himself by yielding to Alma's caprice. He ought to have resented the slights she had put upon his mother—that fond, good mother, whose oddities and vulgarities he in his better moments hated himself for despising in his worst.

"Well," he said, coming back to his mother's chair when he had worked off part of his irritation by pulling a heavy blind-tassel to pieces. "Well, what is it you want me to do about this note of Alma's? She apologises to you for throwing over her engagement to go with us to Hurlingham on Thursday week, but she makes no allusion to my disappointment. Would you have me remonstrate when I see her to-night at Lady Forrest's ball?"

"For which you've never had a proper invitation, let me remind you; only a verbal intimation from Alma that you may go if you like, and no word about your father or me."

"That is not her fault; and if the Forrests choose to keep to their own set we can do without them; it is nothing to us."

"It will be something to you, Horace, when you've married, if

your wife gets carried by her sister into a set where you are looked down upon. You said yourself that you got shoved up into a corner and hardly had a word with Alma the whole evening, the last time you were at Lady Forrest's. I would not put myself in the way of being so slighted before my future wife's very eyes, if I were you. Let Alma miss you to-night, and write her a letter to bring her to her senses about Thursday. Tell her your father will be seriously offended if she breaks her engagement. He's invited a large party on the strength of her promise, swells whom he don't trust me to entertain without some one who understands them to back me up. No, I don't want you to put it exactly in that way, Horace. I dare say I should if I were to write, for I never can get anything said but what I mean when I put pen to paper; but you've had education enough to fit you to tell white lies in a letter. You'd better begin at once, for I'm going out soon, and I want you to come with me to Gunter's to order the luncheon for Thursday. You young men understand good eating nowadays, and are twice as critical as we old housekeepers."

"Very well, mother, I'll write here. You had better give me half-an-hour," glancing at the writing-table with a look of disgust, as if it were an instrument of torture to which he was about to deliver himself up for that space of time.

"That's right," said Mrs. Kirkman, encouragingly; "I'll leave you alone. One does a thing of that kind easier when one's alone, and can pull all the faces over it one feels inclined to. I'll go and ask your father if he's any suggestions to make about the lunch-basket on Thursday. He wants it to be something very special, quite regardless of—". But there, I beg your pardon, Horry. I know that's one of the phrases you don't like to hear from my lips so often, though why, when one is spending one's money freely, and has been looking

forward to nothing else all one's life, one should be afraid to talk about it, is more than I shall ever understand."

Horace's Eton education, though it did him good service in a thousand ways that had not entered into his father's calculation of the uses of learning, had failed to raise him as far above letter-writing difficulties as his mother supposed, and but for a certain dogged resoluteness of nature that forbade him to fail in accomplishing a given task in a given time, the end of the half-hour would have found him with nothing to show for his application.

"My dear Alma," he wrote, and then he sat staring at the words and biting the end of a pen viciously for fully twenty-five minutes. It chanced that he had never written a note to Alma since their semi-engagement. He was not fond of writing, and he had hitherto never allowed a single day to pass without managing a meeting and the exchange of a few bright, gossiping words somewhere; and now the combined thoughts that he was about to write to her, and that he should not see her for twenty-four hours, filled his mind blankly and hindered his progress. What sort of a look would there be on her face, he kept asking himself, when he came for an answer to this letter of remonstrance? Judging her obstinacy by his own, he thought he would avoid being hard upon it. He would make the yielding as easy as possible. He would write such a note as should need no answer but the gracious, good-humoured consent to his request, which she would surely not refuse when he came taking it for granted. He would show his resolution by letter, and in her sweet presence reward her yielding by steadily ignoring that there had ever been any contest of will between them.

He was pleasing himself with this thought when he heard his mother's steps reascending the stairs to her *boudoir*, and pushing away his first sheet, where he had scrawled Alma's name

a dozen times, he seized another and wrote rapidly, knitting his brows and setting his teeth with the same sort of resolution he would have called up to take a desperate leap or face a perilous crag in mountain-climbing.

"My dear Alma,—I have been much astonished and hurt at the contents of the note my mother received from you this morning. I take it for granted that you had not, when making the engagement you speak of as likely to prevent you from keeping your promise to my father and mother for Thursday week, taken into consideration all the inconvenience and annoyance your withdrawal from the party arranged for you would occasion them, and I therefore scribble off a hasty line to entreat you to reconsider your plans. I say nothing about my own disappointment at losing the long day in your company I am looking forward to. Severe as this would be, the chief point with me this morning is to be assured that you did not intentionally prefer other friends to my father and mother and myself. I don't want to be exacting on your time or attention, but I think, dearest Alma, that I have a right to take it for granted that you do feel something more to be due to them and me than other, if even older, friends can claim from you. What does the promise you made to me three months ago mean but this? I have been very patient, but when feelings are so strong as mine there is a limit to patience. I shall not expect an answer to this letter, but shall hope to find you ready to join the party for Hurlingham when I call for you."

The last three sentences were written with a dash, the pen-point driving into the thick creamy paper with an energy meant to assure himself that his hand was not trembling at all, and that he did not feel as if any great stake for him hung on the mood in which those words would be read by and by. Then he signed and folded the sheet without reading it over, and came forward to meet his mother, wearing the

most nonchalant air he could put on.

"You'd better let me post your letter to Miss Rivers," said Mrs. Kirkman, a little doubtful of this ostentatious display of resolution. "Your father has actually been talking to me about her just as if he'd guessed what there was in that twisted note. There never was such a thing yet done as to get on his blind side. He sees further through a deal board than any one I ever came across, and he ain't at all satisfied with the way your engagement is going on. I hope you've put it strongly to Alma about behaving herself on Thursday, for if she don't you'll have all the fat in the fire, I can tell you."

"The what, mother?" asked Horace, gloomily.

"I've said it," answered Mrs. Kirkman. "And dear me, Horry, I take pains enough when I'm in company to keep back the expressions that come natural to me; if I may not say what I like, as I like, when I'm alone with you, my life won't be worth having. I often think how glad I should be to awake some morning and find myself in our old house at Darlington, with your father a clerk at the iron-works again, and friends about us with whom I need not be on my Ps and Qs. If you're not to be happy—if you don't get what you want—I shall begin to wonder what we ever made all this fuss about, for it don't seem to be doing any of us much good." Mrs. Kirkman's broad red face actually wrinkled up piteously as she finished her sentence, and tears filled her eyes and began to overflow slowly. It was such an unusual sight that, shaken for the moment out of his usual crust, Horace stooped down and kissed her affectionately.

"Never mind, old mother, we'll make it out somehow," he said. "But you'd better leave me to post the letter to Miss Rivers. I should not like to have it taken out of my hands in such a fashion as that."

He carried it about with him in his

pocket all day, feeling a certain satisfaction and sense of safety in keeping it in his own power, and diminishing as far as was prudent the interval between Alma's receipt of the letter and his next interview with her, when he could do as he liked about making concessions. Wondering too, in his vague way, that his first love-letter should be of such an uncomfortable character, and that he should care so extravagantly about it that when at last he did drop it into a letter-box in time to reach Eccleston Square by the latest post, such an agony of anxiety seized him that nothing but the certainty that no amount of bribery or entreaty would be of any use, prevented him from rushing into the post-office and demanding to have it returned.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE note that had cost so much discussion, and been sent on its way with so many misgivings, reached Alma very early on the morning of the next day on her return from a ball at Lady Forrest's, to which her father had accompanied her. They had gone into Sir Francis's study on entering the house, and while they were waiting for some tea, Sir Francis, as was his wont, began to peer about for any notes or newspapers that might have come in since he left the room a few hours before.

"May not the letters, if there are any, wait till breakfast-time? I'm sure we are too tired to care about them now," said Alma, languidly.

"Ah," cried Sir Francis, looking keenly at her, "you are tired, you did not enjoy yourself this evening. I don't generally notice such matters, but it struck me that something was wrong with you. How was it your indefatigable attendant was not in waiting to-night as usual? But (with a keen smile) I should not have thought *that* omission especially provocative of fatigue. Constance seemed merry enough, and, by the

way, who was that young fellow who danced with her so many times, and with whom her little ladyship giggled a good deal in her old style I thought at supper? One of the younger generation of Forrest cousins, who have taken her up in despite of the elders, I suppose, as she makes so much of him."

"Papa," cried Alma, "is it possible you did not know him? Do you not remember young Lawrence, Frank's great friend, who was so often with us at Shanklin the winter we spent there before Frank went to India? Have you forgotten all about him?"

And Alma wondered with a sore feeling of indignation swelling her heart whether her father would take Wynyard Anstice for one of Horace Kirkman's relations if he met him in her married home a year or so hence, forgetting all that had gone before. But no, Wynyard was not a person to be so easily forgotten.

"You certainly are not an observing person, papa," she added.

"My dear, I have other things to think about; but I do remember young Lawrence now you recall my thoughts to him. Your mother got into a great fright about him, and sent for me to come to Shanklin at a very inconvenient moment, I remember, to act bugbear and keep him out of the house. I don't think I saw him half-a-dozen times. Constance was supposed to have been smitten by his charms, was she not? But she was a mere child then, who ought not to have been thinking of anything but her back-board and her *Mangnall's Questions*. Perhaps I ought to be more observing. However, that is Sir John's business now, as far as silly little Conny is concerned. He's old enough to take care of his wife, one would think. How comes he to let an old lover of hers hang about the house and dance with her half the evening before a score or so of critical Forrest relations? Do you suppose he knows anything about their past acquaintance?"

"Papa?" cried Alma, astonished again, "you know very little about

Constance if you think she can ever have found sufficient courage to tell such a tale to Sir John Forrest."

"I should have thought, however, that it required more courage, and a sort of courage I am sorry to credit a child of mine with, to dance and giggle with a young fop like that before her husband's very eyes. If Constance is so timid how comes she to risk offending her husband so outrageously?"

"She does not mean any harm, poor child, she is carried away by the excitement of the moment, and I think even you must know by this time, papa, that there is never much likelihood of Sir John's noticing, particularly anything that takes place after dinner. He was asleep in a corner of the billiard-room nearly all this evening."

"Ah, I begin to feel sadly afraid your mamma made a mistake there, and that that marriage will turn out a bad business; but he is not always asleep?"

"Not quite always, and he is exacting and jealous enough when he is awake; but Constance can always humour and satisfy him when she pleases. One gets used to it," said Alma in a low, sad tone.

She was thinking of herself as well as of Constance, and feeling with a keen sense of self-degradation, how easy the descent was from daily false seeming such as must inevitably come of living in false relations with the people about you, to actual false speaking and distinctly dishonest deeds. Was it a descent on which one could stop one's self? Her father first broke the silence into which they fell.

"Well, I had nothing to do with it. I really was too busy to see enough of what went on to be a fair judge, and your mother assured me that Constance was left perfectly free, and that she chose for herself."

"Yes, it was all put before her very strongly, and she thought herself that she should not like poverty. I suppose we none of us do; it is the one

evil that can be put before one. The other evils are left out of sight."

"I wish your mother were well enough to come home. Her authority over Conny is sadly needed. It is most unlucky that she should be away this spring."

"It would make her miserable to bring her back to this," said Alma. "Papa, you will not blame me now, will you, when I shirk engagements with the Kirkmans to keep close to Constance?"

"You are a good child," said Sir Francis, affectionately. "I will trust you to do what you think best. You have more sense than all the others put together; and you, at all events, shall be left at liberty to act and judge for yourself."

"Thank you, papa," said Alma, drawing her head back to escape the kiss he would have given, "but it is a little late, is it not, to say that? Here comes my tea—and letters."

There were two, one was from La Roquette, and both were for Alma. As she took them up, Sir Francis asked the servant if any one had inquired for him during the evening, or if any telegram had arrived.

"Did you expect one?" Alma asked, when the servant had left the room.

"I am very glad to escape, I can tell you, for you have given me bad news enough for one evening; but I confess I am anxious. I met an old friend of the Wests this evening, who gave me a hint to expect fresh trouble in Saville Street. He had heard a rumour that poor West had been carried home from his office in a fit or something of the kind to-day. I rather expected to find I had been sent for, but as there seems to be no message we will hope, for the next six or seven hours at least, that his illness has been exaggerated. You have finished your tea, I see; had we not better go to bed, and try to get as much sleep as circumstances admit of, to fit us for to-morrow's budget of worries?"

Alma took the hint, and carried her

letters up stairs ; but she did not act on her father's advice when she got to her own room. Her eye had fallen on a sentence in her mother's letter which made it quite impossible to leave the reading of all the rest till the next morning, and so soon as she was disencumbered of her ball-dress, and had let down the heavy ropes of hair from her aching head, she unfolded the thin sheets. She read and re-read, turning back to consider particular phrases, and feeling as she did so that it mattered little as far as she was concerned, that the hours for sleep her father thought so precious were stealing away, and the faint light of an April dawn creeping into the London sky, for the thoughts her mother's letter had called up were effectual banishers of slumber for her. This was the letter which Lady Rivers had written, while she and Emmie sat opposite each other, waiting for Wynyard's arrival with the charette, on the afternoon of Madame de Florimel's birthday *fête*. The sentence to which Alma's eyes oftenest turned back was the one that had caused Lady Rivers to look up and study Emmie's figure in her gala dress, when she finished writing its last word. "Emmie West and your old friend, Wynyard Anstice, have set up quite a marked flirtation since he turned up so unexpectedly here. I always told you he was a flirt, and very easily won, but I think this last fancy of his will turn out to be the right thing for him, and that he is in earnest *at last*."

Alma laid the letter aside after a while, and sat thinking, with her hands clasped tightly over the folded sheets. Her face had flushed, and her lips curled contemptuously as she read, but gradually the colour and the angry light on her face ebbed away, and left it only profoundly sad and troubled. The effect of that subtly concocted sentence was very different from what her mother had anticipated when she penned it. Alma's struggle with herself as she sat watching the daylight steal into her room was not

waged against wounded feelings or disappointment at being supplanted so soon in her rejected lover's heart. She simply did not believe her mother's statement, and the feeling aroused was one of indignation against what she took to be a manoeuvre designed to drive her with more headlong speed into the Kirkmans' arms.

She tried hard not to be bitter against her mother, and the careful study of the letter had been chiefly for the sake of dwelling on words and phrases that told of suffering and low spirits. She must not, she told herself, grow angry with her sick mother—but, oh, what a vista of petty manoeuvres—little shoves this way and that—innuendoes which further experience proved untrue—did not that sentence open up in her memory. It bore such a likeness to a hundred other sayings of the same kind ; it owed its origin so clearly to the same promptings, that it was difficult not to let it reawaken all the old buried heart-burnings. And then Alma, having forbidden herself to blame her mother, turned the weight of her indignation against herself. Was she a log, without any will or conscience of her own, to be shoved this way and that ? She fancied she could read the whole matter clearly just now, and quite easily discern the misrepresentations her mother's prejudices had thrown over Wynyard's conduct. But why had she not been as clear-sighted formerly ? Why had not the strong confidence in his fidelity which made her ready to smile now at the notion of his preferring any one to herself, come to her in old times, when her mother had made her doubt him ?

Was it that the mention of a real living rival had stung her to keener jealousy than had been called forth by the old grudge against his disinterestedness she had once found bitter ? Had the deeper pain opened her eyes to the true state of her heart at last ? To-night there seemed to be wonderfully little substance in her former complaints against him.

She could not set them up on their feet again, or make them look anything but self-made shadows, which she had permitted to hide the reality of her own feelings from herself, and which now shrank away leaving the truth bare. Anxious fears for Constance mingled with fears about herself, and bit by bit she recalled the days when Constance's fate was being decided upon. The small reasons—the ephemeral bribes—the paltry worldly motives that had been held before her to lure her on to take an empty loveless life—a life from which there was no escape—none—save the one which Alma shuddered to remember *did* actually open upon the road Constance was thoughtlessly treading. That gate, of swift descent, that short cut to hell of which no one had warned her, as possibly lying contiguous to the way they had represented as so safe and sure, so easy for tender feet to travel along.

Alma forcibly wrenched her thoughts away from these dark forebodings, and hoping to bring herself down into an everyday region, she took up the second note, at which she had hardly looked before. The handwriting was familiar, and so was the gorgeous monogram and the seal she proceeded to break open, with a languid curiosity. She had wondered a little at Horace Kirkman's absence from her sister's ball, and been in fact somewhat relieved not to see him, as it left her more at liberty to attend to other guests, and ward off remarks on Constance's preoccupation; and now she prepared herself to read an elaborate apology and expressions of regret she could not by any means echo. The tone of the letter as she glanced through it took her greatly by surprise. Being in a highly wrought mood, she read it with that keen intuition of the unexpressed feeling of the writer which comes sometimes when the sympathies are widely awake. She read Horace Kirkman's thoughts through his imperfect expression of them, and divined how much importance he had attached to phrases that said so little. She had never

felt so complacently towards him as when she came to the closing sentence, and felt with a rush of joy that it opened a way of escape for which a minute ago she had been vaguely longing. She rose and went to her desk without a moment's pause, determined to answer the letter at once; truthfully, she resolved, while the truest words he had ever spoken to her were calling forth an answering impulse towards openness and honesty in her heart. She did not think much of the pain the hasty words she scribbled would certainly give to the person to whom they were addressed. A bitter mood of self contempt had followed her reflections, and the glimpse she had just had of something real and true in Horace's feeling towards her, had opened her eyes to the injustice of the bargain she had been on the point of making. If he could care much for anything beyond pomp and show and worldly success, then she had no right to take him, and the only amends she could make was to put an end to the deception at once. He was too good for her after all, this man whom she had trifled with and despised, a great deal too good for a woman who had been ready to marry him for her own convenience, while she knew that there was not one feeling of honest preference for him in her heart. These were the thoughts that flowed in an under current through Alma's mind while her fingers rapidly wrote sentences that certainly would not carry any impression of her self-humiliation or remorse to the person who was to read them.

"DEAR MR. HORACE KIRKMAN,—I am very sorry to hear that my withdrawal from the pleasure party planned for Thursday week is likely to be a cause of annoyance to your father. You must, however, please to recollect that I did not promise unconditionally. I mentioned when the invitation was given that I might possibly be unable to avail myself of it when the time came. I said this to your father, and

he did not, as it seemed to me, pay any attention to my warning, taking it for granted (as he is apt to do) that everything would naturally arrange itself according to his wishes. I do not, however, mean altogether to excuse myself, for I feel I have been very much to blame during the past three months, in allowing a great deal to be taken for granted by you and your friends, which, according to the terms of our agreement was to be held in abeyance till further acquaintance made us better aware of our mutual wishes. I do not want to try your patience in any way whatever beyond reasonable limits, and I am quite ready, whenever you please, to tell you the result on myself of the three months' experience we have already had. But I warn you that if you ask for it now, it will not justify you in taking for granted, as you say you wish to do, that you and your friends have claims on me to which I am ready to defer all others. I am very far from having arrived at any such conclusion at present, and I am very sorry to hear that you expect it.—Yours sincerely,

“ALMA RIVERS.”

“P.S.—Do not come here till after your day at Hurlingham—I shall not be able to see you.”

The daylight had entered the room through the curtained windows and was making the wax candles on the dressing-table burn with a sickly light when Alma sealed her letter, but it was still early enough for her to be able to move about the house without fear of encountering any body. She felt a feverish desire to put the letter out of her power to recall or alter before any second thoughts came to modify her present mood, so throwing a shawl round her she crept softly down stairs and laid her note on the hall table, where her father always placed over-night the letters he wished to have posted the first thing in the morning. The servants had been trained to punctuality and care in this matter,

and when Alma at last laid her tired head down on her pillow and dropped asleep it was with the thought of a step irrevocably taken, for she knew that her letter would be in the hands for whom she intended it when her maid came a few hours hence with her morning cup of tea, to rouse her, as her father had said, to to-morrow's budget of worries.

Alma had not given a second thought to her father's remarks about the reported trouble in Saville Street. It did not even recur to her mind at once when the portentous length of face her maid presented on drawing her curtains warned her that some unusually tragic piece of news had to be imparted.

“What is it, Anne? You had better tell me at once,” she said. “Which of my valuables have you broken or lost? or which of the household has gone away without giving warning? Nay, you don't mean that it is anything really serious? Where is my father?”

“Gone out, Miss Alma, two hours ago; but he left word that you were not to be disturbed till your usual hour after a ball. He went away with Dr. Urquhart, who called before Sir Francis had left his room. Here's a note for you, Miss, that Sir Francis bade me take up to you with your breakfast.”

Alma seized the twisted sheet of paper and read:—

“My last night's fears have proved only too true. Urquhart has just brought sad news from Saville Street. Your poor Uncle West died suddenly yesterday afternoon, and your aunt is thoroughly knocked down by the shock. I am going now to see what can be done for them, and I think it most likely that I shall have to start this evening for La Roquette to fetch poor little Emmie home to her mother. Can you be ready to go with me? I have had some talk with Urquhart; he does not quite like the last report of your mother's health,

and thinks she ought not to be hurried home or left alone even for a week at La Roquette, so you will be wanted to take Emmie's place immediately. See Constance, and make what arrangements for leaving the house you can; I will be back to talk them over with you as soon as possible."

"Is everybody as selfish as I? or am I actually a monster of heartlessness?" Alma asked herself whenever during the hurry of engagements that filled every hour of the day a pause for thought came, and she tried to understand the state of mind into which this calamity had thrown her. Why could she not be as sympathetically engrossed with the Wests' misfortunes as she saw her father was? Why did other thoughts rush in and make to-night's journey look so like a flight from all the trouble in the world, from all the shams and cares of the world that she could not connect it as closely as she ought with the tragedy that was its real cause? Why could she not keep her heart from bounding with a wild sense of escape and freedom when she thought of her letter to Horace Kirkman, and remembered that it could not be answered or appealed against now, till she had had that glimpse into Paradise, the anticipation of which rose like a golden mist and hid from her the grief she ought to be sharing? It must be terribly selfish to feel thus; but whenever she had time to look down into her heart she found the secret joy there, and it would not be suppressed or denied. To escape self-reproach she occupied every moment, thinking of a dozen things for other people's comfort that might have escaped her in a less energetic mood, even to the purchasing of mourning for herself and her mother, knowing well that the outside show of sympathetic grief would be a first necessity to Lady Rivers, and would be the immediate form in which her feelings for her sister would display themselves.

Sir Francis spent a great part of the morning in Saville Street, and came

back much impressed with the straits to which the West household had evidently been reduced, and with the good sense and courage displayed by Harry and Mildie in the melancholy circumstances that threw so much responsibility into their hands.

"Sensible young things, both of them," he remarked to Alma; "children that a father might, one would think, have been proud of, even if he had made a muddle of everything else he had put his hand to in life. I don't think I should have died of a broken heart, if I had had a son with as much pluck and character as Harry West to stand by me in my misfortunes. We must see more of the lad. I wish any one of your brothers were worth half as much. I begin to suspect I have been something of a fool myself to spend three or four hundred a year a-piece on their education, to turn them out at last a set of useless coxcombs, who will never show me a grain of gratitude as long as I live, when perhaps a little wholesome neglect and hardship might have made Harry West's of them. There can be no *prima facie* reason why poor old West's sons should be worth more than mine. Circumstances must be to blame for the difference somehow."

"But would you be quite satisfied to have Frank or Gerald made up over again exactly after the West pattern?" objected Alma. "You are seeing the Wests under a halo of pathos just now; but in every-day aspect I doubt your liking to be called old chap, and slapped on the shoulder by a youth who interlards his conversation with as much slang as comes from Harry West in his normal state of spirits."

"Well, I don't know, I think I could put up with even that, to be assured of the amount of right feeling I have had good evidence of in the West lad to-day. I could forgive a little over-familiarity, or—don't be shocked, Alma—a little want of polish, to know that I should be looked at and spoken about after I was dead with the real love and tender reverence

Harry West showed to-day, in speaking of and looking at the father whose folly and stupidity had impoverished him. Well, well, as I said before, there are compensations in all lots, and perhaps we get what we work for fairly enough on the whole. Misfortune drew West and his lad together, and made them friends, while I have been too busy all my life to cultivate much acquaintance with my sons. They look upon me as a convenient sort of machine for making money for them to spend, and I really don't know that I have been anything else to them, except, to be sure, their father, so, perhaps, I have no right to complain after all."

Later on in the evening, when the bustle of the start from the railway station was over, and Sir Francis and Alma found themselves alone in a first-class carriage, Sir Francis recurred to the subject again. Under cover of the dim lamp-light, he favoured Alma with a glimpse into the graver side of his mind, such as he had never shown any one since youthful aspirations and serious questions had been choked out (from expression at least) by what he would have characterised as the *real* business of life.

"Poor old West!" he began, reflectively. "Harry took me up into the room where he was laid out, and I must tell you, Alma, it gave me a greater shock to see him lying there than I should have expected, considering how little we have been to each other of late. He looked much younger than when he was alive; the few hours quiet had turned him into a fine handsome dignified-looking man, such as he used to be when I first knew him and was rather proud of his acquaintance. The expression of his face was as peaceful as if he had not slipped away into the other world, leaving his work undone, and his wife and children burdens on other people's shoulders. I could not help wondering as I stood by him, how it all looks to him now. What does he see? for I suppose he sees something, and that the aspect of

affairs is a little different on the other side of the great gulf from what it is to us here. It's wonderful, perhaps, that one goes on thinking so little about that last plunge, and taking so little trouble to find out whether one is exactly on the right tack, and whether, after all, one may not find that all one's toil and struggle and hurry have been given for the wrong things. If so, to have failed, mayn't matter so much as one fancies, and poor West's life, as he looks back upon it, now he is out of the battle, may not be more of an overthrow than a good many other lives that look better from this side. He has kept his wife's love at all events, and got a hold on his son's memory that won't wear out. Who knows but that those possessions may be counted more to his credit out there than all he lost, all we despised him, poor fellow, for losing."

"Papa, you should not talk as if there was no one to love and appreciate you," said Alma, putting out her hand in the darkness and laying it over his.

"Well, no, I don't suppose I meant that; I am not complaining," answered Sir Francis, sinking back into his shell, after the manner of his kind, when the danger of being drawn into talk on absolutely personal topics becomes imminent. "No, my dear. It was a shock, as I said, and sets one thinking, but it does not do to dwell on such subjects too long. Reflections of the kind, seldom have any result in action, one plods on pretty much in the groove one has got into, at my time of life, whatever one says. And, indeed, I shall have enough to think of apart from moralising, if I'm to have, as I plainly perceive I shall, another family on my hands as well as my own. I wonder whether old Kirkman could be wrought up to interest himself about those boys, and push them on in the world for me. You'll have to see about that, Alma, when you get the reins into your hands there. I shall look to you and Horace as valuable coadjutors in my new cares, and luckily

poor West's sons are more likely subjects for Kirkman patronage than any of mine. Little Emmie won't be much of a burden on any one; and, by the way, was there not something about her in your mother's last letter?—a hint about a match for her, was it not?—but, never mind, my dear," as the sudden withdrawal of Alma's hand brought a suspicion that he had stumbled upon a topic not likely to afford Alma pleasant meditations on her night journey. "Never mind, I have talked too long. You had better get a nap while you can, for I foresee a roughish passage, and I'll try if I can't spell out my *Times* by this vile lamp, for I have actually not unfolded it to-day."

Sir Francis stretched out his hands towards some newspapers which his servants had duly strapped up with the railway-rugs, and, lighted upon a paragraph, in which some circumstances affecting the fortunes and reputation of an old rival were commented upon. He was soon as intensely absorbed in his reading as if he had not stood, an hour or two before, half envying the peace of poor Mr. West's death smile.

Alma drew herself as far as she could from him into a corner of the carriage, and turning her face away, thought bitterly of the inconsistencies of the conversation just ended. She had felt very near at heart to her father a few minutes ago; she had begun to long to tell him, that if he liked he might count on having one congenial relation—a son-in-law, if not a son, who had always appreciated him, and who could be reckoned on as a trustworthy companion and friend under any circumstances. Then had come that allusion to the Kirkmans, and she had felt repulsed, driven back into the loneliness to which she had shut herself lately. Her father then, was reckoning just now, after all these reflections, on his share of advantage from the Kirkman El Dorado, to which she held the key! She knew he would be kind and just to her, when she spoke to him about that

letter to Horace Kirkman, which seemed to have been written years ago, instead of this morning, but she saw also that she should have to bear the weight of his disappointment, as well as of that despair of her mother, on which she thought more and more ruefully through every hour of the long journey.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FEX.

WYNARD had lent Emmie the second volume of Laing's *Sea Kings of Norway*, and on the day when Sir Francis Rivers and Alma were speeding on their way to La Roquette, Emmie took the book out into the garden and settled herself under the hedge of roses for a thorough enjoyment of it, while Lady Rivers slept through the hottest hours of the afternoon. She was busy with St. Olaf's history, which the owner of the book had recommended to her special attention. Whether owing to that fact or to the charms of Old Snorro's style, she became so absorbed in following the early vicissitudes of the Saint's career, that she forgot all about her present surroundings. She let the sweet rose scents float past her unheeded, and even left off listening for sounds of wheels approaching from the bottom of the hill, of which her ear had been expectant the whole afternoon. Just at the most thrilling part of the narrative, however, when she was reading the account of St. Olaf's night march to Sticklestadt, and had got to the point where, seeing the morning mist roll away and disclose his foes, the Saint burst out into song, and his comrade, startled at the joyousness on the hero's face, interrupts him with the cry, "You are fey, king;" something seemed to call her back out of the story and into herself and the present moment again. She stooped down, gathered one of a cluster of open-eyed Stars of Bethlehem that had been meekly lifting their milk-white faces to her from among the

grass at her feet, laid the spray upon the open page to mark the sentence at which she had paused, and, closing the volume, rested her elbows on it and began to think. Years and years afterwards Emmie came unexpectedly upon the crushed white flower on that page again, and lifting it up noticed with a strange thrill of emotion how the Norse hero's saying had been stained green by the juice of the Star of Bethlehem's thick stalk crushed upon it; and remembering the bright afternoon, and all that went before and came after, she had her interest in the end of St. Olaf's story quenched a second time, though she had been reading it aloud to a pair of young auditors whose pleasure in Sagas was keener than her own had ever been. Her thoughts on this occasion soon disengaged themselves from St. Olaf. She wondered for a little while whether it was true that people were very happy just before a great trouble came upon them, and thought she had rather not know just now whether St. Olaf's triumphant outburst of song was a preface to defeat or victory. Perhaps he won the day at Sticklestadt and reigned peacefully over a united country for the rest of his life after he saw the sun break so gloriously through that northern mist.

Emmie had no uncomfortable knowledge of history that forbade her pleasing herself with such a supposition, and then she glanced back through her own life to see if she could remember ever having been "fey" herself, and with what results. Before she had come to any conclusion her ear was caught by a sound of voices approaching her from the path that wound along the hillside. Madame, then, had left her carriage at the foot of the ascent, and was walking to the house by a circuitous path through the fields for the sake, no doubt, of inspecting her vineyards and ascertaining whether the farm boys had done their last week's work of weeding properly.

Emmie did not think it necessary to move from her shelter just yet. Madame was apt to stand about a long time looking at her vines and holding forth on the best methods of treatment, and her present companion, Mr. Anstice, was only too ready to seize on the first pretext that came in his way to escape the details. It would not be well for her to give him such an excuse by showing herself too soon, and though the voices grew nearer and nearer and were quite audible at last, being, indeed, divided from her only by the rose hedge, there was nothing in the nature of the conversation to oblige her to make her presence known. It seemed to be altogether about business, and for the first sentence or two was hardly intelligible. Now they are walking up and down on the other side of the hedge, and their voices have a charm for Emmie though it is still only of the property they are speaking. Madame has evidently been pointing out the extent of her territory to her companion. This field and that sunny vineyard on the top of the hill; the plot of flax down in the valley; the field sown with lucerne by the river; all that long southern slope of olive trees beyond the pine-wood, sheltered from the wind and sunned all the year round by the mid-day sun.

"A good property," Madame is saying, "though insignificant according to English notions of an estate. Yet a good property."

Here she stands still, and, as Emmie guesses, puts a hand on her companion's arm to arrest his attention, which no doubt had been wandering a little.

"Yes, a good property, and purchased, as I think I have told you once before, Wynyard, with money your uncle paid over to me on my father's death. I never quite believed that I was legally entitled to it, for I had always understood that my father had given me all he had it in his power to give on my marriage, but your uncle insisted, and I confess that

at the time the comfort of having a considerable sum of money in my own hands to use as I liked (for the Count, to do him justice, made no claim on this unexpected legacy) was so great, that I had not the heart to remonstrate very energetically. My cousin was rich enough to be generous to his old love, I thought; and I had a scheme for his happiness in my mind at that moment which would, I thought, overpay him for all I had cost him. When that hope failed utterly, I began to look on my little hill-side farm as a property which I held in trust, rather than owned to do as I liked with, and I made up my mind that it should never go to my son with the lands belonging to the Château. I have done my best for him with those, and it is owing to my good management that they are still unalienated and worth something. These few fields and my English farm-house, as I call it, I have always intended to leave to whichever of my cousin's nephews came in for the smallest share of his wealth; and I don't deny, Wynyard, that when the news of your disinheritance came, the shock was something softened to me by the thought that I had this shred of what once was his in my power, and that I could make up for his injustice to a small extent by choosing you to be the one to come after me here. You won't despise your inheritance because it is such a mere handful in comparison to the one you lost?"

"My dear cousin, how can you ask such a question of a landless man? You are a great deal too good to me, and I wonder you don't perceive that I am already standing several inches higher in my shoes as the notion of becoming a landed proprietor one day dawns upon me. But it will be a very distant day I hope, and we need not talk on the melancholy subject of inheritance this glorious afternoon, need we? I assure you I can be deeply interested in the size of those wonderful clusters of vine-blossom you began by pointing out to

me, without any greedy thought of owning the miracle of a vineyard that produces them by-and-by. Let us enjoy ourselves in the sunshine; why trouble our heads at all about the future just now?"

"But it is not precisely of the future I am thinking at this moment, Wynyard. I have a reason for speaking on this matter to-day, probably the last occasion when we shall be quite alone together before we start on the journey in the course of which you are to leave me. I am very lonely in my life here, and as I grow old I cling more and more to old associations and old friends; and I have been thinking lately that if you should marry soon and choose a girl of whom I could become fond—we will not commit ourselves to names, but you know my taste—some one, not of the great world, but well-bred and prettily mannered, who could make herself happy in simple ways with simple people: then I should like you to look upon this place as actually your own from the date of your marriage. A provision that you might settle on your wife, and a home always ready for you to come and rest in when your business gives you a little leisure. English girls are fastidious, I know, and averse to solitude, but I do not think it would be impossible to find one unspoiled enough to love this quiet place, and be content to spend a portion of her life near me here."

"Not impossible," Wynyard answered, with a ring of amusement in his voice which told Emmie that he was smiling inwardly at his companion's diplomacy, but taking it in good part all the same. "Not impossible; but my dear Madame de Florimel, we won't discuss the pleasant possibility at this moment, grateful as I am to you for such generous purposes towards me. We might be led on to mentioning names, you know, if we talked any more, and that would be an impertinence, since I have nothing at present to tell you except that I have no intention of ever

marrying a woman of the great world, and that I am quite as much awake to the merits of a love for La Roquette as you yourself are. We had better go back to the grape clusters, I think. There is a monstrously fine trailing shoot down here. Shall we go and examine into the promise of it?"

"Leaves, my dear Wynyard, leaves that want pruning: you will never be much of a gardener, I am afraid."

The steps moved on further down the hill, and Emmie, who for the last moment or two had been crouching with her head on her book in a horror of drawing attention to herself, and yet in an agony of embarrassment at what she was overhearing, sprang up and fled towards the house. Her limbs were trembling and her cheeks tingling when she reached the shelter of her own room, and could begin to get herself ready to meet face to face the speakers of that talk she had begun to listen to so unsuspiciously and now felt so guilty for having overheard. Names indeed! Oh, if her name had been spoken, Emmie thought she must have packed up her clothes and rushed straight back to her mother, without even looking again into Madame de Florimel's face, or meeting those other eyes, whose half-playful, half-tender expression while those sentences were being exchanged, she could picture to herself so well. Perhaps she ought not to repeat them even to her own heart, as they were not meant for her hearing. Yet after a moment or two, when Emmie's breath had come back, and she had cooled her cheeks with the flap of her garden hat, words and tones would return to her memory making her heart beat quickly and her cheeks burn again. It was impossible not to be quite sure that both the speakers were thinking about her, and that hers was the name that was to be understood, and not spoken. "Poor Alma!" Emmie whispered to herself. "She was the woman of the 'great' world who could not be happy at La Roquette

whom Wynyard had in his mind when his voice sharpened for a moment. She had shut the gates of that Paradise against herself. "I am quite as much awake to the merits of a love for La Roquette as you can be." Emmie covered her face with the flap of her hat in a glow of shame at having overheard *that* in the tone of meaning in which it had been spoken, before such strange wonderful news was meant for her ears; but when she raised her head again, it was with a sense of dignity resting upon it, as if, while realising all that sentence implied, a garland of honour had noiselessly floated down, crowning her head with approval so dear, ah, so dear, so beyond all expectation and hope, that it must be a defence against every other trouble or sorrow for the rest of her life.

The sound of Madame de Florimel's high-pitched voice asking for Lady Rivers at the open front door woke her up to an immediate trouble however. She must make up her mind to come out of hiding at once, for it would never do to allow Aunt Rivers to be caught napping by Madame la Comtesse, more especially to-day, when the visit had been announced beforehand, and was made for the express purpose of consultation on arrangements for the journey to Clelles, which was now definitely fixed for the end of that week.

The Château party however had had a second motive for their drive up the hill that afternoon. Wynyard began to explain this to Emmie as soon as the two elder ladies had comfortably dropped into a discussion on the utmost possible amount of baggage that could be packed into a carriage.

The families of Madelon and Antoine had come to an understanding immediately after Madame's *fête*, and now the marriage was to be hurried on in order that Madame de Florimel and her guest might be present at the wedding. Antoine, with many apologies for his presumption, had come that morning to remind Wynyard of a

half promise made on the evening of the dance, that he, and the young English lady who had so distinguished Madelon by her friendship, would accompany the bride and bridegroom when, according to village custom, they went the round of the neighbourhood together to dispense invitations to the wedding. Madelon had been to the farm that morning to beg the same favour of Emmie, and had engaged her to be at the Orange-tree House by five o'clock; but Emmie had not, as yet, ventured to request leave of absence from her aunt, fearing she would frown about the plan.

While Emmie was hesitating and deprecating Wynyard's interference with frightened, anxious glances towards Lady Rivers, such as always roused his indignation afresh against his old enemy, the matter was skilfully taken up by Madame de Florimel, who put refusal out of the question by insinuating that Emmie would oblige her by paying this compliment to her favourite, and at the same time set her at liberty to spend an hour or two with Lady Rivers, "of whom I have seen too little, lately," she added diplomatically.

"Yes, yes, my child," Madame went on, turning a beaming face of encouragement and approval on Emmie. "I know you will undertake this little duty for me while I take your place with your aunt. We shall find plenty to talk about, and she has given me leave to speak to her good Ward about the packing of her things for the mountain journey. All that cannot be done in a moment. Run away, and get ready that you may not keep our friends at the Orange-tree House waiting. The sun is hot still, but you will be in the valley during the first part of your walk, and you need not hurry home. I will take care of your aunt, and I shall not mind waiting till the cool of the evening for my drive back to the Château."

Rather to Wynyard's surprise, for he had been in a very talkative mood till the walk began, a spell of silence

fell upon him and his companion when they had passed the rose hedge and had begun the descent of the hill—where Emmie insisted on choosing the most direct of the many paths between the vineyards, instead of taking the winding, shady road through the pine wood. It was not shyness exactly that kept Emmie silent, and led her to avoid the dim solitude of the bosquet; she was too happy to be shy, but a slight chill of fear had come over her at the sight of the rose hedge, and her full enjoyment of her afternoon holiday was just dashed with a touch of awe and shy reserve. When Wynyard every now and then in the steep descent, held out a hand to help her over a projecting stone, or one of the many little water-courses that divided the plots of ground on the hill-side from each other; he was struck with something new in her face; a fresh expression, dignified and yet soft, through which a lovely light of tremulous restrained joy played in a half smile now and again.

Perhaps every one has a culminating moment of beauty in their lives, when their best self looks forth and shows the ideal of perfection and glory hereafter to be reached. Emmie's moment of ideal beauty came that afternoon, when for an hour or two the bright, frank hopefulness of youth, and the dawning tenderness of womanhood met and crowned her with their opposite charms; for an hour or two before, the strength of the one quenched the other.

When they had reached the bottom of the hill, Wynyard had no excuse for turning round and looking in the face, whose strange sweetness had set him wondering. He roused himself therefore to begin a conversation—and once the spell of silence was broken, they found plenty to say—one topic of conversation seemed as fruitful as another that afternoon. Everything, the bluets in the river; the green lizard that started up under their feet, and lost itself in the lucerne; the tall flowering asphodel, whose name Emmie had never heard before—all these

subjects as they presented themselves, one after the other, proved to have a peculiar interest that afternoon, and would have served, as it seemed, to talk about for ever. It could not be that Emmie said anything very well worth listening to about them, or that Wynyard was unusually eloquent, except, perhaps, about the asphodel, which naturally enough, had poetical associations; but every sentence, every question and answer, still more the smiles that sometimes did for answers, brought the two speakers further and further out of themselves into a fuller consciousness of delight in each other's presence, and into an existence a little outside the every-day world in which, perhaps, for the time being they were both "fey." There was a little bit of climbing again before they got to the Orange-tree House, and Emmie's hands were full of bluets and asphodel, so that she wanted more help along the broken path than usual. Wynyard holding one of her little hands the greater part of the way, wondered whether she would look in Saville Street as she did now, and if so, whether he had not been rather hasty in deciding that all strong emotion in life for him ended with the withering of his love for Alma. Could there be anything better, or sweeter in the world than a fresh May rose, and what expression of indignation would be strong enough for the churlish heart that should sullenly shut itself against its rare perfume?

The bridal pair in the Orange-tree House had been waiting some time for their principal supporters to join the procession, when Emmie and Wynyard appeared: and for the remainder of the afternoon these two found themselves taking part in a village pageant—which was pretty enough in itself to make it something to remember for all the rest of a prosaic town life—if there had been nothing else to stamp the scene upon the memory. To Emmie the march of that bridal procession up hill, through valley and hamlet in the golden sunset, and the softening grey

gloom that gathered afterwards, was always a walk quite by itself, fenced off from everything else in her life, a passage through an enchanted land, which dropped out of existence at the end of the evening, and could never be found again—never. It was not only the sunset glory lying on the hills, and the spicy perfume of the flower-fields they passed between that lifted Emmie so far out of her ordinary self, nor the little bursts of song in which the party indulged now and again as they climbed a steep to a group of woodcutters' huts among the pines, or wound down to a solitary house from which, perhaps, a band of young people would troop out to meet them, returning their song, or shouting with joy and congratulation: it was not the general beauty and joyousness, of that moment only she felt; there was a mingling in her memory of Eastern story and sacred parable, of descriptions dimly realised in her childhood—of brides carried with song to their homes, and virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom—which added the heightening touch of poetic elevation, an indefinite sense of awe and mystery to her mood.

The sun had quite set when they reached La Roquette, and the party made a halt on the open space before the church, to arrange their next proceedings. Antoine and Madelon, with their young friends, were invited to spend the evening at the house of an uncle of Antoine's who lived in the village, where the elders of their families were to join them, and a preliminary bridal feast to be held; but Emmie when she was urgently pressed to be of the party, hesitated. The suggestion roused her to a recollection of the passing of time, and she looked rather anxiously, first at the sky and then at Wynyard, and asked him how they were to get back to the maisonette—before Madame de Florimel was quite tired of waiting for them. After some consultation, she and Wynyard agreed to take leave of their companions here, and cross

the road to the Château, where Joseph Marie might be persuaded to find a vehicle that would take them quickly up the hill; and as Madelon and Antoine had still to call at the priest's house, where the most important invitation of all had to be given—the adieux and thanks were less lengthy than might have been expected. The priest lived beyond the school-house, at the bottom of a little street that sloped to the edge of the river on the further side of the hill, and Emmie and Wynyard stood still under the church porch for a minute or two watching their friends, till the windings of the path hid them; then Wynyard looked at Emmie and smiled—

"How long is it," he asked, "since you and I talked over the first act of this little drama so nearly at its *finis* to-day? No, don't answer me. I don't want to count the weeks. It is a very short time for a love-story to have reached its climax in, but it is a long time for a holiday to have lasted, for every day of which we shall have to pay interest by and by. We won't even calculate how many days have passed since we stood here and were secret witnesses to the promise that is to be fulfilled in a few days."

"I don't think it is long," said Emmie, "even for a holiday. It seems to me only a day or two."

"The seasons won't let us say quite that," answered Wynyard. "The year marches on, and thrusts the lapse of time in our faces, however hard one tries to forget it. Don't you remember how pink with bloom these quince trees were when we stood under them on Madame's *fête* day? and now they have nothing to show but a few over-blown blossoms and crude green leaves that set one's teeth on edge. Stay, though, here is one out-of-time spray full of fresh flowers still on the shady side of this tree, pinker than a quince blossom has any right to be, as pink as a May rose," lifting up an overhanging bough as he spoke, and showing a little tuft of blossom hidden underneath.

"Might I gather it, I wonder?" said Emmie.

"It looks as if it belonged to you, but let me reach it. There!" stretching out his hand and plucking the cluster of blooms. Then, just as he was going to put it into her outstretched hand, he drew it back again and said, quickly, "By the way, do you happen to know what a bit of quince blossom used to mean long ago?"

"No," said Emmie, looking up into his face, and seeing with surprise the sudden rush of colour and emotion that crossed it. "No, I don't know anything about quince blossoms, but I should like to have that little spray you have gathered for me."

"So you shall in a minute, when I have told you what I am thinking of. I just remembered having read somewhere that it was a custom in Greece for a man to send a ripe quince to a girl when he was courting her in marriage, a better way than asking her in words, was it not? And as ripe quinces cannot be had at every season of the year, and love is not always full-blown, I was wondering whether quince blossoms might not have a meaning of their own when they are gathered for a person. What do you say to this one, which I really think must have hidden itself and refused to blow at the right time that we might find it here to-night. Will you have it?"

"It—it is very pretty, and I should like to have it very much," said Emmie, holding out her hand.

As Wynyard put the spray between her fingers his lips said, "Thank you," in a most common-place way, but his eyes spoke a deeper gratitude, while Emmie quickly turned hers away, too shy, and at the same time too glad, to let them be looked into for more than a second, finding, too, that the pink spray in her hand was the safest thing to contemplate just then. Its cool, fresh, pink and white blossoms had almost as much rest and congratulation and promise in them as a mother's or sister's face might have had if

such a one had been near to turn towards.

They turned and walked in the direction of the "Place" in silence, and Wynyard had time both to wonder at the imprudence of his speech made under the sudden impulse of a recollection, and to congratulate himself on the great throb of joy that the remembrance of having so spoken brought with it. There was no misunderstanding that; and if this was the *real thing*, why should he look back to question or blame the impulse that had led him beyond his present intention, and shown the true state of his heart.

As they drew near the Château, where their *tête-à-tête* would be interrupted, he began to long for another full look into Emmie's eyes. In that startled moment of meeting his as he gave her the flower, they had revealed a depth of tenderness and shy joy such as he had never even imagined could shine upon him from Alma's.

To make her turn her face comfortably towards him, he began to speak on quite another topic.

"I want to consult you, before we part, about the best time and way to make our little offering to the bride. I have it ready, and I had intended to ask you to present it this evening, but as you will be sure to see Madelon again before the wedding, you may as well take charge of it now, and give it when you two are alone. Madame de Florimel told me our present should be something that the bride could always wear, and as I had to send to Paris for it I ordered a strong guard-ring; the sensible people here preferring, I understand, solid ornaments to finery. What do you think of it? It may, perhaps, be a little thick and clumsy, but it will have to take part in a good deal of rough work on Madelon's finger; and I want it to last till that time we talked about, when Antoine and Madelon are to tell their grandchildren the story of the grocer's defeat on Madame's *fête* day in our hearing."

He made a mistake in saying *that* if

he wanted Emmie to look at him, for the reference to their talk on Madame's birthday brought another rush of colour, and instead of looking up she busied herself in unfolding the paper parcel Wynyard handed to her, and in examining the ring, a solid hoop of gold joined in the middle by two hands clasping each other, each with a circlet of rubies at the wrist.

"But won't you give it to her yourself?" said Emmie, when she had turned it round and praised it. "I had thought of a little present, too. This Cairngorm brooch which I pinned into my neckerchief to-day meaning to take it out and give it to Madelon if a good opportunity offered. Old Mrs. Urquhart gave it me when I left home, but I don't think she would mind my parting with it if I told her all the circumstances. You think it very ugly, I'm afraid; hardly worth giving."

"No, indeed; I was only thinking I did not believe it had ever pinned a bunch of Stars of Bethlehem into a neckerchief so daintily before. It's a splendid brooch—for old Mrs. Urquhart or for Madelon. Do as you think best about giving it, but I hope you will present the ring as well. I particularly wish *that* to be a joint offering from the conspirators who circumvented the grocer. It will be worth nothing unless it passes through your hands."

Emmie promised that Madelon should have the ring before the wedding day, and by the time that matter was settled they were at the gates of the Château, and Wynyard left Emmie to rest under the magnolias while he found Joseph Maire, and persuaded him to let them have a conveyance of some kind to take them up the hill.

Emmie found a seat under one of the trees overlooking the Place, and was not sorry to be alone for a little while. The perfect day had faded now into a lovely, still, windless evening, and the "Place" and the village street were very quiet and empty, more so than usual. The busy people were

still at work in the fields, and the women and school children who, at another hour would have been knitting at their doors or playing under the chestnuts, were just now assembled in the church, singing the hymns to Mary, which wound up the business of the day at La Roquette. Only a stray figure crossed the plane of her vision now and then. A girl coming from one of the flower-fields with a basket of roses on her head, a boy driving a flock of sheep towards the mountain from their pasture by the river, where they had been feeding all day, a mulet laden with refuse from the vineyards crossing the bridge and making all the little bells on its neck tingle musically at every step. At the time Emmie hardly knew that these sights which had now lost all strangeness for her, made any impression on her senses; she scarcely noticed them, but afterwards she recalled each one vividly and jealously, painting them in a glory borrowed from her own thoughts as she sat waiting for Wynyard's return. A rapturous calm, born of certainty, of content, following upon the startled joy of the preceding moment, possessed her during that little space of time, and caused the objects associated with it to remain for ever in her memory like scenes from another world. The bridge was empty for a minute after the disappearance of the mulet, but now the people began to flock out of church towards it; children shouting and running, old women hobbling on crutches. M. le Curé, in shovel hat and cassock, slowly emerges from the porch and takes the road to the bridge, instead of turning towards his own house. Madelon will wait a little while longer, Emmie thinks, if he is disposed for a walk in the Place before he goes home; and then her attention is distracted from M. le Curé. A vehicle, not a charette, but a covered travelling carriage, appears at the turn of the road close to the bridge, and the children, nay, the grown-up people, M. le Curé himself, draw up in a little crowd on the side

path to get a good look at it, and into it as it crosses the bridge. Travelling carriages bearing tourists to the mountains are common enough in the summer, but it is hardly the season for them yet, and the four horses attached to this one have an air about them as if they had been driven a considerable distance in great haste. Emmie half smiles at herself for being infected by the general curiosity, and for thinking that she, too, will take a hasty glance into the travelling carriage as it passes the Place. Perhaps there is a bridal pair inside as happy as that expectant one who are now peeping out from the Curé's door to watch for his return.

The speed of the carriage slackens now that it has passed the bridge, the driver appears to be pulling up to ask his way. What a lucky chance for all the people. M. le Curé steps forward to give the information required, and a head is thrust out from the carriage window to question him further. For a moment Emmie's eyes refuse to convey an intelligible impression to her brain. It must be an illusion; but now another of her stunned senses is assailed, and she hears Uncle Rivers's voice asking in English-French the way to the Farm house on the hill, where two English ladies are living; and another face, Alma's face, pale and grave, appears behind his putting the same question in more intelligible language.

At the first moment, as Emmie remembered with keen remorse afterwards, she did not think about home; no fear even for her mother assailed her. Her heart died down into a lump of lead in her bosom, but it was at the sight of Alma's face. That beautiful, proud face before which she herself seemed to fade into nothing, in presence of which, as it appeared just then to Emmie, her own poor little evanescent dream of joy must shrivel up and wither quite away. What would it cost Alma to take it all up and with a word or a look crush out its life?

After all, it was but for an instant.

Emmie heard her own name called from the carriage before she had really had time for more than one thought about herself, and as she sprang up and hurried towards her uncle, something in his face awoke a fear that swallowed up all other thoughts. Uncle Rivers would not look at her like that unless he had some very bad news from Saville Street to tell her. Sir Francis sprang from the carriage and took her in his arms when they met.

"Mamma, is it mamma?—oh, not mamma!" she whispered into his kind sympathising face.

"No, not that, not that, my poor, dear child," he said, trying to make his voice as reassuring as he could. "But how fortunate that we should meet you here; we were hoping to get hold of you first to have a little quiet talk without alarming your aunt suddenly. Get into the carriage, my dear. No, I am speaking the truth; your mother is in no danger, but—there has been illness. She wants you, and I have come to fetch you. You shall hear all as soon as you are in the carriage, my dear."

Alma had descended into the road after her father, and when Emmie lifted her head from her uncle's shoulder, where it had sunk for a moment, Wynyard had come out of the Château, and was standing still in amazement, looking at the group by the carriage—no, it was on Alma's tall figure that his eyes were fixed, and his face wore a startled, almost dismayed expression, noticed by both Alma and Emmie even then. He came up to the carriage before it started, and spoke to Sir Francis, but Emmie threw herself far back in the carriage, and covered her face and her ears with

her hands, dreading to hear the answer to his question, refusing to herself to look at him while he heard, for fear of knowing too soon. When the carriage had gone a little way down the road, however, a sudden fear of never seeing the Château again seized her.

If her mother wanted her she must start on her return journey at once, that night, and she should most likely never see La Roquette again in the daylight as long as she lived. Rather to her uncle's and Alma's surprise, she jumped up and looked out of the carriage window, craning her neck to get an extended view. Wynyard was still standing at the Château gate, and he waved his hand, surprised also to get another glimpse of her little white face; but it was not his figure, his last look after her, that Emmie saw and tried to fix in her memory. Alma, from her side of the carriage, might be looking too. It was the twilight scene they were leaving behind she gazed at, till the carriage reached the curve of the hill. The grey Château, the dark green magnolia trees; the village street, where the children stood in groups staring after the carriage; the winding river with its tall canes, and old stone bridge; and the red church among the quinces and olives, crowning the eminence beyond—"The place where I have been happy"—Emmie said to herself, with a great foreboding cry of her heart, as it lessened and lessened in the distance.

"And now, uncle," she whispered, sinking back into her seat, when they had passed the curve of the hill—"Tell me why it is that mamma wants me, I should like to know at once."

To be continued.

JANNINA—GREEK OR TURKISH?

RECENT telegrams from Athens have more than once announced the fact that deputations of Epirotes have assembled in front of King George's palace, demanding that the cession of Jannina to Greece shall be insisted upon. As the name is an unfamiliar one to the general public, and yet possesses no little interest, the present may perhaps be a fitting opportunity for briefly stating the relation in which Jannina stands to the present Greek kingdom; that is, what its history has been, and how far it can fairly lay claim to a union with Greece. The part of Epirus to which it belongs was included in the new frontier recommended at the Berlin Congress. But the Turks have lately shown themselves restive on this point.

And first as to its position. Jannina, or, as it was formerly called, Joannina, stands in a valley of Epirus (or Southern Albania), 1,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by lofty mountains, and on the western shore of a fine lake. A line drawn almost straight inland from the Albanian coast opposite to Corfu would reach Jannina after traversing several other valleys running parallel to the coast, the distance being about fifty miles. On the east rises Mount Mitzikeli, celebrated for its abrupt steepness and rugged majesty. Behind this, in the north-east, is seen the Pindus range, covered with snow. On the west, the valley is guarded by the lower ridge of Mount Olytzika, the first of a series of heights sloping down gradually to the Adriatic. Many writers have celebrated the natural beauties of Jannina, including Lord Broughton, Sir Henry Holland, Rev. T. S. Hughes, Col. Leake, Lady Strangford, and others. Let one

description, by a traveller approaching from the south, suffice:—

"Knowing our vicinity to Joannina, we were now impatient to obtain the first view of that city, which is long concealed from the eye by the low eminences traversing the plain.¹ At length, when little more than two miles distant, the whole view opened suddenly before us; a magnificent scene, and one that is still almost single in my recollection. A large lake spreads its waters along the base of a lofty and precipitous mountain which forms the first ridge of Pindus on this side, and which, as I had afterwards reason to believe, attains an elevation of more than 2,500 feet above the level of the plain. Opposed to the highest summit of this mountain, and to a small island which lies at its base, a peninsula stretches forward to the lake from its western shore, terminated by a perpendicular face of rock. This peninsula forms the fortress of Joannina; a lofty wall is its barrier on the land side; the waters which lie around its outer cliffs reflect from their surface the irregular yet splendid outline of a Turkish seraglio, and the domes and minarets of two Turkish mosques, environed by ancient cypresses. The eye, receding backwards from the fortress of the peninsula, reposes upon the whole extent of the city as it stretches along the western borders of the lake. Repose, indeed, it may not unfitly be called, since both the reality and fancy combine in giving to the scenery the character of a vast and beautiful picture spread out before the sight."²

By a later writer it is called "at once the fortress and the granary of Epirus."³

So much then for the natural aspect of Jannina; let us now glance at its history. The absence of any sign of its existence in classical antiquity has been accounted for by the supposition that the lake, the upper part of which

¹ Compare Byron, *Childe Harold*, ii. 52.

"Unseen is Janina, though not remote,
Veiled by the screen of hills."

² Holland's *Travels in the Ionian Isles*, p. 94 (1815).

³ *Itinéraire de l'Orient. Grèce et Turquie d'Europe*, par Émile Isambert (Hachette's Guide-Joanne), 1873.

even now is, usually, little more than a marsh, was two thousand years ago no lake at all. But though no ancient city could be identified with the spot, tradition long connected it with Dodona, the seat of the famous oracle of Zeus, dating back, even in Homer's estimation, to the hoarest antiquity, and the very cradle of Greek civilisation. Even so experienced an observer as Col. Leake came to the conclusion, after long examination of the spot, that here Dodona had stood, and that Mount Mitzikéli was to be identified with the Mount Tamoros of antiquity. Now, however, this notion must be finally given up, the researches of M. Karapanos having two years ago laid bare the actual site of Dodona, at Dramisus, in the adjoining valley of Teharacovista, some six miles south-west of Jánnina.¹ Jánnina, then, cannot be associated directly either with old Greek history or legend; but it may be noted that if the new frontier of the Greek kingdom excludes Jánnina, it will also exclude the actual site of Dodona, there being no possible *raison d'être* for a line drawn between the two places.

The fact is that the foundation of the city is nowhere recorded, though from various references in the Byzantine historians, it seems probable that the site was occupied in the early days of that empire. We hear of a bishop suffragan of Jánnina in 673, and another is mentioned as taking part in the Council of Constantinople in 879. But the first actual mention of the city is made by Anna Comnena, who records its occupation in 1082 by Bohemond, son of the famous Robert Guiscard, who re fortified the citadel, then in a state of dilapidation (*ἐπισφαλές*), and defeated under its walls the imperial forces, led by

Alexius Comnenus, uncle of the historian. From the time of this Norman inroad Jánnina disappears from history till the capture of Constantinople by the Franks (1204), and the consequent foundation of the "despotate" of Epirus, or of the West, by Michael Angelos, a natural son of Constantine Angelos, who having married a daughter of the Governor of Durazzo, quickly subdued and united under his sway Epirus, Açarnania, and Ætolia, with the strong cities of Jánnina, Arta, and Naupactus.² Finlay, in the volume of his history which treats of mediæval Greece, has given some account of the character of this rule, and of the general condition of Epirus at the time. The Greeks, whom he describes as wealthy and prosperous, both as merchants and as large proprietors of land, were confined generally to the towns, and formed the most solid element of the population as they do to this day. The Wallachians in the north-east, and the Albanian mountaineers, still half-barbarians, were kept in submission by an army of mercenaries. The despots all assumed the title of Angelos Komnenos Duca, but very little is heard about them except their wars and alliances with the Byzantine Emperors and the Latin Princes. Thomas, the last in direct line, was murdered in 1318, and a succession of similar assassinations left the throne in charge of Anne, daughter of Andronicus Palæologus, who held it for her son Nicephorus II. Epirus was invaded and conquered in 1337 by the Emperor Andronicus III. But he was not long in possession, for in 1350 the whole country was overrun by Stephen Dushan, King of Servia, who made himself master of Epirus and great part of Thessaly. In fact, to quote the words of Finlay—"The history of Epirus after its conquest by Stephen becomes mixed up with the wars of the Servians, Albanians, Franks, and

¹ It is a curious fact that Col. Leake accurately describes these very ruins of Dramisus without the least suspicion of their identity with Dodona. His plan of the site corresponds minutely, so far as it goes, with that of M. Karapanos. See *Northern Greece*, vol. i. p. 266.

² See various references to Byzantine historians in Hughes's *Travels in Albania*, vol. ii. p. 11.

Greeks in the neighbouring provinces until the whole fell into the hands of the Turks¹ under Amurath II., in 1431, not, however, until they had been twice gallantly repulsed. The Ottomans in Jánnina were at first not much more than 200, but they soon multiplied. Still, thanks to privileges secured at their conquest, the citizens managed to avoid for nearly two centuries the continual wars which raged in this part of the world between Venetians and Turks. In 1612, however, a rash insurrection got up by a wandering fanatic, Dionysius, known as the Dog-sophist, gave the conquerors an excuse for strong measures to stifle it, and Jánnina was put on the same footing as that of other conquered towns.

Meanwhile, with the increase of the Ottoman population, numerous conversions, and especially the enforced enrolment of Greek children among the Janissaries of the Porte, led to the strengthening of the Mussulman element at the expense of the Christian. And in 1635 this movement was still further advanced by an incident which, though in itself creditable to the Epirotes, was otherwise interpreted by their superiors. The Christians of Epirus had retained the privilege of drawing revenues from certain lands, on condition of serving when called upon in the ranks of the Ottoman cavalry. The holders of these lands were called Spahis. In 1634 the Sultan Amurath V. was engaged in a fight with the Persians, and when the latter were getting the better of the Ottoman troops a sudden charge on the part of the Epirote Spahis changed the threatened rout into a brilliant victory. This circumstance led the Sultan to reflect on the dan-

gers of such valour if directed against himself, and a decree was issued withdrawing the privileges of Spahis from all but Mussulmans, which meant to these unfortunate people ruin or conversion. We can hardly wonder that under such circumstances, they chose the latter course.

In 1675 Jánnina was visited by the first European travellers, Spon and Wheler, who describe it as a larger town than Arta, and inhabited by rich Greek merchants. Sir Henry Holland, in 1812, mentions that one particular school had been founded 130 years before. We may conclude, therefore, that about the time which we have now reached sprang up that enlightened interest in Greek culture which has ever since distinguished Jánnina.² That any germ of learning should have found sustenance in Greece at a time when the whole country was in the lowest state of degradation says much for the soil whence it sprung, and may well explain the present anxiety of the Greeks that men who have deserved so well of their country as the citizens of Jánnina have should be allowed to share in the freedom from foreign domination which the kingdom of Greece enjoys.

It will not be necessary here to touch, except briefly, upon the remarkable career of Ali, Pasha of Jánnina, whose fame it was doubtless that attracted so many European travellers to that city at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century.

¹ Finlay's *History of Greece* (new edition, 1877), vol. iv. pp. 121, *sqq.* The chief authority for the history of Jánnina at this time is an anonymous MS. history found by Pougueville (French consul at Jánnina about 1790) in the famous monastery of Meteora in Thessaly. This and another of later date are given in an appendix to vol. iv. of Leake's *Northern Greece*.

² This view is held by M. Paparrigopoulo, the native historian of Hellenic civilisation, who after describing the renaissance of public instruction in the seventeenth century as largely due to the generosity of the Greek communities at Venice and elsewhere, says—"Janina especially became a veritable nursery of *didaskali*, who in their turn were placed successively at the head of other schools in the Peloponnese, continental Greece, Thessaly, Macedonia, Chios, &c. Such were Eugène Boulgaris, Nicephorus Theotoki, John Dimitriades, Athanasius Psallida, Lambros Photiadis, Constantine Economos, George Genadios, and others, whose names at this period sounded from one end to the other of the Hellenic East."

An Albanian by descent, but born in the service of the Porte, he worked his way up till he had not only acquired possession of the pashalik of South Albania, with Jánnina for his capital, but had also extended it till it included the greater part of Thessaly, and all Western Greece. He has been described as a rebel against the Turk, a tyrant towards the Greek, a cruel oppressor of Christian and Moslem alike, though it is probable that, as showing how the Turkish power could be resisted, he did some service to the Greek cause. "His ability was displayed," says Finlay, "in subduing the Albanians, cheating the Ottoman government, and ruling the Greeks. . . . Under his government Joánnina became the literary capital of the Greek nation—colleges, libraries, and schools flourished and enjoyed independent endowments." Not, we may be sure, that he was personally interested, or gave direct help in such matters, but he allowed the wealthy Greeks to devote themselves and their money to what they felt to be the good cause, and we cannot doubt that their exertions conferred a real and lasting benefit on their nation. Let us hear the various witnesses as to the condition of Jánnina in his time and before it. Lord Byron, in a note to the second canto of *Childe Harold*, commenting on a statement that "Athens is still (*i.e.*, in 1810) the most polished city of Greece," says:—

"Perhaps it may be of Greece, but not of the Greeks; for Joánnina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants."¹

Mr. Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), Byron's friend and fellow-traveller, speaks to the same effect, and gives some details as to the schools existing in the city. Dr.

(afterwards Sir Henry) Holland, says:—

"The Greeks of Joánnina are celebrated among their countrymen for their literary habits, and unquestionably merit the repute they have obtained from this source. The literature of the place is intimately connected with its commercial character. The wealth acquired by many of the inhabitants gives them the means of adopting such pursuits themselves, or encouraging them in others. . . . The extensive traffic of the Greeks of Joánnina is further a means of rendering this city a sort of mart for books, whence they are diffused over other parts of Greece."

He then describes the two academies in the city—the Gymnasium of Athanasius Psallida, then considered one of the first scholars of Greece, and well acquainted too with other countries and with all sides of a liberal education—and an academy, preparatory to the first, which was superintended by a certain Balanos, and mainly supported by the noble and patriotic family of the Zosimades, themselves Jánninites, whose work in this direction included the funds which enabled Koraes to form his Hellenic Library, and generally advance Greek learning.² Mr. Holland's account of the Greek society of the place, when we consider that it was written nine years before the revolution, shows that it really held at that time a position almost unique in Greece.³ M. Pouqueville, for many years French Consul-general at the court of Ali, adds his testimony to the same effect, and after enumerating their various educational institutions, &c., proceeds to name certain natives who had produced literary works, including Meletius, author of the *Geography* and *Ecclesiastical History*, and others whose

² The numerous instances of such well-directed generosity on the part of wealthy Greeks in assisting their needy countrymen to get a foreign education, and in founding schools and various other institutions, afford not the least encouraging sign of the future of the nation. Some idea of what has been done in this way may be gained from M. Mansolas' pamphlet *La Grèce à l'Exposition de Paris en 1875*.

³ Holland's *Travels* (1815), pp. 151, *sqq.*

¹ It will be a point of interest to English readers to remember that the first canto of *Childe Harold* was commenced, as the author's diaries inform us, at this very Joánnina, on Oct. 31, 1809.

labours lay in the less striking, but at that time for Greece no less necessary direction of compiling from, and translating, foreign works on history, mathematics, and natural science.¹

I will not weary my readers with more extracts, but hasten to conclude the historical sketch. During the last two years of Ali's rule, when he had been formally declared a rebel by the Porte, the city was many times sacked and burnt. Ali was killed in 1821, and from that time down to the administration of Mehmet Rechit Pasha in 1830, Jánnina was constantly exposed to the inroads of Albanians returning from the insurgent provinces of Greece, and was practically stripped of Christian inhabitants, some having taken refuge in foreign countries, others being engaged in the struggle for independence. When the Greek Kingdom was constituted, and, to the great disappointment of its old citizens, Jánnina excluded from the frontier, only a few of these found their way back, and the city was repopled by Greek inhabitants from other parts of Epirus.

Since that time, in spite of the disadvantages of Turkish rule, learning has recovered the check given to it by so many years of devastation and oppression, and its present condition is a most remarkable instance of the thirst of the Greeks for education. The chief school or gymnasium for secondary instruction, founded by the brothers Zosimus in 1828, and still bearing their name (Zossiméon), contains 700 pupils; there are also in the city five schools of mutual instruction (a method first introduced at Jánnina), with 2,000 pupils, three girls' schools with over 400 pupils, two infants' schools, and a normal school in course of formation. Jánnina, being still Turkish soil, is not included in the list of educational centres given by M. Mansolas in his admirable little pamphlet, *La Grèce à l'Exposition Universelle de Paris en 1878*; but we may learn from

his pages that nearly 500 students from Epirus are now passing through the university of Athens. The sum spent by the city on its educational institutions out of legacies and endowments made for this purpose, has been estimated at nearly 6,000*l.* per annum. As regards population, though statistics under Turkish administration are always matters of uncertainty, we may say roughly that the city contains altogether about 19,000 inhabitants, of which 12,000 are Christian Greeks, 4,500 Mussulmen (Turks and Albanians), and about 2,500 Jews. Few cities in Europe, with proportionate population, can rival it in educational activity. The language universally spoken is Greek, Albanian and Vlachian being entirely confined to the country districts. This is so much the case that even the Turkish official gazette of the vilayet of Jánnina is called *Jánnina*, and printed in Greek.²

Before finally summing up the foregoing results, and indicating the conclusion to be drawn, a few words must be said about the Albanians, who have been more than once mentioned in the preceding pages, and can hardly be left out of the present question. Many theories have been promulgated as to their origin; some considering them to be Slavs who found their way into these parts from Mount Caucasus, others believing them to be descended from the ancient Illyrians. This latter view, which is the more probable, was held by Col. Leake, is not denied by Finlay, and forms the basis of a recent inquiry by the well-known geographer, Dr. H. Kiepert,

² The following sentence appeared in the above-mentioned gazette at the time of the Treaty of San Stefano:—"Epirus will never forget that she is the primeval Greece (*ἀρχαία Ἑλλάς*), the first halting place of Hellenism; that here were born letters and religion, hence disseminated over the rest of Greece." It may here be mentioned that Greek was the regular language at Ali Pasha's court, and all state documents were drawn up in it. A Greek letter from the Pasha to Lord Byron is given (in facsimile) in Hobhouse's *Travels*.

¹ *Voyage de la Grèce*, vol. i. pp. 150, sqq.

into the ethnography of Epirus.¹ Kiepert maintains that the old Greek inhabitants of Epirus—the descendants of the Molossians, and of the subjects of Pyrrhus—were mostly destroyed by the Slav inroads of the sixth and seventh centuries, and that the Greek element of to-day is due rather to the rapid re-hellenizing of the Morea and Central Greece in the ninth century by Greeks from Asia Minor. The Albanians, on the other hand, are descended from the ancient Illyrians, and are thus possibly remnants of the primitive population of the country. But in Southern Albania (or Epirus), which alone enters into the present question, they are, in his opinion, practically Greeks in language, in sympathy, and in ideas. Many of them were driven from the mountain regions of Epirus by the Turks between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries, and formed colonies in Argolis, Attica, Beotia, and Southern Eubœa, in no way now to be distinguished from the surrounding population. Their sympathy with Greek ideas is testified by the active and prominent part they took in the war of independence, several of the great leaders—Botzarès, Miaoules, and others—being Albanians by descent.²

Another distinguished writer, M. Albert Dumont, has an extremely curious and interesting chapter on the Albanians in his volume *Le Balkan et l'Adriatique* (1873), founded on personal observation and on full knowledge of the literature of the subject. He shows them to be of Indo-European descent, and possibly nearer akin to the Latins than the Greeks. In Northern Albania, which has never really

been conquered, they live a life of primeval simplicity, still maintaining customs which we associate with Homeric times and which curiously illustrate the childhood of the world. They have no alphabet, and make use, when they do attempt to commit words to writing, of Turkish or Greek letters indiscriminately. On the coasts, Greek and Albanian are equally spoken. In Southern Albania, and especially in the vilayets of Jánnina and Prevesa, the Greek element largely preponderates, and the Albanians mostly speak Greek, and are impregnated with Hellenism.³ This fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon just now, when we are hearing of an Albanian deputation to the Great Powers protesting against the cession of any part of Epirus to Greece.⁴ That these deputies represent the feeling of a majority of their countrymen in the districts under discussion is not for a moment to be believed. The more probable supposition is that they are merely ambitious politicians anxious for self-advancement, or acting under Turkish instigation.

³ This division of the Albanians into Albanians pure and simple (in the north), half-and-half Albanians and Greeks (on the coasts), and Hellenized Albanians (in the south), is practically laid down by Hahn in his *Albanischen Studien*, the standard authority for the main features of the subject. The division corresponds to real divergence of character, the Southern Albanians, or Toschkes, being always distinguished from the Guègues of the north, though all alike are included under the general name of Skipetars. The difference of dialect too is very considerable.

⁴ These deputies will shortly be in London. The *Daily News* of April 17 asserts, on apparently good authority, that they are all Mussulmans (and therefore presumably under Turkish influence); one is a native of Berat, a place considerably north of the disputed region; one is a cousin of the Turkish Minister at Rome, though his tenants are all Greeks; the third was disqualified as a commissioner in the frontier question by his well-known enmity to Greece. Epirote deputies are following on the heels of the Albanians, and the Greeks are so sure of their representing the true feeling of the population that they have offered to refer the matter to a plebiscite.

¹ Published in the Proceedings of the Gesellschaft für Erdkunde for 1873. (Vol. xiii. Part 3.)

² Nowhere at that time were greater sacrifices made, or more brilliant feats of heroism performed than in this part of Epirus, where we also find the Suliotes, whose long and glorious struggle against Turkish dominion is frequently referred to by Lord Byron and other contemporary writers. See especially Finlay, vol. vi. pp. 82, sqq.

In any case, statistics just published show that in the portion of Epirus proposed by the Congress for cession to Greece, viz., (the sandjaks of Jánnina and Prevesa), the Albanians only represent one-seventh of the population, the numbers being 190,770 Greek-speaking people against 55,900 Albanians, of whom 20,000 are Christians. The same table establishes the further fact that out of a total of 257,170 inhabitants, 206,700 are Christians, 46,700 Mussulmans, and 3,770 Jews.

What then is the moral of the facts hereinbefore laid down? We have seen that Jánnina, whose very name (*τὰ Ἰωάννινα*) is and always has been Greek, has through a long and chequered career constantly preserved its Greek character, so that even under Turkish rule Greek has been recognised as the official language. We have seen it preserving this language in unrivalled purity, taking the lead in the revival of its study, and keeping the torch of Greek culture steadily burning at a time when the rest of Greece was sunk in barbarism. We have seen it under its famous Albanian pasha deservedly regarded as the literary capital of the country. We have seen it, after the desolation caused by the noble struggle, in which its citizens shared (though refused in the end the very prize for which they had fought), rise again, phoenix-like, to a position second to none but Athens in the Greek kingdom, and in proportion to its size, second to few cities in the world. Can we wonder that Jánnina, with such a history, should aspire to union with the people for whom it has done so much? Can we wonder that that people feels indignant at the idea of its exclusion from the liberty they themselves enjoy, and resists the transfer of a seat of learning to a power which, from the burning of the Library of Alexandria to the present day, has been emphatically hostile to literature? That there are military reasons for the unwillingness of the Turks to give the place up we

can readily understand, but that such reasons should override the natural aspirations of a people longing to be free, and proved worthy of freedom, is an injustice which should not be tolerated by a generation which has seen with approval so many nations claiming and winning their rights of free existence. That our own country should be a party to such an act would surely rouse shame and indignation in every English breast. Nor can it be contended that to give Greece the territory recommended at the Berlin Congress would disturb the peace of Europe. The surest element of future ferment is to be found in natural aspirations unsatisfied. If it has been said that the achievement of a strong and united Italy is a pledge of peace to the whole south of Europe, such an assertion would, in its measure, be no less true in the case of Greece. Putting aside then our boasted sympathy with all lovers of liberty, our interests and our love of peace and quietness alike point to a support of the just claims of Greece as the surest means of attaining these ends, and the more so that even now, in spite of all that our Government has done to contradict such an idea, the Greeks persist in looking upon us as friends and allies. France is setting us the example of action which we should have been the first to initiate. Let us at least not hesitate to support her efforts. It is hard to believe that the Turks would not yield to such pressure as would thus be brought to bear upon them.¹

GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

¹ The debate in the House of Commons on April 17th ought to have done much to show English people on which side their weight ought to be thrown. The admirable arguments of the opener, of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, of Mr. Gladstone, and of Sir Charles Dilke, could not be gainsaid, and the Government made no attempt to gainsay them. Though the motion was lost on division we may hope that something will now really be done.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1879.

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.¹

As elsewhere I have spoken of the historical aspect of the United States, so here I propose, in the same manner and with the same reservations, to speak of the historical aspect of the American Churches; and as then I ventured at times to point the moral to the peculiar audience of Birmingham, so here I may be allowed to make analogous applications to my clerical audience in Sion College.

I. Before I enter on any details let me offer some general remarks.

(1.) It will be observed that I speak, not of "the American Church," but of "the American Churches." It is the custom with many English Churchmen to speak of "the American Church" as if there were but one, and that a branch of our own form, established in America. A moment's reflection will show the erroneousness of this nomenclature. It is not only that other Churches in America are of far larger dimensions, but that from the nature of the case it would be as absurd to speak of the "Church of America" as it would be to speak of the "Church of Europe."

¹ An address delivered in Sion College, March 17, 1879. The authorities on which this sketch is founded are the usual works connected with American History. Perhaps I should specify more particularly Palfrey's *History of New England*, Beardsley's *History of the Church in Connecticut*, Bishop White's *Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, Stevens's *History of Methodism*. The rest speak for themselves; and I have derived much from the kindness of American friends in oral communication.

Each separate state is as it were a separate kingdom, and although the religious communities are not precisely conterminous with the different states, yet one or other predominates in these different commonwealths, and although a like complexion runs through almost all of them, the distinctions between what may be called the National Churches of the several States will perhaps never be altogether effaced.

During the War of Independence the Churches were set in hostile array by their politics. The Congregationalists were all Whigs; the Episcopalians, most of them, Tories. "The Quakers,"² says Franklin, "gave to the Revolution every opposition which their vast abilities and influence could suggest." During the great Civil War the Churches in the North and South were completely torn asunder by the distinction of political principle, and since the war it is with difficulty that any of them have been again re-united. The Southern Bishops asked for re-admission to the Episcopal Convention, but on the express condition that no censure was to be passed on their departed colleague, Bishop Polk. The Northern Bishops consented to re-admit them, but after much hesitation. The Methodists and Presbyterians of the North and South have not yet entirely coalesced. The Pope, in the plenitude of his infallibility, shrank from pronouncing a judgment on the question of slavery such as

² Sargent's *André*, 122.

might alienate from his Church either the North or the South.

It is this variation of ecclesiastical organization in the different States which explains the principle that has often misled European bystanders, namely, that which excludes from the consideration of Congress all concerns of religion. This, by whatever other influence it may have been accomplished, is the natural result of the almost necessary exclusion of the central government from the domestic arrangements of the particular States. Long before and long after the Congress had been established, the governments of individual States still exercised an undoubted control over the ecclesiastical affairs of their particular communities.

The whole system is or was till recently more or less what we should call concurrent establishment or concurrent endowment. The principle of Establishment in America existed till our own time in a galling and odious form, such as never existed in England, that of a direct taxation in each State for whatever was the predominant form of religion. This has now disappeared,¹ but the principle of endowment still continues; and if the endowments of Harvard College in Massachusetts, or Trinity Church in New York, were attacked, the programme of the Liberation Society would in this respect meet with a resistance in the United States as sturdy as it awakens in England.

(2.) Again, as with the United States at large, so also in regard to their religious development, the truth holds that they exhibit the marks of a young, unformed, and, so to speak, raw society. The American Churches from the first retained and still retain traces of a state of feeling which from the Churches of the older continent have almost passed away. The intolerance which is the mark of the crudity of newly-formed communities

was found in the United States long after it had ceased in the mother country. Baptists and Quakers, for their religious opinions, were cruelly scourged in the state of Massachusetts after any such barbarous punishment, on any purely theological grounds, had vanished from England. A venerable Baptist has recorded² his sufferings whilst exposed to the lash of his persecutors, in language worthy of an early Christian martyr, and the sufferings of the Quakers have been made the subject of a tragedy by Longfellow. Even as late as 1750 an old man is said to have been publicly scourged in Boston for non-attendance at the Congregationalist worship.³

On the question of slavery, which in the American Churches reached, both in North and South, the dignity of a religious dogma, there were instances, even within our own time, of the missionaries of abolition being burnt alive at the stake long after any such punishment was inflicted even in Scotland even on witches.⁴

The exclusiveness of public opinion against some of the prevailing forms of religious belief in America till within twenty or thirty years ago, was at least equal to anything found amongst ourselves. A well-known English traveller passing through the states where Unitarian opinions were not in vogue, tells us that she was warned in significant terms that she had better conceal them if she wished to find social reception.⁵ The passion for pilgrimages, relics, and anniversaries is, with some obvious modifications, as ardent as in the European Churches of the Middle Ages, and the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the Mayflower is

² Grant's *History of the Baptists*, p. 447.

³ Wilberforce, *History of the American Church*, 116.

⁴ Miss Martineau's *Western Travel*, iii. 81, 174; ii. 208. *Society in America*, i. 148, 150. Garrison at Boston narrowly escaped death, *Western Travel*, iii. 76; *Society in America*, i. 176.

⁵ Miss Martineau's *W. T.* 180, 211; *S. A.* ii. 15, 29, 227.

¹ See an excellent article on the Anglo-American Churches, in the *London Quarterly*, vol. xlvii. p. 414.

said to be almost as extraordinary as the preternatural multiplication of the wood of the True Cross.¹

(3.) Again, the social estimation of the different Churches bears a striking resemblance to those distinctions which in other forms might have been found in the Churches of Europe centuries ago. These relations are in detail often the reverse of what we find in Europe, but this does not make less significant the general fact of the combination of certain religious convictions with certain strata of society.

Let me briefly give a sketch of these social conditions as they now appear, inherited no doubt in large proportion from the historical origin of the different creeds. At the top of the scale must be placed, varying according to the different states in which they are found, the Unitarian Church, chiefly in Massachusetts; the Episcopal Church chiefly in Connecticut and the Southern States. Next, the Quakers, or Friends, in Philadelphia, limited in numbers, but powerful in influence and respectability, who constituted the mainstay of Pennsylvanian loyalty during the War of Independence.² Next, the Presbyterian Church, and close upon its borders and often on a level with it, the Congregationalists. Then, after a long interval, the Methodists; and following upon them, also after an interval, the Baptists; and again, with perhaps a short interval, the Universalists, springing from the lower ranks of Congregationalists. Then, after a deep gulf, the Roman Catholic Church, which, except in Maryland and the French population of Canada and of Old Louisiana, is confined almost entirely to the Irish. Their political influence is no doubt powerful; but this arises from the homogeneousness of their vote. There are also a few distinguished examples of Roman Catholics in the highest ranks of the legal profession.

Below and besides all these are

the various unions of eccentric characters, Shakers and the like, who occupy in the retired fastnesses of North America something of the same position which was occupied by the like eccentric monastic orders of mediæval Europe.

In what respects these various religious communities have contributed to American society results superior or inferior to those of the National Churches of Europe, is well discussed by Mr. Thomas Hughes in his chapter on this subject, in *The Old Church and what to do with it*, which (with two trifling exceptions) I adopt as so completely coinciding with my own impressions, as to render any further discussion of the matter useless in this place.

II. We will now leave these general remarks, and take the different Churches in the order of their chronological formation, dwelling chiefly on those which have the largest significance.

(1.) Passing over for the moment the two great outlying Roman Catholic settlements in the Southern States and Canada, which, as not being of British origin, cannot be fairly brought within the scope of these remarks, the first solid foundation of any religious community in the United States was that of the New England Churches. These, being derived from the Puritans who escaped from the detested yoke of the legislation of the Stuart kings, gave a colour to the whole religion of the first civilisation of North America.

There are considerable varieties in detail. The Puritans³ of Salem, who regarded themselves as non-conforming members of the Church of England, looked with aversion on the separatist principles of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed in the Mayflower at Plymouth. It was long before this breach was healed, and the distinction, jealously guarded in the retrospect

¹ Lyell, Second Visit, i. 120.

² Sargent's *André*, 119.

³ See the Oration of the Hon. W. C. Endicott, p. 170, on the Commemoration of the Landing of John Endicott at Salem.

even at the present day, is not unimportant, as bringing before our minds the true historical position of the Puritans in the mother country. The pathetic expressions of affection for the Church of England—"England," as they said, "and not Babylon"—the passionate desire not to leave it, but to reform it—this was the well-spring of the religious life of America as it was the well-spring of the religious life of those distinguished English pastors whom the Act of Uniformity compelled reluctantly to abandon their posts in the National Church at home.

Another variation amongst the Puritan settlers was that which divided the Presbyterians from the Congregationalists. The Congregationalists, as they have insisted upon terming themselves,¹ instead of taking the name of "Independents," which their co-religionists have adopted in England, carried on the line of ecclesiastical policy which would probably have prevailed in England had Richard Cromwell remained seated on his father's throne, and transmitted his sceptre to another and yet another Oliver, with whatever modifications the national circumstances might have produced. The names of the streets of Boston still bear witness, or did till within a few years ago, of the force with which the recollection of those days clung to the New England colonists. Newbury Street, from the battle of Newbury; Commonwealth Street, from the English Commonwealth; Cromwell Street, from the great Protector; and amongst the Christian names, which are remarkable indications in every country of the prevailing affections of the period, are a host of Biblical appellations which in the mother-country, even amongst Nonconformists, have almost become extinct:—Kind, Light, Lively, Vigilance, Free-grace, Search-the-Scriptures, Accepted, Elected, Hate-evil, Faint-not, Rest-come, Pardon, Above-hope, Free-gift, Reforma-

¹ The name was given by Conant.

tion, Oceanus (born on the Mayflower), Peregrine (first child born after the landing of the Pilgrims), Return, Freeborn, Freedom, Pilgrim, Donation, Ransom, Mercy, Dependence, Hardy, Reliance, Deliverance, Experience, Consider, Prudence, Patience ("Patia"), Standfast, Sweet, Hope, Hopesstill, Urbane, Rejoice, Welcome, Desire, Amity, Remember, Hasty, Prosper, Wealthy, Mindwell, Duty, Zealous, Opportunity, Submit, Fearing, Unite, Model, Comfort, Fidelity, Silence, Amen, Reason, Right, Rescue, Humble.

There are three romantic stories which have come down to us from those early times. One is the only legend which Walter Scott has incorporated into his romances from the history of America, the apparition of the regicide Goffe in a battle with the Red Indians at Hadley; the second, the anecdote of the firmness of Judge Davenport at New Haven on the supposed arrival of the Day of Judgment during an extraordinary darkness; thirdly, the self-imposed penance of Judge Sewell at Salem for his persecution of the witches.

Two great institutions owe their origin to the first Congregationalist settlers—Harvard College, of the American Cambridge in Massachusetts, Yale College, in the city of Elms at New Haven—each with its splendid hall and chapel—each with its group of smaller edifices, destined doubtless to grow up into a constellation of colleges.

Two characters of apostolic zeal appeared in connection with the mission to the Indians. One was David Brainerd, the heroic youth (for he was but twenty-nine when he died) who devoted to the service of the Indians a life as saintly as ever was nurtured by European Missions. "Not from necessity but by choice, for it appeared to me that God's dealings towards me had fitted me for a life of solitariness and hardship, and that I had nothing to lose by a total renunciation of it. It appeared to me

just and right that I should be destitute of home and many comforts of life which I rejoice to see other of God's people enjoy. And at the same time I saw so much of the excellency of Christ's kingdom, and the infinite desirableness of its advancement in the world, that it swallowed all my other thoughts, and made me willing, yea, even rejoice, to be made a pilgrim or hermit in the wilderness, and to my dying moment, if I might truly promote the blessed interests of the great Redeemer, and if ever my soul presented itself to God for His service without any reserve of any kind it did so now. The language of thought and disposition now was, 'Here am I—Lord, send me;' send me to the jungle, the savage pagans of the wilderness—send me from all these so-called comforts on earth, or earthly comfort—send me even to death itself if it be but in Thy Name and to promote Thy kingdom."¹

The other was "the Apostle of the Indians," John Eliot, whose translation of the Bible into their language remains as the monument both of his own gigantic effort and the sole record of their tongue, and also of the friendly relations which the Church of England then maintained with its separated children. It was supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—"the Venerable Society," as the Americans call it—and by Sion College.² He lies in the churchyard on the rocky hill of Roxbury, in the suburbs of Boston.

2. The Presbyterians, who in Great Britain furnished so large an element to the contending Churches at the time of our civil wars, but who, with us, have almost entirely receded or been confined to the great Presbyterian communion on the other side of the Tweed, in America have kept up alike their inborn vigour and their numerical force. Amongst them rose the one theological name of the early

period of American ecclesiastical history which still possesses a European fame. In the secluded village of Stockbridge, amongst the Berkshire hills, a wooden cottage is shown which for many years was the residence of Jonathan Edwards. It was there that he composed his book on the *Freedom of the Will*, which is said to be the most powerful exposition of the doctrines of necessity dear alike to the Calvinistic theologian and to the modern scientific investigator.³

It may be of interest for a moment to recall his outward manner of life as the tradition of it is there preserved, because it shows that the apparent incongruities of ecclesiastical preferment and individual character are not confined to the anomalies of European Churches. He was sent out there as a missionary to the Indians and pastor to the colonists, but it is said of him with a simplicity that provokes a smile, that thirteen out of the twenty-four hours were devoted to study in his house; that his time out of doors was chiefly devoted to cutting wood and riding through the forest; that he never visited his people except they were sick, and did not know his own cattle. He is laid in the cemetery of Princetown, the chief Presbyterian university of which in his latter years he was president; and hard by lies his grandson, the Satan of American history, Aaron Burr.

One other name of later days belongs alike to the theology of Europe and America, connected in like manner with the Presbyterians or Congregationalists. It is that of Dr. Robinson, the author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. A simple solid granite pillar marks the site of his grave in the most beautiful of American cemeteries, that of Greenwood, in the neighbourhood of New York. He was the first explorer of Palestine who saw it with the eyes of a

¹ Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, iii. 460.

² Anderson, ii. 386, 387, 398.

³ It is difficult precisely to classify Edwards' ecclesiastical position. He began and ended as a Presbyterian, but was much connected in the interval with Congregationalists.

mind fully prepared for what he was to discover, and capable of seeing what he had to describe. His works may be superseded by later investigators and more attractive writers, but he will always be regarded as the founder of modern sacred geography.

It was inevitable that the Presbyterian body in America should be increased and fortified by an influx of those holding the same creed or form of Church government from Scotland and Ulster. It is in Canada chiefly that these have found their home. There alone amongst the Colonial settlements of Great Britain the rancour of Orangemen against Papists still continues in unbroken force. The streets of Montreal have been the scene of riots as furious as those which have disturbed the thoroughfares of Belfast. There also the distinction between the Established and the Free Church of Scotland has been carried beyond the Atlantic, and although in the almost necessary absence of fuel to keep alive the division, the two sections have within the last few years been brought to an outward coalition, yet it was only three years ago that a dispute on the question of the duration of future punishment almost again rent them asunder; the members of the old National Church of Scotland maintaining without exception the more merciful and (we trust) Biblical view of this question, and the members of the Free Church equally adhering, according to their characteristic usage, to the more narrow and traditional opinion.

A word should be given to the Dutch Reformed Church, which exists amongst the American forms of Presbyterianism. It has a kind of European reputation in the pages of Washington Irving and of Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady*.¹ Döllinger, when asked what theologians the Americans had produced, answered "Only two—Channing" (of whom we shall speak presently) "and the Dutch Reformed pastor, Nevin,"

¹ II. 92. I. 38, 267.

the author of *The Spirit of Sect*, and father of the present accomplished chaplain to the Episcopal American Church at Rome.

(3.) The next infusion into the ecclesiastical elements of America were the two great Communion which I have already mentioned, the Baptists and the Methodists.

Of the Baptists it is only necessary here to say that in numbers they surpass all other American Churches, except the Methodists, including, as they do, not merely many of the humbler classes in the Northern States, but also a large proportion of the negroes in the South. One interesting feature in their history deserves to be recorded. Many are accustomed in these latter days in England to speak as if the chief mode by which religion is propagated must be the importance attached to sacramental forms. It is worth while for us to contemplate this vast American Church, which, more than the corresponding community in England, lays stress on its retention of what is undoubtedly the primitive, apostolical, and was till the thirteenth century, the universal mode of baptism in Christendom, which is still retained throughout the Eastern Churches, and which is still in our own Church as positively enjoined in theory as it is universally neglected in practice, namely, the oriental, strange, inconvenient and, to us, almost barbarous practice of immersion. The Baptist Churches, although they have used our own Authorised Version, and will, we trust, accept our new revision, yet in their own translation of the Bible have substituted "immersion" for the more ambiguous term, "baptism." The attraction which this ceremony of total ablution, in the burning heats of the Southern States, offers to uneducated minds is said to be one of the most powerful motives which have induced the negroes to adopt the Baptist communion. A measure of the want of education amongst these primitive converts may be given in the

story told of the triumphant tones in which a negro teacher of the Baptist Church addressed a member of the chief rival communion. "You profess to go to the Bible, and yet in the Bible you find constant mention of 'John the Baptist,' John the Immerser. Where do you ever find any mention of 'John the Methodist?'"

(4.) This leads us to that other communion whose progress through the United States alone exceeds that of the Baptists. John Wesley and George Whitefield alone, or almost alone, of eminent English teachers were drawn beyond the limits of their own country to propagate the Gospel, or their own view of it, in the Transatlantic regions. John Wesley's career in Georgia, although not the most attractive of his fields of labour, is yet deeply interesting from his close connection with one of the noblest of all the religious founders of the American States, General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. "In the heart of the evergreen forest, in the deep solitude of St. Simon's Island, is the great oak with its hanging moss, which they still call 'Wesley's Oak,' underneath which he preached to the colony in the wilderness." George Whitefield produced by his preaching the same extraordinary effect which he had produced in England, of which the crowning example is the impression he left on the hard, homely, philosophic mind of Benjamin Franklin; and, thorough Englishman as he was, he terminated his marvellous career, not in England, but in America, and his bones still remain to be visited like the relics of a mediæval saint in the church of Newburyport in Massachusetts.

It would seem as if three elements conduced to the remarkable position of the American Methodists. First, for the more educated classes the Arianism of Wesley, to which in their uncultured way the Transatlantic Methodists still adhered, furnished some kind of escape from the stern Calvinism of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of New England; and it may be that

out of this tendency sprang that remarkable off-set from Congregationalism of which I have already spoken, the Universalists.

Secondly, the Episcopal organization of this community, which, although differing from the more regular forms under which it is preserved in the Roman, English, and Lutheran Churches, has yet justified Wesley's adoption of it by the coherence which it has given to a system otherwise so diffusive.¹

Coke, the first Methodist, the first Protestant Bishop² of America, has a life and death not unworthy of the vast Church of which he was the virtual founder. He was the right hand of Wesley—inferior, no doubt, but still his chief supporter. "I want," he said, on his last visit to America, "the wings of an eagle and the voice of a prophet, to proclaim the Gospel east and west, and north and south." He was consecrated Bishop by Wesley with the full approval of the most saintly and one of the most churchmanlike of Wesley's followers, Fletcher of Madeley. He crossed the Atlantic eighteen times. He traversed for forty years the British Isles, the United States, and the West Indies. He found his grave in the Indian Ocean on his way to the wide sphere of Missionary labour in the East Indies.

Thirdly, the hymns, originating in

¹ For the futile attempts of Coke to procure Episcopal ordination for the Methodist clergy from the Church of England and the Episcopal American Church, see Stevens' *History of Methodism*, iii. 129, 130. Coke wrote to Lord Liverpool and also to William Wilberforce to offer himself as the first Bishop of India (*Ibid.* iii. 329. Tyerman's *Life and Times of Wesley*, iii. 434).

² The name of Bishop, as applied to an Episcopal office created by a Presbyter, may, in the ordinary parlance of modern Europe, be regarded as a solecism. But in the rude organization of primitive times, such a use of the word was a necessity. All the Bishops of the second century must have been created by Presbyters of the first century, and this usage continued in Alexandria down to the fourth century.—See Bishop Lightfoot's exhaustive treatise on the Christian Ministry in his work on the Epistle to the Philippians, p. 228, 229.

the first instance from the pens of John Wesley and his brother Charles, and multiplied by the fertility of American fancy, have an attraction for the coloured population corresponding to that ceremonial charm which I have already described as furnished to them by the Baptists through the rite of immersion.

(5.) We now come to the latest, but not the least important developments of American Christianity. Out of the Calvinism of the New England Churches, much in the same way as out of the Calvinism of Geneva itself, under the influence of the general wave of critical and philosophical inquiry which swept over the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century, there arose in the famous city, which by its rare culture and social charms may claim to be the Geneva of America, that form of Congregationalism, which, for want of a better name, has been called partly by its enemies and partly by its friends, Unitarianism. Not great in numbers,¹ except in Boston and its neighbourhood, but including within itself almost all the cultivated authorship of America in the beginning of this century, the Unitarian Church at that period was unquestionably at the summit of the civilised Christianity of the Western continent. Its chief representative was one of the few names which, like Jonathan Edwards, has acquired not only an American but a European splendour, Dr. Channing. The stiff and stately style of his works will hardly maintain its ground under the altered tastes of our generation. But it is believed that his sermons may still from time to time be heard from English pulpits where we should least expect to find them. And both in England and America there still remains the strong personal impression which he left on those who knew him.

Those who can remember him describe the dignified courtesy and gracious humility which gave even to

his outward appearance the likeness of an ancient English dignitary; and with this was combined, in the later period of his life, a courageous zeal rarely united with a cautious and shrinking temperament like his, in behalf of the cause of Abolition, then, in his native State and amongst his own peculiar circles, branded with unpopularity amounting almost to odium. "When he read a prayer, it left upon those who listened the impression that it was the best prayer that they had ever heard, or when he gave out a hymn, that it was the best hymn they had ever read." To some one who was complaining of the strenuous denunciations in the Gospel Discourses, he opened the New Testament and read the passages aloud. As soon as he had finished, his hearer said, "Oh, if that was the tone in which they were spoken, it alters the case."² When he came to this country he visited the poet Wordsworth, and years afterwards the poet would point to the chair in which he had sat, and say, "There sat Dr. Channing." Coleridge, after his interview, said of him, "Dr. Channing is a philosopher in both possible senses of the word. He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love."³ When he died he was borne to his grave in the cemetery at Mount Auburn amidst the mourning of all Boston; and the bells of the Roman Catholic chapel joined with those of Protestant church and chapel and meeting-house in muffled peals for the loss of one who, as his gravestone records, was "honoured," not only "by the Christian society of which for nearly forty years he was pastor," but "throughout Christendom."⁴

The neighbourhood of Newport was the scene of his early life.⁵ "No spot on earth," he said, "helped to form me like that beach." He was a complete Bostonian, yet he had a keen sense of the social superiority of

² *Life*, ii. 286; iii. 449.

¹ One-fifth of the population in Boston. *Lyell's Second Visit*, i. 172.

³ *II.* 219. Compare Wordsworth's account, ii. 218. ⁴ *I.* 136. ⁵ *I.* 100.

the Virginians.¹ He was a thorough American, but in the Napoleonic war his love for England was as strong as if he had been born in Britain.²

One or two characteristic anecdotes may be given of his general culture.

Speaking of Cervantes, whom he could not forgive for his satire on Don Quixote, he said—"I love the Don too much to enjoy his history." The following passage in substance singularly coincides with the celebrated but long subsequent passage of Cardinal Newman on the religious aspect of music. "I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. Nothing in my experience is more inexplicable. An instinct has always led me to transfer the religious sentiment to music; and I suspect that the Christian world under its power has often attained to a singular consciousness of immortality. Facts of this nature make us feel what an infinite mystery our nature is, and how little our books of science reveal it to us."

We may add various passages, which give a just estimate of the catholicity of his theological sentiments. "Read to me," he said to his friends in his last hours, "the Sermon on the Mount." And when they closed the Lord's Prayer, "I take comfort," he said, "and the profoundest comfort, from these words. They are full of the divinest spirit of our religion." "I value Unitarianism," he remarked, "not as a perfect system, but as freed from many errors of the older systems, as encouraging freedom of thought, as raising us above the despotism of the Church, and as breathing a mild and tolerant spirit into the members of the Christian body. I am little of a Unitarian; I have little sympathy with Priestley or Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light, who look for a purer and more effectual manifestation of Christian faith."³

"I do not speak as a Unitarian, but as an independent Christian. I have little or no interest in Unitarians as a sect."

"Until a new thirst for truth, such, I fear, as is not now felt, takes possession of some gifted minds, we shall make little progress."

"The true Reformation, I apprehend, is yet to come."

"What I feel is that Christianity, as expounded by all our sects, is accomplishing its divine purpose very imperfectly, and that we want a Reformation worthy of the name; that, instead of enslaving ourselves to any existing sect, we should seek, by a new cleansing of our hearts, and more earnestness of prayer, brighter, purer, more quickening views of Christianity."

"We have reason to suppose, from what has been experienced, that great changes will take place in the present state of Christianity; and the time is, perhaps, coming when all our present sects will live only in history."

"God is a spirit, and His spiritual offspring carry the primary revelation of Him in their own nature. The God-like within us is the primary revelation of God. The moral nature is man's great tie to divinity. There is but one mode of approach to God. It is by faithfulness to the inward, everlasting law. The pure in heart see God. Here is the true way to God."

"Could I see before I die but a small gathering of men penetrated with reverence for humanity, with the spirit of freedom, and with faith in a more Christian constitution of society, I should be content."

"Strive to seize the true idea of Christ's character; to trace in His history the working of His soul; to comprehend the divinity of His spirit. Strive to rise above what was local, temporary, partial in Christ's teaching, to His universal, all-comprehending truth."

It is said that there was in the warmth⁴ of Unitarian preachers at that

¹ Life, i. 82.

² I. 332.

³ See his candid estimate of English Theology, ii. 148-151, and of all Churches, i. 352. See also i. 344, 387, 406; ii. 38, 400.

⁴ Lyell, Second Visit. i. 176.

time something quite unlike the coldness frequently ascribed to it. One fervent spirit at least, though divided from it in later days, sprang from the Unitarian Church, Theodore Parker. He also, though not so extensively, was one of the few American theologians known beyond his own country; and with all the objections which may be made against his rough and untimely modes of thought and expression, he must be regarded as the first pioneer, on the Transatlantic continent, of those larger views of critical inquiry and religious philosophy which have so deeply influenced all the Churches of the old world.

(6.) We now come to what is in one sense the earliest, in another, the latest born of the American Churches. Before the arrival of the Mayflower in the Bay of Plymouth there had already entered into the James River that adventurous colony, headed by the most marvellous of all the explorers of the Western world in those days, the representative of Raleigh, Captain John Smith. In him and in his settlement were the first parents of the Church of England in America. The first clergyman was Robert Hunt, vicar of Reculver in Kent, who was the chaplain of the unruly crew, and who celebrated in Virginia the first English Communion of the New World on Sunday, the 21st of June, 1607. We hear little of the early pastors; but any church might be proud to trace back its foundation to so noble a character as the devout sailor-hero John Smith. "In all his proceedings he made justice his first guide and experience his second, combating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers. He never allowed more for himself than for his soldiers with him—into no danger would he send them where he could not lead them himself. He never would see us want what he either had or could by any means get us. He would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay. He loved action more than words, and feared covetousness more

than death. His adventures were our lives, and his loss our own deaths."¹ An accomplished scholar of our own time has said, "*Machiavelli's Art of War* and the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*"² were the two books which Captain John Smith used when he was a young man. Smith is almost unknown and forgotten in England his native country, but not in America, where he saved the young colony in Virginia. He was great in his heroic character and his deeds of arms, but greater still in the nobleness of his character."

But the Church of England in Virginia did not reach at any time that high state of religious and moral development which belonged to the Puritan shapes of English Christianity in New England. No doubt the influence of the founders of Maryland and Georgia must have conduced to its spread in those southern regions; but in the Northern States it was usually regarded as a mere concomitant of those English Governors who resided in their capital cities.

The Anglican clergy were more or less treated as Dissenters. In the State Archives at Hartford there is still to be seen a petition from the Episcopal clergy of Connecticut urging the Governor of the State to use his influence in inducing the Congregationalist clergy to allow them access to the Eucharist. There is something highly instructive in a record which represents the clergy of the Church of Archbishop Laud and Bishop Ken acknowledging the spiritual validity and value of sacraments administered by Congregationalists, and half imploring the civil power to force this rival Church to allow them to participate in its communion.

Although from time to time the intention arose of sending a Bishop

¹ Narrative of Potts, in Smith's *History of Virginia*, p. 93, quoted in Anderson's *History of the Colonial Church*, vol. i. p. 252. See also the address on "The Historical Aspect of the United States," *Macmillan*, January, 1879.

² George Long in the Preface to the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, p. 27.

from England to administer and consolidate the English Church in those parts, the project was never seriously entertained, and it was in the absence of such an element that John Wesley felt constrained to authorise the irregular episcopate of the Methodists.

One splendid name—the greatest of Deans—was suggested for this position—Jonathan Swift. Happily—or unhappily—for America the project came to naught. But it is impossible not to reflect on the different fate of the English Church in America had its first Bishop been that most wonderful genius, that most unhappy man, of his age.¹ The American clergy also narrowly escaped the misfortune of a succession of nonjuring bishops.²

The wranglings of the Virginian and Maryland clergy with their vestries never mount to the dignity of history, till on that fatal day when the dispute with the “parsons” on the tithe and tobacco duty suddenly called forth the most eloquent orator of the Revolution—the rustic Patrick Henry—

“The forest-born Demosthenes—Whose thunder shook the Philip of the Seas ;” whose speech on that day passed into a proverb for a successful oratorical effort—“He is almost equal to Patrick Henry when he pleaded against the parsons.”³

There were, however, from time to time flashes of interest shown by the English Church for its American children. Two are so remarkable as to deserve special notice. When Nicholas Ferrar, the monastic recluse of Gidding, sent a friend to minister to the dying pastor of Bemerton, George Herbert presented to Ferrar the manuscript of his poems. When Ferrar undertook to procure from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge the necessary license for printing them it was found that two lines were not allowed to pass without remonstrance. They were these—

“Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.”

It is believed that they were suggested to Herbert by his intimacy with Ferrar, who, himself a member of the struggling Virginian company, had at one time thought of devoting his life to the New World. Ferrar accordingly strove hard for their retention. The Vice-Chancellor at last permitted their appearance, adding his hope, however, that the world would not take Herbert for an inspired prophet.⁴ They remain to show if not the prophetic at least the poetic and religious interest which the small germ of the Church of England in America had for the Keble of that age.

Another still more memorable example occurs in the next century. The romantic scheme of Berkeley for the civilisation of Bermuda and the evangelisation of the Indians, led him to settle for two years at Newport in Rhode Island. He was the first Dean⁵ (for he was not yet Bishop) who ever set foot on the American shores. His wooden house (“Whitehall”) still remains. The churches of Rhode Island still retain the various parts of his organ. The cave in the rock overhanging the beach—the same beach that “formed the mind” of Channing—is pointed out where he composed *The Minute Philosopher*. Yale College is proud to exhibit his portrait and his bequest of books. His chair is the chair of state in the college of Hartford. And the University of California, in grateful memory of the most illustrious Churchman who ever visited the New World, has adopted his name, and has inscribed over its portal those famous lines in which he expressed, with even larger scope than Herbert, his confidence in the progress of America—

“Westward the course of empire holds its way ;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

¹ Anderson, iii. 222, 287.

² Wilberforce, 161.

³ Anderson, iii. 236-241.

⁴ Anderson, i. 362.

⁵ A great dignitary of the English Church, called “Dean.”—Anderson, iii. 482.

This blessing has been often applied to the American States—some portion of it may perhaps descend to the American Churches, especially that in which Berkeley himself took most interest.

But these brilliant incidents are exceptions. The vestiges of the English Church in America previous to the separation have chiefly now for us but an antiquarian charm. In the cities which fringe the eastern coasts there exist churches few and far between, built at this period. Some of them were built of bricks brought out from England. They are most of them copied from the model of our St. Martin's in the Fields. They retain the internal arrangements—the high reading-desk, the towering pulpit, the high pews, the Creed and Ten Commandments, which now, alas! have almost disappeared from every church in London. In the next century, if America is wise enough to preserve these venerable antiquities, they will be visited by English archaeologists as the rare survivals of a form of architecture and of ecclesiological arrangement which in England will have become entirely extinct. The solid communion plate, the huge folio Prayer-books presented by Queen Anne and George I., still adorn their altars; and the prayers for the Royal Family may be identified by peering through the leaves which were pasted together at the time when the Revolution rendered it impossible for the words any more to be used.

Naturally when the war broke out between the colonies and the mother country these scattered congregations of English churchmen with their pastors, in many instances adhered to the cause of the monarchy, and when the separation was at last accomplished many of them fled from their posts and took refuge in the nearest English port, at Halifax. But then arose the question by what means the "episcopal government" could be preserved when the connection with the English Crown and Church had been so completely severed.

From two separate centres arose the determination, if possible, to reunite the severed link. At the time when Presbyterianism and Congregationalism in Boston were gradually developing into Unitarianism a movement originating partly from the same sentiment of reaction against the Calvinistic teachers of New Haven manifested itself in Connecticut.

The two teachers in the College of Yale, its "Rector" and its "Tutor," Cutler and Johnson by name, being convinced of the superiority of the Anglican system to that in which they had been nurtured, with a resolute firmness which overcame all difficulties, crossed the ocean and sought ordination at the hands of the Bishops of the English Church. They were welcomed by Dean Stanhope in the Deanery of Canterbury, and they were ordained by Bishop Robinson in St. Martin's Church. They were perhaps the first native colonists who had received ordination in England, and it may be that this connection with St. Martin's led to that reproduction of it as the ideal of church architecture, which I have already noticed. Johnson at Yale College had been held in high estimation, and had been the first to introduce the Copernican in the place of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy which had been taught there till 1717. He became the friend of Berkeley, and ultimately the first president of King's College, now Columbia College, at New York, the first Episcopal College in America. This movement, which took place long before the Revolution, formed a soil on which Anglican tendencies might naturally fructify. Accordingly it was from Connecticut, when the crisis of the Revolution was accomplished, that a bold spirit first conceived the notion of obtaining for himself, and through himself for his country, episcopal consecration. It was Samuel Seabury. He came over to England with the resolve of seeking this consecration, if possible, from the English bishops—and if, owing to

obvious difficulties they were unable to grant it, to seek it from the Episcopal Communion in Scotland. This last alternative was the one which he adopted. It has often been said that when repulsed by the English bishops, he was on his way to receive the Episcopal succession from Denmark,¹ but was diverted from his intention by the counsel of Dr. Routh of Oxford, then a young man, who advised him to claim it from Scotland. Whatever Dr. Routh may have said, it is an error to suppose that this was what influenced Seabury's determination. A letter² still extant shows beyond question that it was part of his original instructions when he crossed the Atlantic. If any English clergyman confirmed him in his resolution to cross the Tweed it was the eccentric though amiable George Berkeley, the Bishop's son.

From the Scottish bishops accordingly in a small chamber of the humble dwelling of the Scottish "Primus" in Aberdeen, Seabury received his consecration. A fac-simile of the agreement which those bishops made with him is kept in the Episcopal College of Hartford in Connecticut. The original is in the possession of Dr. Seabury of New York. It contains, amongst other provisions, three conditions, characteristic of the narrow local views of that small, insignificant, suffering body. The first was, that Seabury should use his utmost endeavours to prevent the American clergy or bishops from showing any countenance to those clergy in Scotland who had received ordination at the hands of their dreaded rivals, the English bishops. It was in fact an anticipation of the modern protest against Bishop Beccles. The second was that he should endeavour as far

as possible to retain in America that one shred of the old English liturgy to which, through good and evil fortune, and amidst all other accommodations to Presbyterian usages, the Scottish Episcopal Church still adhered, namely the arrangement of the Communion office in the First Book of King Edward, retained in the Laudian liturgy.³ The third was, that the civil authorities should only be mentioned in general terms, a proposal evidently intended to cover the Scottish omission (from Jacobite scruples) of the names of the Royal Family in Great Britain. Another point that he endeavoured to carry out, at the solicitation of the Scottish Jacobites, was the exclusion of laymen⁴ from ecclesiastical assemblies; but in this he failed, though gaining the point that Bishops should not be tried by the laity.

Under these conditions, and with the high ecclesiastical spirit natural to himself, and fortified by his connection with these nonjuring divines, Seabury returned. Long afterwards he maintained a dignity which must be regarded as altogether exceptional, not only by Americans, but by Englishmen. There remains in the college at Hartford a huge black mitre, the only genuine Protestant mitre on which the eyes of any English Churchman have ever rested. It was borne by Bishop Seabury, not merely as an heraldic badge or in state ceremonial, but in the high solemnities of his own church in Connecticut. To his influence also must be attributed that singular office in the American Prayer-book, happily not obligatory, the one exception to its general tone, on which we shall presently enlarge—the Office of Institution of the Clergy, containing every phrase relating to ministerial functions, which both from the English and American Prayer-books, had been carefully ex-

¹ The question of going to Denmark was afterwards suggested in reference to the consecration of Bishop White, but never followed up.—White, 20, 27.

² This letter of Mr. Fogg is published in *Church Documents*, vol. ii. 212, 213. Since this address was delivered much useful information, of which I have availed myself, has been given me by the Rev. Samuel Hart, of Hartford, Connecticut.

³ There are differences in detail between the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., the Laudian Liturgy and the Scottish Office. But these are beside our present purpose.

⁴ White's *Memoirs*, pp. 200, 290.

cluded—"altar," "sacerdotal," "apostolic succession." This office, although now hardly ever used in the American Episcopal Church, yet remains, we will not say as a "dead fly causing the ointment to stink," but at any rate as a mark of the influence which Seabury's spirit continued to exercise after his death.¹

But it was felt then, as it has been felt since, that any American Church conducted upon these principles was certain to fail,² and happily for the continuance of anything like Anglican principles on the other side of the Atlantic, others were found at that trying time of a totally different stamp, who were able to secure and transmit a nobler and larger view of the system of the Church of England.

Amongst the clergy of Philadelphia, there was one who had sided with the colonists in their struggle against the English Crown. William White, the Rector of Christ Church, was the bosom friend of Washington, and Washington, who was one of the old Virginian gentry himself, was an adherent, if not (which is much disputed) a communicant, of the old Church of England. White was the chaplain of the first congress held in Philadelphia; and, when the separation was finally accomplished, he and others like-minded with him, undertook to frame a scheme for the reconstitution of the English Church in America.

The same liberal tendency which pervaded the Church of England itself at that period was not unknown to these, its American children. According to the slang of the time, White and his colleagues were denounced by the extreme Churchmen of the day as "Socinians;"³ and if we regard the partisan usage, which included under that name Tillotson and Burnet, and all advocates of

toleration and enlightened learning, they had no reason to repudiate a title so given. They perceived that if an independent church, deriving its existence from the Church of England, was to arise in America, it must adapt itself not only to the changed political circumstances, but also to the newer and better modes of feeling which had sprung up since the last revision of the Prayer-book at the restoration of Charles II. They took for a model the main alterations (so far as they knew them) proposed in the time⁴ of William III., by the latitudinarian divines of that period, which in England were unfortunately baffled by the opposition of the High Church and Jacobite clergy in the Lower House of the Southern Convocation.

These modifications were almost all in the same good direction. A few verbal alterations were occasioned by the fastidiousness which belonged partly to the phraseology of the eighteenth century, and partly to the false delicacy said to be one of the characteristics of American society. But the larger changes were almost entirely inspired by the liberal thought of that age. White and his colleagues felt the incongruity of still continuing in the services for Ordination and Visitation, words of ambiguous meaning, derived from the darkest period of the Middle Ages, unknown to the ancient or Eastern Church, which our English divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had either not the knowledge or the courage to reject. In the Ordination Service an alternative expression to the objectionable formula was offered, to which Seabury appears to have reluctantly consented. In the Visitation Service it was omitted altogether. They brought out in the Catechism the spiritual character of the Eucharist. They modified the questionable passages of the Marriage and the Burial

¹ The Office was published in 1804. Seabury's death (see a striking account of it in Beardsley's *History of the Church in Connecticut*, i. p. 435) was in 1796.

² Even Bishop Wilberforce felt this.—*History of the American Church*, 261.

³ Wilberforce, 216.

⁴ These alterations were at that time known either through tradition or the records of Collier and Burnet. The exact details were not printed in England till 1854.

services. They swept away from the Communion Service all the prefatory portion, containing the incongruous wish for the restoration of primitive discipline and the curses on impenitent sinners, leaving only the few collects at the end. They allowed an alternative in the selection of the Psalms which avoids the more vindictive and exclusively Judaic elements of the Psalter. They permitted the explanation of the Ten Commandments in the spirit of the Two Great Commandments of the Gospel. They introduced the liberty of abridging the services, and thus of avoiding the constant repetitions which still to many minds form a stumbling block in the English Liturgy. They relaxed the obligation of Immersion and of the sign of the Cross in Baptism. They gave permission either to omit altogether any special Eucharistic formula on Trinity Sunday, or to use a Biblical alternative for the excessive scholasticism of that in the English Prayer-book. They anticipated, though not in the same form, but still with the same intention, the improvements in the Calendar of Lessons which have been adopted by the English Church within the present year. They foresaw the difficulty of maintaining in the public services the use of phraseology so doubtful, and with difficulties so obvious, to large classes of their countrymen, as some of the expressions contained within the old confessions. In the so-called Apostles' Creed, they proposed to omit the clause containing the belief of the Descent into Hell which once constituted the chief element in the primitive conception of redemption. The so-called Nicene Creed, possibly from the conviction that a document in parts so strangely mistranslated and interpolated as that in the English Prayer-book, had no special claim to their regard, they proposed to omit altogether, as also the so-called Athanasian Creed. When they began their negotiations with the English Primates on the conditions of consecration, one

at least of the English bishops hesitated to give a sanction to these sweeping changes. The American clergy consented so far to replace the Nicene Creed, as to allow it to be used as an alternative to the Apostles' Creed, but even then, without any compulsory obligation to use it. The disputed clause in the Apostles' Creed they restored, but with the permission to omit it or to use an alternative expression.¹ The Athanasian Creed, with the feeling which no doubt faithfully represented all the more enlightened and Christian thought at that time, they positively refused to re-admit under any terms whatsoever. Accordingly, with the full acquiescence of the English hierarchy, that document has vanished never to return, not only from the Prayer-book, but even from the Articles of the American Episcopal Church. The forms of 'subscription which in England had operated so fatally in the exclusion of some of the best and wisest clergy of the Church at the time of the Restoration; which weighed so heavily on the consciences of many of the English clergy in the eighteenth century; and which fifteen years ago were at last happily altered in England, owing to the pressure of liberal statesmen, who had not at that time abandoned the wholesome task of reforming the Church of England, never existed in the American Episcopal Church, which thus remained an instructive example of a church enabled to maintain itself by conformity² to its book of devotions, without the stumbling-blocks which, as Bishop Burnet foresaw long ago, are inherent in almost any form of subscription to elaborate formularies of faith.³

Such are the conditions under which

¹ "And any Churches may omit the words HE DESCENDED INTO HELL, or may, instead of them, use the words, HE WENT INTO THE PLACE OF DEPARTED SPIRITS, which are considered as words of the same meaning in this Creed."

² White, 320, 362.

³ The form of subscription is as follows:—
"I do believe the Holy Scriptures of the Old

the American Episcopate was obtained from the English prelates under an Act of Parliament framed for that express purpose, which whilst allowing full freedom to propagate English Episcopacy in the separated Colonies, carefully guarded the English Constitution in Church and State in a spirit, the vigour of which had at that time not been enfeebled. Such were the characteristic elements of the English latitudinarianism of the eighteenth century, which a Church regarded by some High Churchmen as the model of ecclesiastical perfection did not hesitate to adopt. Such were the improvements in which it had the honour of forestalling, not indeed the nobler aspirations of British theology, but the tardy and reluctant steps of recent British Anglicanism and of recent British Nonconformity. Such are the proofs of the long advance which the American Episcopal Church, as well as the English authorities in sanctioning its foundation on these conditions, had made in spiritual discernment and ecclesiastical learning beyond the prevailing prejudice which in our own day has hitherto retarded most of these obvious improvements.

The incorporation of Bishop Seabury, with his Scottish antecedents, was not accomplished without a struggle. Although he and Bishop White acted on the whole cordially together, there were those amongst the founders of the American Church who felt the danger of associating themselves with a communion so one-sided as the small nonjuring sect in Scotland.¹ But this was overruled. One permanent trace only of the Scottish consecration was left, the Scottish Communion Office. This last, however,

and New Testament to be the Word of God, and to contain all things necessary to salvation, and *I do solemnly engage to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.*"

¹ Granville Sharpe in England protested against the Scottish consecration (White, 312), and in America the Convention of 1786 refused to acknowledge the validity of his ordinations (Anderson, iii. 400).

although by ignorance and passion it has been often regarded as an approach to the mediæval views of the Eucharist, in point of fact is more Protestant, because more spiritual,² than that which the Church of England has itself retained. With these liberal sentiments, the American Episcopal Church started upon its arduous career. Discredited by its connection with England at a time when the very name of England was hateful—small in numbers against the overwhelming proportions in which the other Churches of America had propagated themselves, it maintained with some difficulty its hold even on the Eastern States of the Republic. Gradually, however, as the sentiment against England, under the genial influence of Washington Irving and the American poets, faded from view, the attractions of the revised English Liturgy won their way. From seven bishoprics it has now increased to sixty, and it has attained a place amongst the cultivated portions of American society, at least equal, and in many places superior, to that which was formerly in the exclusive possession of the Unitarian Congregationalists.

What may be the future fortunes of the American Episcopal Church it would be rash to predict. When we consider the vast numerical superiority of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and still more of the Methodists and Baptists, it is difficult to suppose that it can ever reach such a position as to entitle it to be regarded

² The prominence given to the spiritual sacrifice of "themselves, their souls and bodies," offered by the laity, and which in the present English Prayer-book is relegated to a subordinate place in the Communion office, is, in the Liturgy of the Scottish Church, as in the First Prayer-book of King Edward, incorporated in the very heart of the Consecration Prayer, and thus gives a deathblow to the superficial, mechanical, and material ideas of sacrifice which belong to the ancient or mediæval notions of the Eucharist. The importance ascribed to the Invocation of the Holy Spirit as borrowed from the Eastern Church, is less liable to superstitious abuse than the value which both the Roman and English Churches attribute to the repetition of the formula of Institution.

as the representative Church of the United States. But a sojourn in America somewhat disinclines a spectator to attach too much importance to vast numbers whether in the statistics of population, or money, or distance. "Size," said Professor Huxley, in addressing an intelligent and sympathetic audience at Baltimore, "is not grandeur." We are rather led to hope that there, as in the older countries of Europe, the future will be ultimately in the hands, not of the least educated, but of the most educated portions of the community, and in that portion the Episcopal Church of America will have a considerable part to play if it only remains faithful to the liberal principles on which it first started.

Berkeley, even in his day, observed of the English Church in America that all the other Churches considered it the *second best*; and when, in order to relieve themselves of the duty of paying their contribution to the dominant Church of each State, American citizens had to certify that they belonged to some other communion, the common expression was, "We have left the Christian Church, and joined the Episcopalians." That residuary, secular, comprehensive aspect which is so excellent a characteristic of the National Church of England, is more or less true of its offshoot in the New World. It is still the Themistocles of the American Churches.

Again, although perhaps its divines and pastors have not yet acquired a European fame, it has sent forth missionaries, bishops, and clergy, who have endeavoured perhaps more than the ministers of any other communion to keep pace with the rapidly increasing westward emigration, and have on the frontiers of barbarism maintained something like a standard of civilisation.

And yet further, there is a powerful section of its clergy who rule its ecclesiastical congresses and fill its pulpits with a true zeal for the cause of enlightenment, inquiry, and charity, dear to all liberal Churchmen.

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These circumstances may well lead us to regard the Episcopal Church of the United States, if amongst the smallest of the American communions, yet not the least important. No doubt the spirit of Bishop Seabury has at times prevailed over the spirit of Bishop White; and it has been remarked of it by a kindly Nonconformist, that its tone of exclusiveness towards other Churches is sometimes not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in England.¹ Still in practice it contains a body of enlightened men willing to live on equal and friendly terms with their Congregational and Presbyterian brethren, and to welcome from this country everything which tells of free thought, large sympathy, and hope for the future of humanity.

(7.) One word, in conclusion, which touches all the American Churches equally. The changes which have already taken place in their historical retrospect are such as to open a long vista in their historical prospect. The old dogma of the colonists of New England has faded away, that all "vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops were of the devil;" nor could there be now any shadow of pretext for ascribing to the Congregationalist Churches the belief that every tenth child was snatched away from its mother's side by demons in the shape of bishops.² The technical representations of the doctrine of the Trinity which Channing refused to admit are gradually giving way to the Biblical representations of it which Channing would gladly have accepted. The rigid Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards has almost ceased to exist.³ "The

¹ *London Quarterly*, xlvii. 445. The candid recognition (in this Nonconformist Essay) of the general excellence of the Episcopal Church of America and of its probable future is very significant.

² Sargent's *Life of Andrié*, 59.

³ There is in Hartford a small community called "the Old Lights," who still insist on conformity to the doctrines of extreme Calvinism; and similar isolated instances may exist elsewhere. But these are evidently exceptions.

pale Unitarianism of Boston,"¹ which Emerson condemned, is becoming suffused with the genial atmosphere which Emerson has done so much to promote, and which is shared by the higher minds of all the Churches equally. In proportion as the larger culture and deeper spirit of the European continent penetrates the American mind, there is a hope that the more flexible forms of the American nation will open the way to the invisible influences of the invisible Church of the future; and that in that proportion all the American Churches may rise out of the provincial and colonial condition of thought which has hitherto starved their mental life. We trust that they will bear in mind the prospects held out to them by the ancient pastor who in his farewell to the Pilgrim Fathers from the shores of

¹ Wilberforce's *American Church*, p. 31.

Europe uttered those memorable words: "I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for us—yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin," he said, and we may add neither Edwards nor Channing, neither Seabury nor White, "has penetrated into the whole counsel of God." They must receive as an article of the covenant both of American and European Christianity, that, in the words of their own latest intellectual oracle,²

"Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host."

They will know that—

"The word unto the Prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken."

They will know that—

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

² *The Problem*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A. P. STANLEY.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XLI.

"IT HAS ALL BEEN A LIE."

IN a week's time Saint-Méran had become a distinct element in the social atmosphere of Broxton and vicinity. He fell into his place at Rachel Ffrench's side with the naturalness of a man who felt he had some slight claim upon his position. He was her father's guest; they had seen a great deal of each other abroad. Any woman might have felt his well-bred homage a delicate compliment. He was received as an agreeable addition to society; he attended her upon all occasions. From the window of his work-room Murdoch saw him drive by with her in her carriage, saw him drop into the bank for a friendly chat with Ffrench, who regarded him with a mixture of nervousness and admiration.

Haworth, having gone away again, had not heard of him. Of late the Works had seen little of its master. He made journeys hither and thither, and on his return from such journeys invariably kept the place in hot water. He drove the work on and tyrannised over the hands from foremen to puddlers. At such times there was mysterious and covert rebellion, and some sharp guessing as to what was going on, but it generally ended in this. Upon the whole the men were used to being bullied, and some of them worked the better for it.

Murdoch went about his work as usual, though there was not a decent man in the place who did not gradually awaken to the fact that some singular change was at work upon him. He concentrated all his mental powers upon what he had to do during work hours, and so held himself in check, but he spent all his leisure in

a kind of apathy, sitting in his cell at his work-table in his old posture, his forehead supported by his hands, his fingers locked in his tumbled hair. Sometimes he was seized with fits of nervous trembling which left him weak. When he left home in the morning he did not return until night, and ate no mid-day meal.

As yet he was only drifting here and there; he had arrived at no conclusions; he did not believe in his own reasoning; the first blow had simply stunned him. A man who had been less reserved and who had begun upon a fair foundation of common knowledge would have understood; he understood nothing but his passion, his past rapture, and that a mysterious shock had fallen upon him.

He lived in this way for more than a week, and then he roused himself to make a struggle. One bright, sunny day, after sitting dumbly for half an hour or so, he staggered to his feet and took up his hat.

"I'll—try—again," he said, mechanically. "I'll try again. I don't know what it means. It may have been my fault. I don't think it was—but it may have been. Perhaps I expected too much." And he went out.

After he had been absent some minutes, Ffrench came in from the bank. He had been having a hard morning of it. The few apparently unimportant indiscretions in the way of private speculation of which he had been guilty were beginning to present themselves in divers unpleasant forms, and to assume an air of importance he had not believed possible. His best ventures had failed him, and things which he was extremely anxious to keep from Haworth's ears were assuming a shape which would render

it difficult to manage them privately. He was badgered and baited on all sides, and naturally began to see his own folly. His greatest fear was not so much that he should lose the money he had risked, as that Haworth should discover his luckless weakness and confront and crush him with it. As he stood in fear of his daughter, so he stood in fear of Haworth; but his dread of Haworth was, perhaps, the stronger feeling of the two. His very refinement added to it. Having gained the object of his ambition, he had found it not exactly what he had pictured it. Haworth had not spared him, the very hands had derided his enthusiastic and strenuous efforts; he had secretly felt that his position was ridiculous, and provocative of satire among the unscientific herd. When he had done anything which should have brought him success and helped him to assert himself, it had somehow always failed, and now——

He sat down in the managerial chair before Haworth's great table, strewn with papers and bills. He had shut the door behind him, and was glad to be alone.

"I am extremely unfortunate," he faltered aloud. "I don't know how to account for it." And he glanced about him helplessly. Before the words had fairly left his lips his privacy was broken in upon. The door was flung open and Murdoch came in. He had evidently walked fast, for he was breathing heavily, and he had plainly expected to find the room empty. He looked at Ffrench, sat down and wiped his lips.

"I want you," he began, with laboured articulation, "I want you—to tell me—what—I have done."

Ffrench could only stare at him.

"I went to the house," he said, "and asked for her." (He did not say for whom, nor was it necessary that he should. Ffrench understood him perfectly.) "I swear I saw her standing at the window as I went up the path. She had a purple dress on

—and a white flower in her hair—and Saint-Mèran was at her side. Before, the man at the door never waited for me to speak; this time he stood and looked at me. I said, 'I want to see Miss Ffrench,' he answered, 'She is not at home.'—'Not at home,' breaking into a rough laugh—" 'not at home' to me!"

He clenched his fist and dashed it against the chair.

"What does it mean?" he cried out. "What does it mean?"

Ffrench quaked.

"I—I don't know," he answered, and his own face gave him the lie.

Murdoch caught his words up and flung them back at him.

"You don't know!" he cried. "Then I will tell you. It means that she has been playing me false from first to last."

Ffrench felt his position becoming weaker and weaker. Here was a state of affairs he had never seen before; here was a madness which concealed nothing, which defied all, which flung all social presuppositions to the winds. He ought to have been able to palter and equivocate, to profess well-bred surprise and some delicate indignation, to be dignified and subtle; but he was not. He could only sit and wonder what would come next, and feel uncomfortable and alarmed. The thing which came next he had not expected any more than he had expected the rest of the outbreak.

Suddenly a sullen calmness settled upon the young fellow—a calm which spoke of some fierce determination.

"I don't know why I should have broken out like this before you," he said. "Seeing you here when I expected to fight it out alone, surprised me into it. But there is one thing I am going to do. I'll hear the truth from her own lips. When you go home I will go with you. They won't turn me back then, and I'll see her face to face."

"I——" began Ffrench, and then added, completely overwhelmed, "Very—perhaps it would be—be best."

"Best!" echoed Murdoch, with another laugh. "No, it won't be best; it will be worst; but I'll do it for all that."

And he dropped his head upon the arms he had folded on the chair's back, and so sat in a forlorn, comfortless posture, not speaking, not stirring, as if he did not know that there was any presence in the room but his own.

And he kept his word. As Ffrench was going out into the street at dusk he felt a touch on his shoulder, and turning, found that he stood close behind him.

"I'm ready," he said, "if you are."

When they reached the house, the man who opened the door stared at them blankly, which so irritated Ffrench that he found an excuse for administering a sharp rebuke to him about some trifle.

"They are always making some stupid blunder," he said to Murdoch as they passed up stairs to the drawing-room.

But Murdoch did not hear.

It was one of the occasions on which Rachel Ffrench reached her highest point of beauty. Her black velvet dress was almost severe in its simplicity, and her one ornament was the jewelled star in her high *coiffure*. M. Saint-Méran held his place at her side. He received Murdoch with *empressement*, and exhibited much tact and good feeling. But Murdoch would have none of him. He had neither tact nor experience.

His time did not come until the evening was nearly over, and it would never have come if he had not at last forced her to confront him by making his way to her side with a daring which was so novel in him that it would have mastered another woman.

Near her he trembled a little, but he said what he had come to say.

"To-day," he said, "when I called—your servant told me you were not at home."

She paused a moment before answer-

ing, but when she did answer he trembled no more.

"That was unfortunate," she said.

"It was not true—I saw you at the window."

She looked him quietly in the face, answering him in two words,

"Did you?"

He turned on his heel and walked away. His brain whirled; he did not know how he got out of the room. He was scarcely conscious of existence until he found himself out of doors. He got beyond the gate and into the road and to the end of the road, but there he stopped and turned back. He went back until he found he was opposite the house again, looking up at the lighted window, he did not know why. A sharp rain was falling, but he did not feel it. He stood staring at the window, mechanically plucking at the leaves on the hedge near him. He scarcely knew whether it was a curse or a sob which fell from his lips and awakened him at last.

"Am I going mad?" he said. "Do men go mad through such things? God forbid—if there is a God! It has all been a lie—a lie—a lie!"

CHAPTER XLII.

"ANOTHER MAN!"

In two days Haworth returned. He came from the station one morning, not having been home. He did not go to the Works, but to the bank and straight into Ffrench's private room.

The look this unhappy gentleman gave him when he saw him was a queer mixture of anxiety, furtive query, and amiably frank welcome,—the frank welcome a very faint element indeed, though it was brought to light by a violent effort. Haworth shut the door and locked it, and then turned upon him, his face black with rage.

"Say summat!" he ground out through his teeth. "Say summat as'll keep me from smashing every bone in your body!"

Ffrench gave him one hopeless

glance and wilted into a drooping, weakly, protesting, humiliated figure.

"Don't—don't be so severe, Haworth," he said. "I—I——"

"Blast you!" burst in Haworth, pitilessly. "You've ruined me!"

He spoke under his breath. No one in the room beyond could hear a word, but it was a thousand times more terrible than if he had roared at the top of his voice, as was his custom when things went amiss.

"You've ruined me!" he repeated. "You! A chap that's played gentleman manufacturer; a chap I've laughed at; a chap I took in to serve my own ends—ruined me, by——"

"Oh, no, no!" the culprit cried out. "My dear fellow, no! No, no!"

Haworth strode up to him and struck his fist against the table.

"Have I ever told you a word of what was going on?" he demanded.

"No! no!"

"Have I ever let you be aught but what I swore you should be at th' first—a fellow to play second fiddle and do what he was told?"

Ffrench turned pale. A less hard nature would have felt more sympathy for him.

"No," he answered, "you have not," and his chin dropped on his breast.

Haworth shook his fist in his face. He was in a frenzy of rage and despair.

"It's been going from bad to worse for six months," he said; "but you were not up to seeing it stare you in the face. Strikes are the things for trade to thrive on! One place after another gone down and Jem Haworth's stood up. Jem Haworth's out-done 'em all. I've not slept for three months, my lad. I've fought it like a tiger! I've not left a stone unturned. I've held my mouth shut and my eyes open,—aye, and held my breath, too. I've sworn every time I saw daylight that I'd hold it out to the end and show 'em all what Haworth was made of, and how he stood when th' nobbs went down at the first drive. I'd sooner have hell than what's bound to come

now! And it's you that's done it. You've lost me twenty thousand pound,—twenty thousand, when ten's worth more to me than a hundred was twelve month since!"

Ffrench quailed like a woman.

"Are—are you going to murder me?" he said. "You look as if you were."

Haworth turned on his heel.

"You're not worth it," he answered, "or I'd do it, by the Lord Harry."

Then he came back to him.

"I've paid enow for what I've never had, by George," he said, with bitter grimness.

"For what you have——" Ffrench began.

Haworth stopped him by flinging himself down in a chair near him—so near that their faces were brought within uncomfortably close range of each other. There was no avoiding his eye.

"You know what," he sneered.

"None better."

"I——" Ffrench faltered.

"Blast you!" said Haworth. "You played her like bait to a fish—in your gentleman's fashion."

Ffrench felt a little sick. It was not unnatural that he should. A man of refined instincts likes less than any other man to be confronted brutally with the fact that he has, however delicately, tampered with a coarseness.

Haworth went on.

"You knew how to do it, and you did it—gentleman way. You knew me, and you knew I was hard hit, and you knew I'd make a big throw. That was between us two, though we never said a word. I'd never give up a thing in my life before, and I was mad for her. She knew how to hold me off, and gave me plenty to think of. What else had you, my lad? 'Haworth's' didn't want a gentleman; 'Haworth's' didn't want brass, and you'd none to give if it did. It wasn't *you* who was took in partner; it was what Jem Haworth was aiming at—and has missed, by ——"

He got up, and, pushing his chair

back, made a stride towards the door. Ffrench was sure he was going away without another word, but he suddenly stopped and turned back.

"I'd sooner take hell than what's comin'," he repeated in a hoarse whisper. "And it's you that's brought it on me; but if I'd got what I aimed at, it might have come and welcome."

Then he went out.

He went across to the Works, and, going into his room, he found Murdoch standing at one of the windows gazing out at something in the street. He was haggard and gaunt, and had a vacant look. It occurred to Haworth that some sudden physical ailment had attacked him. He went up to his side.

"What have you found, lad?" he demanded.

The next instant his own eyes discovered what it was. An open carriage was just drawing up before the bank. Rachel Ffrench sat in it and Saint-Mèran was with her.

He looked at them a second or so and then looked at Murdoch—at his wretched face and his hollow eyes. An unsavoury exclamation burst from him.

"What!" he cried out after it. "There's another man, is there? Is it that?"

"Yes," was Murdoch's monotonous reply. "There's another man."

CHAPTER XLIII.

"EVEN."

THE same evening M. Saint-Mèran had the pleasure of meeting an individual of whom he had heard much, and in whom he was greatly interested. This individual was the master of "Haworth's," who came in after dinner.

If he had found Murdoch a little trying and wearisome, M. Saint-Mèran found Haworth astounding. He was not at all prepared for him. When he walked into the room as if it were his own, gave a bare half-nod to

Ffrench, and carried himself aggressively to Miss Ffrench's side, Saint-Mèran was transfixed with astonishment. He had heard faint rumours of something like this before, but had never dreamed of seeing it. He retreated within himself and occupied himself with a study of the manners and characteristics of the successful manufacturers of Great Britain.

"He is very large," he said, with soft sarcasm, to Miss Ffrench. "Very large indeed."

"That," replied Miss Ffrench, "is probably the result of the iron trade."

The truth was that he seemed to fill the room. The time had passed when he was ill at ease in the house. Now he was cool to defiance. Ffrench had never found him so embarrassing as he was upon this particular evening. He spoke very little, sitting in his chair silent, with a gloomy and brooding look. When he directed his attention upon any one, it was upon Rachel. The prolonged gaze which he occasionally fixed upon her was one of evil scrutiny, which stirred her usually cool blood not a little. She never failed, however, to meet it with composure. At last she did a daring thing. Under cover of a conversation between her father and Saint-Mèran, she went to the table at his side and began to turn over the books upon it.

"I think," she said, in an undertone, "that you have something to say to me."

"Aye," he answered, "I have that; and the time'll come when I shall say it, too."

"You think I am afraid to hear it," she continued. "Follow me into the next room and see."

Then she addressed her father, speaking aloud.

"Your plans for the new bank are in the next room, I believe," she said. "I wish to show them to Mr. Haworth."

"Y—yes," he admitted, somewhat reluctantly. "They are on my table."

She passed through the folding doors,

and Haworth followed her. She stopped at one of the windows and waited for him to speak, and it was during this moment in which she waited that he saw in her face what he had not seen before—a faint pallor and a change which was not so much a real change as the foreshadowing of one to come. He saw it now because it chanced that the light struck full upon her.

"Now," she said, "say your say. But let me tell you that I shall listen not because I feel a shadow of interest in it, but because I *know* you thought I shrank from hearing it."

He pushed open the French window and strode on to the terrace.

"Step out here," he said.

She went out.

"This," he said, glancing about him, "this is th' place you stood on th' night you showed yourself to the strikers."

She made no answer.

"It's as good a place as any," he went on. "I'm going," with bitter significance, "to have it out with you."

Then, for the first time, it struck her that she had overstepped the mark and done a dangerous thing, but she would have borne a great deal sooner than turn back, and so she remained.

"I've stood it a long time," he said, "and now I'm going to reckon up. There's a good bit of reckoning up to be done betwixt you and me, for all you've held me at arm's length."

"I am glad," she put in, "that you acknowledge that I did hold you at arm's length, and that you were not blind to it."

"Oh," he answered, "I wasn't blind to it, no more than you were blind to the other; and from first to last it's been my comfort to remember that you weren't blind to the other—that you knew it as well as I did. I've held to that."

He came close to her.

"When I give up what I'd worked twenty year to get, what did I give it up for? For *you*. When I took

French in partner, what did I run the risk for? For *you*. What was to pay me? *You*."

His close presence in the shadow was so intolerable to her that she could have cried out, but she did not.

"You made a poor bargain," she remarked.

"Aye, a poor bargain; but you were one in it. You bore it in your mind, and you've bore it there from then till now, and I've got a hold on you through it that's worth summat to me, if I never came nigh nor touched you. You knew it, and you let it be. No other chap can pay more for you than Jem Haworth's paid. I've got that to think of."

She made a gesture with her hand.

"I—I—hush!" she cried. "I will not hear it!"

"Stop it, if you can. Call 'em if you want, and let 'em hear—th' new chap and all. You shall hear, if all Broxton comes. I've paid twenty-five year' of work and sweat and grime; I've paid 'Haworth's'—for I'm a ruined chap as I stand here; and but for *you* I'd have got through."

There was a shock in these last words; if they were true the blow would fall on her too.

"What," she faltered,—“what do you mean?”

"Th' strikes begun it," he answered laconically, "and he," with a jerk of his thumb towards the room in which her father sat, "finished it. He tried some of his gentleman pranks in a quiet way, and he lost money on 'em. He's lost it again and again, and tried to cover it with fresh shifts, and it's 'Haworth's' that must pay for 'em. It'll come sooner or later, and you may make up your mind to it."

"What were you doing?" she demanded, sharply. "You might have known——"

"Aye," he returned, "what was I doing? I used to be a sharp chap enow. I've not been as sharp i' th' last twelve month, and he was up to it. He thought it was his own brass,

likely—he'd give summat for it as belonged to him."

He came nearer to the light and eyed her over.

"You've had your day," he said. "You've made a worse chap of me than I need have been. You—you lost me a friend; I hadn't counted that in. You've done worse by him than you've done by me. He was th' finer mak' of th' two, and it'll go harder with him. When I came in, he was hanging about the road-side, looking up at the house. He didn't see me, but I saw him. He'll be there many a night, I dare say. I'd be ready to swear he's there now."

"Whom do you mean?"

"I mean—Murdoch!"

The very sound of his own voice seemed to fire him with rage. She saw a look in his eye which caused her to shrink back. But she was too late. He caught her by the arm and dragged her towards him.

A second later, when he released her, she staggered to one of the rustic seats and sank crouching into it, hiding her face in the folds of her dress. She had not cried out, however, or uttered a sound, and he had known she would not.

He stood looking down at her.

"A gentleman wouldn't have done it," he said, hoarsely. "I'm not a gentleman. You've held me off and trampled me under foot. That'll leave us a bit even."

And he turned on his heel and walked away into the darkness.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"WHY DO YOU CRY FOR ME?"

WHEN he said that he had seen Murdoch standing in the road before the house, he had spoken the truth. It was also true that even as they stood upon the terrace he was there still.

He was there every night. Where he slept or when, or if at all, his mother and Christian did not know; they only knew that he never spent a

night at home. They barely saw him from day to day. When he came home in the morning and evening, it was to sit at the table, rarely speaking, scarcely tasting food, only drinking greedily the cup of strong coffee Christian always had in readiness for him. The girl was very good to him in these days. She watched him in terror of his unnatural mood. He hardly seemed to see them when they were in the room with him; his eyes were hollow and burning bright; he grew thin and narrow-chested and stooped; his hands were unsteady when he lifted anything.

When she was alone, Christian said to herself again and again:

"He will die. There is no help for it. He will die—or worse."

One morning she came down to find him lying on the sofa with closed eyes and such a deathly face that she almost cried out aloud. But she restrained herself and went into the kitchen as if to perform her usual tasks. Not long afterwards she returned, carrying a little tray with a cup of hot coffee upon it.

"Will you drink this for me?" she said to him.

He opened his eyes a little impatiently, but he sat up and drank it.

"It's very good," he said, as he fell back again into his old position, "but you mustn't put yourself to trouble for me."

Afterwards the coffee was always ready for him when he came in, and he got into the habit of drinking it mechanically.

The books he had been accustomed to pore over at every leisure moment lay unopened. He neither touched nor looked at them.

The two women tried to live their lives as if nothing were happening. They studiously avoided questioning or appearing to observe him.

"We must not let him think that we talk of him," Christian said.

She showed a wonderful gentleness and tact. Until long afterwards, Mrs. Murdoch scarcely knew what support

and comfort she had in her. Her past life had planted in her a readiness to despair.

"He is like his father," she said once. "He was like him as a child. He is very trusting and faithful, but when his belief is gone it is all over. He has given up as his father did before he died. He will not try to live."

He did not try to live, but he did not think of death. He was too full of other morbid thoughts. He could not follow any idea far. A thousand of them came and went and in the end were as nothing.

"Why," he kept saying to himself weakly and wearily,—"*why* was it? What had I done?"

"It was a strange thing to choose me out of so many," he said. "I was hardly worth it. To have chosen another man would have served her better."

He did not know how the days passed at the Works. The men began to gaze at him askance and mutter to each other when he went by.

"Th' feyther went daft," they said. "Is this chap goin' th' same way?"

It was only the look of his face which made them say so. It was not likely that he would make any outcry, and he got through his work one way or another. But the days were his dread. The nights, strange and dreadful though they might be, were better than the broad daylight, with the scores of hands about him and the clangour of hammers and whirr of machinery. He fell into the habit of going to the engine-room and standing staring at the engine, fascinated by it. Once he drew nearer and nearer with such a look in his eye that Floxham began to regard him stealthily. He went closer, pace by pace, and at last made a step which brought a shout from Floxham, who sprang upon him and tore him away.

"What art at, tha foo'?" he yelled. "Does tha want to be takken whoam on a shutter?"

Wakening, as it were, with a long-

drawn breath, "I forgot," he said; "that was it. I was thinking of another thing."

The time came at length when he had altered so that when he went out his mother and Christian often sat up together half the night trembling with a fear neither of them would have put into words. As they sat trying to talk, each would glance at the other stealthily, and when their eyes met, each would start as if with some guilty thought.

On one of the worst and most dreadful of nights, Christian suddenly arose from her seat, crossed the hearth and threw herself upon her knees before her companion.

"I am going out," she said. "Don't—don't try to keep me."

"It is midnight," Mrs. Murdoch answered, "and—you don't know where to go."

"Yes," the girl returned, "I do. For God's sake, let me go! I cannot bear it."

The woman gave her a long look, and then said a strange and cruel thing.

"You had better stay where you are. It is not *you* he wants."

"No," bitterly, "it is not me he wants; but I can find him and make sure—that he will come back. And then you will go to sleep."

She left her in spite of her efforts to detain her. She was utterly fearless, and went into the night as if there was no such thing as peril on earth.

She did know where to go, and went there. Murdoch was standing opposite the house in which Rachel Ffrench slept.

She went to him and put her hand on his arm.

"What are you doing here?" she said, in a low voice.

He turned and gave her a cold, vacant look. He did not seem at all surprised at finding her dark, beautiful young face at his very shoulder.

"I don't know exactly," he said. "Can you tell me?"

"We have been waiting for you," she said. "We often wait for you. We cannot rest when you are away."

"Do you want me to go home and go to bed decently and sleep?" he said. "Do you suppose I would not, if I could? I always start from here and come back here. I say to myself, 'It will take me an hour to reach the place where I can see her window.' It is something to hold one's mind in check with. This rambling—and—and forgetting what one has meant to think about is a terrible thing."

"Come home with me," she said. "We will not talk. You can lie on the sofa and we will go away. I want your mother to sleep."

Something in her presence began to influence him to a more sane mood.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "It is midnight."

"I am not afraid," she answered. "I could not bear to stay in the house. We sit there——"

An idea seemed to strike him suddenly. He stopped her.

"Did you come," he asked deliberately, "because you thought I might do myself harm?"

She would not answer, and after waiting a second or so he went on slowly:

"I have thought I might myself—sometimes, but never for long. You have no need to fear. I am always stopped by the thought that—perhaps—it is not worth it after all. When things look clearer, I shall get over it. Yes—I think I shall get over it—though now there seems to be no end. But—some day—it will come—and I shall get over it. Don't be afraid that I shall do myself harm. If I am not killed—before the end comes—I shall not kill myself. I shall know it was not worth it after all."

The tears had been running down her cheeks as she stood, but she bit her lip and forced herself to breathe evenly, so that he might not find her out. But just then, as he moved, a great drop fell upon the back of his hand. He stopped and held it still, as if in the darkness he was trying to look at it. He began to tremble.

"Good God!" he cried. "You are crying. Why do you cry for me?"

"Because I cannot help it," she said in a half-whisper. "I do not cry often. I never cried for any one before."

He began to move slowly along at her side.

"I'll take you home," he said. "Don't cry."

To be continued.

BURNS'S UNPUBLISHED COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

IV.

THE next poem in the Commonplace Book was first published from it by Alexander Smith in the *Golden Treasury Burns*, 1865. It is as follows :—

Extempore—to Mr. Gavin Hamilton.

To you, Sir, this summons I've sent,
Pray whip till the pownie is fraething,
But if you demand what I want,
I honestly answer you, naething.—

Page 30.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
For idly just living & breathing,
While people of every degree
Are busy employed about—naething.—

Poor Centum per centum may fast,
And grumble his hurdies their claithing ;
He'll find, when the balance is cast ;
He's gane to the devil for—naething.—

The Courtier cringes and bows,
Ambition has likewise its plaything ;
A coronet beams on his brows,
And what is a Coronet ? naething.—

Some quarrel the presbyter gown,
Some quarrel Episcopal graithing,
But every good fellow will own,
Their quarrel is all about—naething.—

The lover may sparkle and glow,
Approaching his bonie bit gay thing ;
But marriage will soon let him know,
He's gotten a buskit up naething.—

The Poet may jingle and rhyme,
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time,
He's kindly rewarded with naething.—

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger & swear like a heathen ;
But collar him fast, I'll engage
You'll find that his courage is naething.—

Page 31

Last night with a feminine whig
A Poet she could na put faith in,
But soon, we grew lovingly big,
I taught her, her terrors were naething.—

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her and promised her —
naething.—

The Priest anathemas may threat,
Predicament, Sir, that we're baith in :
But when honor's reveillé is beat,
The holy artillery's naething.—

And now I must mount on the wave,
My voyage perhaps there is death in ;
But what of a watery grave !
The drowning a Poet is naething.—

And now as grim death's in my thought
To you, Sir, I make this bequeathing :
My service as lang as ye've ought,
And my friendship, by G——, when ye've
naething.

As this poem was first published from the *Commonplace Book*, I need not trouble the reader with variations. Probably Burns would not have used the expression 'feminine Whig' before his Edinburgh visit. He speaks of a lady whom he met at Kelso on May 9, 1787, as 'the old cross-grained, Whigish, ugly, slanderous Miss ——, with all the spleen of a disappointed ancient maid,' but she is not very likely to have been the subject of these verses.

From Mossgiel Burns writes, saying that he was to set off to-morrow, Feb. 25th, 1788, for Dumfriesshire, to his Clarinda, a lady practically separated from her husband, who had entangled him in the most impossible of rhapsodical flirtations, and who was indignant ultimately because he did not choose to wait for the chance that Providence might ultimately set her free to bless him, by depriving her of a husband who after all survived Burns by sixteen years.

" 'I this morning, as I came home, called for a certain woman. I am disgusted with her—I cannot endure her ! I, while my heart smote me for my profanity, tried to compare

her with my Clarinda; 'twas setting the expiring glimmer of a farthing taper beside the cloudless glory of the meridian sun. *Here* was tasteless insipidity, vulgarity of soul and mercenary fawning; *there* polished good sense, Heaven-born genius, and the most generous, the most delicate, the most tender passion. I have done with her, and she with me. I set off to-morrow for Dumfriesshire. 'Tis merely out of compliment to Mr. Miller, for I know the Indies must be my lot. I will write you from Dumfries, if these horrid postages don't frighten me. I just stay to write a few lines before I go to call on my friend, Mr. Gavin Hamilton."

One of the reasons that had just hurried him back from Edinburgh to Ayrshire, was that poor Jean Armour was again *enceinte*, and that her father had turned her out of doors. He had written, asking his friend, Robert Muir, to shelter her, but when he returned from Edinburgh, feeling that he could not leave her a burden on the generosity of any friend, he rented a lodging for her. The poor girl seems at this time not to have been able even to write, for he signed her name for her at her public marriage, nearly eight months later. Clarinda had just been sending him high-flown letters twice or thrice a day in Edinburgh, occasionally flavoured with passable sentimental verses. In the first hours of his return home, the contrast was no doubt all in favour of the absent mistress of his imagination, and against the wobegone girl whom her father had turned out of doors, and whom he felt to be a burden. It was under these feelings that he probably sent Gavin Hamilton this rollicking extempore, and Jean was the feminine Whig, who at first—not unnaturally—since he was very much disinclined to bind himself once more to her, 'could na put faith in her Poet.' No wonder he was unwilling, for her friends had thrust him savagely aside two years before, though he had made her all the reparation in his power. After entreating him to marry her, she had then sided with them and against him. They had now turned her out of doors to beg or starve. Even after he had induced her to put faith in

her Poet on the night of his return, he records next morning that he 'kissed her and promised her naething,' and he sends the bitter words I have quoted to her rival, Clarinda, a few hours afterwards. But Clarinda held him by a very uncertain tenure. The 'postages' seem to have been enough to frighten him from 24th February to 2nd March—'for now a long week,' when he sent her a scrap written 'at an inn, the post-office of the place, with just as long time as my horse eats its corn, to write you.' In that letter he calls her, 'My fair, my charming Poetess,' and adds, 'May all good things ever attend you.—I am ever, my dearest madam, yours, Sylvander.' Next day poor Jean brought him twin daughters, who died within a few days of their birth. Mr. Scott Douglas thinks the date, 3rd March, given in Burns's own handwriting for the birth of the second twins, in the family register in his family Bible, impossible. If there be a mistake, the 13th or the 23rd may have been the true date instead of the 3rd. One of the former twins—the little Jean whom the Armours had taken to bring up in their own house, when young Robert went to Mossgiel—had died three months previously, and it was not in a heart like Burns's to desert the poor girl, whom unless he married her, he had ruined, for the elegant and sentimental person who had courted and flattered him, and for the time no doubt turned his head. He writes Clarinda two more letters from the country—one from Mauchline on March 6th, and one from Mossgiel on the 7th—in neither of which he mentions Jean. He was back in Edinburgh before Monday, the 17th, and four letters to Clarinda between the Monday and the Friday close the correspondence. He met her again on the Saturday night, March 22nd. The expressions in his letters indicate that Clarinda's fondness equalled his own. On the 26th he was at Glasgow, posting to Dumfriesshire. On Sunday, the 30th, he was riding back 'through

a track of melancholy joyless moors, between Galloway and Ayrshire,' 'turning my thoughts to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.' On the 7th of April he wrote to his friend, Miss Margaret Chalmers—

"I have lately made some sacrifices for which were I *vivâ voce* with you, to paint the situation and record the circumstances, you would applaud me."

In fact when he returned from his melancholy ride, on the 30th of March, 'crooning' the words—

No birds sweetly singing, nor flowers softly springing,
Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless Despair,

to find his Jean weak from recent confinement, and saddened by the loss of their two infant daughters, a few days after their birth, he threw his sentimental grass-widow overboard, and tied himself once more to the illiterate girl who had given up everything for him.

Poor Clarinda's feelings may be inferred from his letter to Mrs. McLehose, from Ellisland, a year later, March 9, 1789—

"You will pardon me, madam, if I do not carry my complaisance so far as humbly to acquiesce in the name of 'Villain,' merely out of compliment to your opinion, much as I regard your judgment, and warmly as I regard your worth."

She had entangled him in a ridiculous and sentimental intrigue, at a time when he felt himself 'not under the smallest moral tie to Mrs. Burns'—she had filled it with long sermons and perpetual entreaties to respect her virtuous scruples, as he did—she had wheedled him into some sort of half understanding that he would wait for the inheritance of another, who, as it turned out, survived him sixteen years—and she called him a villain because he did his duty, and took his lot in life with the illiterate girl he had half ruined, instead of with the literary lady who was willing to be a permanent clog on his life in the interests of her vanity. Just before or after the birth of her infant daugh-

ters, he writes to his earliest and most intimate friend—

"I have taken the command myself, not ostensibly, but for a time in secret. I am gratified with your kind enquiries after her; as, after all, I may say with Othello,

'Excellent wretch,
Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!'"

Three days later he went to Edinburgh, and the 'expiring glimmer of the farthing taper,' which he was foolish enough to keep alight for three weeks longer, was the last of the serio-comic episode of Clarinda.

On Feb. 24th, 1788, Burns having spent the evening before—the evening of the day when he came home from Edinburgh—with Jean, was writing to Clarinda. I believe him to have sent this extempore to Gavin Hamilton, a few hours before calling on him, as an 'avant-courier,' of his visit. In the letter to Clarinda he writes that he is merely going to Dumfriesshire out of compliment to Mr. Miller, 'for I know the West Indies must be my lot.' No wonder that he says:—

And now I must mount on the wave
My voyage perhaps there is death in :
But what of a watery grave !

The drowning a Poet is naething.—

Gavin Hamilton's 'predicament with the session' refers of course to the minute of Church censure they had passed in 1784 on certain persons, of whom he was one, for irregular attendance at Divine ordinances, which on his complaint was ordered to be deleted from the Session Books by the superior Church Court, the Presbytery of Ayr, in 1785. He was 'dealt with' again on 2nd August, 1787. He explains the circumstances on the 8th, 'I was walking with my children in the forenoon in the garden, when some of them petitioned for a few new potatoes, having got none that season. I considered the request as so very reasonable, particularly from those who made it, that I did not scruple to listen to their demands; nor had I an idea that raising a few potatoes in a private garden would have given offence to any person more than pulling any

garden stuff.' His servant who dug the potatoes was publicly rebuked by the session, on 13th January, 1788. As there is no notice how the affair terminated with the master, it is probable that on the 24th February, 1788, when Burns despatched the extempore, Gavin Hamilton was still under the cloud of the priests' 'anathemas' for stiff-backed contumacy.

"Of the three zealous elders," says Robert Chambers, "constituting, along with the minister, the court by which Mr. Hamilton was prosecuted, and Burns rebuked, one put a period to his own life, and another" (Holy Willie) "died in a drunken fit, after becoming a convicted larcenist."

One of the three zealous elders seems to have taken little part in session business. Burns himself had had to stand with six others, he tells us, in the place of penitence on July 9, 1786. On one of his journeys in the autumn of 1787 he made his companion, Dr. Adair, sit down on the old cutty-stool at Dunfermline to receive a mimic rebuke. He was formally rebuked once more, before his public marriage, on 5th August, 1788, when he and Jean both acknowledged their irregular contract made about the beginning of April, and their sorrow for that irregularity. He was then invited to pay some fine, and he did so, by giving 'a guinea note for behoof of the poor.'

In 1859 my friend Mr. Jolly, her Majesty's Inspector of Schools in Inverness, saw Willie Patrick in Mauchline, who was Burns's herdboy from 1784 to 1788, while the brothers were at Mossgiel. He permits me to refer to private notes of his conversation with the old man—then eighty-three years of age—about two of the persons then in Mauchline, whose relations to the poet have made their names famous.

"Old Mr. Armour," he says, "was a kind of contractor or master builder, employing other masons, he and his sons being, as Patrick said, 'as guid workmen as ever lifted mell' (the maul or wooden hammer used by

masons to drive the iron chisel)." He owned his own house and several others near it in the Cowgate, had a good business, thought himself of the well-to-do class, and held no small opinion of his own consequence. He was of the stricter or "auld licht" sort, and therefore, by instinct and profession, disliked all freer ways, especially when combined with cleverness and sarcastic power. He would seem, however, not to have been perfectly correct in his own habits, though hard on others. It is certain that he had little liking for the poet when he came courting his daughter. "What kind of man was old Armour?" Mr. Jolly asked Patrick. "Surely a person of consequence in Mauchline, judging from his treatment of Burns?" "Ow, he was only a bit mason body, who used to snuff a good deal, and gay af'en tak' a bit dram." "Proud, was he? or why did he object to Burns so strongly?" "The thing was," said he, "he hated him, and would rather hae seen the deil himsel' comin' to the hoose to coort his dochter as him! He cu'dna bear the sicht o'm, and that was the way he did it!"

Of Gavin Hamilton, Patrick spoke, says Mr. Jolly, in the highest terms, designating him, like his master, as "the puir man's freend," which, he said, was the usual epithet accompanying the mention of his name in Mauchline. "He pointed out his grave to me with much feeling, saying, 'That's Gavin Hamilton's, sir, the puir man's freend, ye ken!' 'How did he get that name?' I asked, for the sake of getting his answer.' 'He was aye kind to the puir man, and aye took his pairt' (socially and professionally, it would seem). 'A guid man was Gavin Hamilton!'"

No letter to Gavin Hamilton in 1787 subsequent to the date of the Common-place Book has been preserved except that from Stirling, 28th August (Paterson's edition, iv. 269), in which this Extempore does not seem likely to have found a place. The time when the poem was entered in the

Common-place Book is no sure indication of its probable date.

Burns was not so staunch a Presbyterian and hater of prelacy as most of the farmers in these Covenanting districts. His friend Gavin Hamilton was suspected of a distinct leaning to Episcopacy, his grandfather having been an Episcopal curate. On August 25, 1787, Burns sees Linlithgow—

"The infamous stool of repentance standing in the old Romish way, on a lofty situation," and bursts out, "What a poor pimping business is a Presbyterian place of worship, dirty, narrow, and squalid, stuck in a corner of old popish grandeur such as Linlithgow and much more Melrose."

Page 32 of the Common-place Book begins with a poem by another author copied in Burns's handwriting. It is as follows:—

To the nightingale

On her leaving E—C—1784—By Mrs. Dr. Hunter—London.

Why from these shades, sweet bird of eve,
Art thou to other regions wildly fled?
Thy pensive song would oft my cares relieve,
Thy melancholy softness oft would shed
Peace on my weary soul, return again,
Return, and sadly sweet, in soothing notes
complain.—

At the still hour I'll come alone,
And listen to thy lovelorn trembling lay,
Or by the moon's beam on some mossy stone
I'll sit, and watch thy wing from spray to
spray;

Then when the swelling cadence slow shall
rise,
I'll join the plaintive strain in lowly murmuring
sighs.—

Ah, simple bird, where art thou flown!
What distant woodland now receives thy nest?
What distant echo answers to thy moan?
What distant thorn supports thy panting
breast?
Who e'er shall feel thy melting woes like me,
Or pay thee for thy song with such true
sympathy?

A sonnet in the manner of Petrarch—
By the Same.—

Come tender thoughts, with twilight's pensive
gloom,
Soften remembrance, mitigate despair,
And cast a gleam of comfort o'er the tomb.—

Methinks again the days and years return
When joy was young, and careless fancy
smiled,

Page 33.

When hope with promises the heart beguiled
When love illumed the world, and happiness
was born.—

Where are ye fled, dear moments of delight!
And thou, O best beloved! alas, no more
The future can the faded past restore,
Wrapped in the shades of Time's eternal
night.—

For me remains alone, through ling'ring years,
The melancholly Muse, companion of my
tears.—

Mrs. Dr. Hunter, London, was the wife of the celebrated surgeon, John Hunter, whom she married in 1771, when she was twenty-nine years of age and her husband forty-three. She was the sister of Sir Everard Home, of Greenlaw Castle in Berwickshire, a pupil of Hunter's, who ultimately wrote the great surgeon's life and edited some of his works. At the time of his sister's marriage he was only a boy of fifteen. It seems not too much to say of Sir Everard that he owed the high professional position he held in London mainly to his familiarity with the writings and manuscripts of his distinguished brother-in-law. The Hunters lived in Earl's Court, Brompton, a locality not now too familiar to the nightingale. Mrs. Hunter was the author of "My mother bids me bind my hair," "The Mermaid's Song," and others rendered famous by the music of Haydn, whose intimate friend she was. She died in 1821, having survived her husband twenty-eight years and being survived eleven years by her brother. These are the only poems by another hand which Burns has honoured with a place in the Common-place Book as it now stands. Clarinda's twelve lines, "Talk not of Love—it gives me pain," which were sent to him on January 3, 1788, may, however, have found a place there. In acknowledging them Sylvander writes—

"Your last verses have so delighted me that I have copied them in among some of my own most valued pieces which I keep sacred for my own use."

They may have been followed by the fourth stanza added by himself in his

letter after the new year, 1788, and varied as he there suggests. They are given to the tune "Banks of Spey," in Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, substantially as Burns altered them. The date in the Common-place Book immediately preceding the gap, pp. 23-26 is Dec. 23, 1788.

Mrs. Hunter was an intimate friend of Dr. Gregory, whose criticisms on Burns's poem on the Wounded Hare are given with great approval in Currie's edition, and Gregory sent him two poems by Mrs. Hunter—no doubt these two—as models for the correction of his style. Dr. Gregory's letter is so charming a specimen of the self-complaisant criticism with which the Edinburgh *literati* occasionally favoured Burns that I print it entire with the poem on the Wounded Hare as Burns sent it to Gregory and as it was altered by him after he had enjoyed the advantage of his Mentor's 'most rigorous criticisms.' It is difficult to know which to admire most, the intrepidity of Gregory or the modesty with which Burns deferred in part to a judgment incomparably inferior to his own. There is no wonder that he should have said to Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre,

"Sir, these gentlemen (the Edinburgh *literati*) remind me of some spinsters in my country who spin their thread so fine that it is neither fit for weft nor wool."

He tells Gavin Hamilton (March 8, 1787):—

"My two songs on Miss W. Alexander ('The Lass o' Ballochmyle') and Miss Peggy Kennedy" ('Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass'), published by the obstinate poet immediately afterwards in *Johnson's Museum*, 1787—the preface to which is dated May 22nd—"were likewise tried yesterday by a jury of *literati*, and found defamatory libels against the fastidious powers of Poesy and Taste: and the author forbidden to print them under pain of forfeiture of character. I cannot help almost shedding a tear to the memory of two songs that had cost me some pains and that I valued a good deal, but I must submit.

* * * *

"My poor unfortunate songs come again across my memory, d—n the pedant, frigid soul of criticism for ever and ever."

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Gregory was probably present, and foreman of the jury.

I print the amended poem on a Wounded Hare out of its place, as it is naturally connected with Mrs. Hunter's verses. Two pages of the Common-place Book intervene between them.

Burns sent the first draft of the Wounded Hare to Mr. Cunningham in the following letter:—

"ELLISLAND, 4th May, 1789.

"I have just put the last hand to a little poem, which I think will be something to your taste. One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed there is something in that business of destroying for our sport individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue.

On seeing a Fellow wound a Hare with a Shot
April 1789.

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live poor wanderer of the wood and field
The bitter little that of life remains
No more the thickening brakes or verdant
plains

To thee a home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek mangled innocent, some wonted form
That wonted form, alas! thy dying bed,
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy
head

The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom
warm.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe:
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side
Ah! helpless nurslings who will now
provide

That life a mother only can bestow?

Of as by winding Nith, I musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the worthless wretch, and mourn
thy hapless fate.

"Let me know how you like my poem. I am doubtful whether it would not be an improvement to keep out the last stanza but one altogether."

Dr. James G. Gregory, who was
Professor of the Practice of Medicine

in the University, was probably about this time brooding over the two volumes of Philosophical and Literary Essays which he published in 1792. In his Epistle to Creech Burns speaks of 'worthy Gregory's Latin face.' Gregory had presented him with a translation of the select orations of Cicero on April 23rd, 1787, which Burns received with hearty gratitude. The choice of the present probably indicates the obvious pedagogic instinct which tempted Hoy punningly to nickname Willie Nicol, Burns's schoolmaster fellow-traveller in the North, *Dick Latine*. Gregory, who was at this time a man of thirty-six—six years older than Burns—and of the best professorial blood in Scotland, sent his correspondent the following criticism:—

"EDINB., June 2, 1789.

"DEAR SIR,

"I take the first leisure hour I could command, to thank you for your letter, and the copy of verses inclosed in it. As there is real poetic merit, I mean both fancy and tenderness, and some happy expressions in them, I think they well deserve that you should revise them carefully, and polish them to the utmost. This, I am sure, you can do if you please, for you have great command both of expression and of rhymes; and you may judge from the two last pieces of Mrs. Hunter's poetry, that I gave you, how much correctness and high polish enhance the value of such compositions. As you desire it, I shall with great freedom give you my *most rigorous* criticisms on your verses. I wish you would give me another edition of them, much amended, and I will send it to Mrs. Hunter, who I am sure will have much pleasure in reading it. Pray give me likewise for myself, and her too, a copy (as much amended as you please) of the 'Water Fowl on Loch Turit.'

"The 'Wounded Hare' is a pretty good subject; but the measure or stanza you have chosen for it is not a good one: it does not flow well; and the rhyme of the fourth line is almost lost by its distance from the first; and the two interposed, close rhymes. If I were you, I would put it into a different stanza yet.

"Stanza 1. The execrations in the first two lines are too strong or coarse; but they may pass. 'Murder-aiming' is a bad compound epithet, and not very intelligible. 'Blood-stained,' in stanza iii. line 4, has the same fault; *bleeding* bosom is infinitely better. You have accustomed yourself to such epithets, and have no notion how stiff and quaint they appear to others, and how incongruous

with poetic fancy and tender sentiments. Suppose Pope had written, 'Why that blood-stained bosom gored,' how would you have liked it? *Form* is neither a poetic, nor a dignified, nor a plain, common word: it is a mere sportsman's word: unsuitable to pathetic or serious poetry.

"'Mangled' is a coarse word. 'Innocent' in this sense is a nursery word; but both may pass.

"Stanza 4. 'Who will now provide that life a mother only can bestow,' will not do at all: it is not grammar—it is not intelligible. Do you mean 'provide for that life which the mother had bestowed and used to provide for?'

"There was a ridiculous slip of the pen, 'Feeling' (I suppose) for 'Fellow,' in the title of your copy of verses; but even fellow would be wrong: it is but a colloquial and vulgar word, unsuitable to your sentiments. 'Shot' is improper too. On seeing a *person* (or a sportsman) wound a hare; it is needless to add with what weapon: but, if you think otherwise, you should say, *with a fowling piece*."

It must have been delightful to Dr. Currie to see Burns lectured in this peremptory fashion, and even more gratifying when he meekly kissed the rod.

"It must be admitted that this criticism is not more distinguished by its good sense than by its freedom from ceremony. It is impossible not to smile at the manner in which the poet may be supposed to have received it. In fact it appears, as the sailors say, to have taken him quite *aback*. In a letter which he wrote soon after, he says, 'Dr. G—— is a good man, but he crucifies me.' And again—'I believe in the iron justice of Dr. G——, but like the devils I believe and tremble.' However he profited by these criticisms, as the reader will find, by comparing this first edition of the poem with that published vol. iii. p. 337."

It is amusing now to see this couple of innocent and self-satisfied scholars lifting up their heels against Burns. Gregory certainly induced him to alter one of the most touching of his poems for the worse.

I now give the corrected version from the Common-place Book.

Page 35:

On seeing a fellow wound a hare—Spring—89.

Printed Vol. 3, p. 337.

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,

And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;

May never Pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever Pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:

No more the thickening brakes or verdant
plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime
yield.—

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted
rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed;
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy
head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.—

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its throes
woe,
playful
The helpless Pair espy thee o'er the plain;
Ah hapless helpless nurslings! who will now
sustain
Your little lives, or shield you from the foe!

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's art, and mourn thy
happless fate.—

This version is only a first modification, for Burns published the poem still further altered in 1793. The variations between that edition (I quote from the reprint in 1797) and the version just given from the Common-place Book, where it was not inserted till after August 10, 1789 (letter to Graham of Fintry, p. 33), are as follows:—

The title is ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT. In the fourth line there is 'Nor never' for 'nor ever.' The second and third stanzas are the same. The fourth stanza in the Common-place Book is omitted, so that Burns reverted to the idea he expressed in his letter to Cunningham before hearing from Gregory. The fifth stanza is unaltered.

This is how Burns modifies the poem in deference to the 'iron justice' of his academical critic. In the first place he retains the offensive 'fellow' instead of a *person* (or a sportsman) in the title, both in the Common-place Book and in the edition of 1793. In the former he omits 'with a shot,' but declines the elegant alternative suggestion of 'with a fowling-piece.'

In the fourth stanza, left out in 1793, he corrects the passage 'which will not do at all.' He pays no attention whatever to the remarkable suggestion 'If I were you, I would put it in a different stanza yet.' He leaves 'the execrations in the first two lines' which are 'too strong or coarse, but they may pass' just as they stand, and retains 'the bad compound epithet and not very intelligible,' 'murder-aiming.' He makes two trifling alterations not suggested by Gregory in the second stanza. He changes 'blood-stained' another 'bad compound epithet' not into 'bleeding' but into 'bloody,' in deference probably to Gregory's appeal to the authority of Pope. 'Innocent,' 'a nursery word in this sense,' is replaced, for the worse in my judgment, by 'wretch,' but Burns takes advantage of his learned correspondent's obliging remark that 'mangled,' though 'a coarse word,' may pass. In deference to his critic who was probably not aware that the authority of Chaucer and of Drayton could have been quoted for what 'is neither a poetic, nor a dignified, nor a plain common word,' Burns recasts the whole of the third stanza, so that we lose the pathetic contrast 'The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom warm,' and the colourless 'some place of wonted rest' replaces the suggestive 'some wonted form.' This is all the advantage we have gained from Burns's patronising critic. It is enough to make one's blood boil to have 'worthy Gregory with his Latin face' informing Burns that there is 'real poetic merit, I mean both fancy and tenderness and some happy expressions in them,' and telling the too probably wilful poet to 'revise them carefully, and polish them to the utmost. This I am sure you can do if you please, for you have great command both of expression and of rhymes.' Probably many of the Edinburgh literati would have told Burns that 'you may judge from the two last pieces of Mrs. Hunter's poetry that I gave you, how

much correctness and high polish enhance the value of such compositions.'

Gregory's last 'swashing blow' is to request 'that you would give me another edition of them, much amended, and I will send it to Mrs. Hunter, who, I am sure, will have much pleasure in reading it. Pray give me likewise for myself and her too, a copy (as much amended as you please) of the "Water Fowl on Loch Turit." 'I will frown as I pass by,' says his famous namesake who objected to 'colliers,' 'and let men take it as they list.' 'You have accustomed yourself to such epistles, and have no notion how stiff and quaint they appear to others, and how incongruous with poetic fancy and tender sentiment.' Poor Burns! He meekly copies out, among some of 'my own most valued pieces which I keep sacred for my own use,' Mrs. Dr.

Hunter's not inelegant lines to keep himself constantly in mind 'how much correctness and high polish enhance the value of such compositions.'

WILLIAM JACK.

NOTE.—In my article in the April number I referred to a statement made by the President of the Irvine Burns Club that emendations in the paraphrases of the Church of Scotland, which have been adopted in the edition now in use, were found in a MS. copy of the paraphrases in Burns's handwriting. On further inquiry I find that the MS. volume is the same which was described in the *Free Church Magazine* of May, 1847, where a *fac-simile* is given of a page containing the handwriting supposed to be Burns's. I have compared it carefully with the MSS. of the Common-place Book, and I have no hesitation in saying that the handwriting is not Burns's, and that the resemblances between the two are only superficial. In the July number the writer of the article in the *Free Church Magazine* expressed himself as satisfied on the point.

To be concluded in next number.

THE YOUNG WOMEN IN OUR WORKHOUSES.

THOSE of us who have ever entered a workhouse will not easily forget some of the sad impressions then made upon the mind. We remember the large, dreary wards—

“The walls so blank,
That my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there” —

the cleanliness which is oppressive, the order which tells of control in every detail. But gloomy as these are they are but the necessary surroundings of many of the people who come to end their days amid them. On their faces is written failure, having been proved useless to the world, they are cast away: out of sight, and too often out of mind, on to this sad rubbish-heap of humanity.

A closer inspection of this rubbish-heap, however, shows that it is not all worthless. Besides the many whom dissolute, improvident, or vicious courses bring to the workhouse, there are some who are more sinned against than sinful; some who are merely unfortunate, and who by a little wise help wisely given may become useful members of society.

It is of the young, single women that I would specially speak. Those whom one finds in the workhouse are usually there for one of three reasons. First, in order to seek shelter when about to become mothers; secondly, because they are driven thither by the evil results of profligacy; thirdly, because having failed in life they choose to enter there rather than to sin or to starve. It is of the first and third classes that I now write, for the second class is being dealt with, if not efficiently, at least earnestly, by many societies founded for that purpose.

From June, 1877, to June, 1878, in the seven unions of East London alone, there have been no less than 253 young girl mothers who have entered the infirmaries.

Some enter a few months before their confinement, driven to that inhospitable shelter from the sense of the value of their remaining character. And here a word about the neglect of any proper method of classification. There should be in all our workhouses accommodation which would allow of the separation of characters among classes; and power and encouragement should be given to the master and matron to carry this plan into effectual working. In one instance the authorities have so felt the need of such classification that in planning their new workhouse they arranged a little house, somewhat apart from the parent building. By some such means the more respectable of the young women might be placed under the supervision of one of the staff, so that the time which necessarily elapses before they can be again sent out, should be to them a time of instruction in what is good and desirable, instead of, as it now too often is, a time when they are corrupted by the evil influence of those worse than themselves.

But these 253—what becomes of them? On their recovery they cannot remain in the infirmary, and must be sent to the able-bodied house, there to live on prison fare, and to associate with the criminal and wilfully idle. Rather than do this many of them prefer to go out, taking their three-weeks' old babe with them, resolved to “get on” as best they can. That “best” is often the “worst.” With her character gone, with two mouths to feed instead of one, and with the loss of self-respect rapidly following the loss of the respect of others, the unfortunate mother falls into hopeless vice; or, perhaps, the giant temptation presents itself of sacrificing the little wailing life which stands between her and respectability. Unhelped, unencouraged as they are, who can

wonder that such mothers, so sorely tried, sometimes fall, and that the crime of infanticide is horribly rife?

But frequent as such results are, the end is not always thus tragic; the ruined girl often returns to her father's house and to the same conditions of life as before she fell. But this course, though not so apparently bad, is yet often very harmful. Her presence familiarises the younger members with vice, an unadvisable familiarity; for vice, while it gains much attractive power, gains also more deterrent force by its mystery in the minds of the young.

Sometimes the unwedded mother, on leaving the workhouse, honestly tries to get work at sack-making, factory-work, anything which will enable her to keep her little one near her; but it is a hard, an almost impossible task. The care of the child impedes the work, and thus it has to be put out to daily nurse. The ignorance, if not the apathy of its badly-paid nurse, and the unsuitability of its food, too often combine to extinguish the little flame which was burning to guide its mother back to virtue by the paths of love and self-control.

These, briefly, are some of the present evils which beset the lives of the young women who become mothers in our workhouses.

It was to cure some of such evils that a few ladies associated themselves together in the spring of 1876. We bound ourselves by no rules or by-laws, for the work is one which is entirely of an individual nature. Strong personal influence is brought to bear on each applicant, with a distinct and definite object in view, suggested by the character of the woman and the circumstances of the case. There have been, unfortunately, changes in our workers, but we have continued to visit, with fair regularity, both the infirmary and able-bodied house of our Union. When work is necessarily left so largely to individual initiative, depending on the character of the worker, each lady must, naturally, adopt her own method of doing

it. Some feel that they can do more *for* the girls in changing the circumstances of their lives, while others can do more *with* them by arousing their dormant moral natures and filling them with enthusiasm for good. But all ways of doing the work are needed, the more diverse the means, the larger the number of women likely to be reached. The very diversity of the means makes it difficult, however, to write about the work as it is done by all the co-operators. It is, therefore, well that I should speak only of my own experiences, and should tell of my own plan, which is simple.

I visit about once a week, and see alone in a room, which the Matron kindly lends me, each girl who has expressed a wish to see me and to lead a good life. I talk to her, find out carefully her antecedents, and send her statements to the Charity Organisation Society to be verified. I try to learn something of her character, of the ideal she has of her own life, of the plans she has made for the future, of the kind and manner of good which appears to her most attractive and desirable. On receipt of the Report of the Charity Organisation Society, I deal with each girl in accordance with her past life, placing her who has suffered from the allurements and excitements of the town, in the country, where the monotony and peace will protect her from herself; inducing her who has for long lived a lawless and undisciplined life to enter a Home or Refuge, where order and control will teach her the unlearned lessons; getting her for whom drink has been too strong, a situation with a teetotal family, who will help her by example as well as principle. For the woman whose maternal feeling wants frequent contact with her child to invigorate it, I get a place where the mistress, knowing all, will allow her servant often to see the little one; for the mother whose sense of shame is stronger than her love for the child, I find a place far removed from the caretaker of her baby, trusting that the money, which she weekly sends for it,

will keep in remembrance the sin of which she has been guilty and the innocent result of it.

It is a common idea that the only way of helping women sunk so low as these is to send them to Homes. This idea I would like to modify. Homes are very valuable in giving girls the opportunities of re-earning a character when, as they themselves say, they have "no one to speak for them." Still in all these cases where the fault which brought them to the workhouse (serious as it may be) has not undermined the whole character, it is, I think, better to send them at once to service. In their mistresses' houses they are, unconsciously, guarded from the grosser temptations which lone girls have to meet, being guided by influence rather than rule. The regular, if at times too hard, work of service demanded by the varying interests and needs of a family, is the greatest help to a healthy tone of mind. In a good home they see family life in all its beauty, they see the common-place virtues in a beautiful and attractive setting, and the kindness which is engendered between the served and the server helps the poor stumbling soul along the path of duty over many a rough and difficult place. "Oh! ma'am," as a girl said to me the other day, "the missus's baby is such a dear; he do make me forget such a lot;" a forgetfulness which was in her case the first necessary step towards a fairer future.

I make it my rule to tell every circumstance, however trivial, to the mistress, so that she can become in her turn the guardian of her servant against the besetting sin; and all honour be to those many ladies who have so generously come forward to take these girls into their own homes, sometimes giving them more wages than their services warranted, often helping them with clothes both for themselves and their children, and giving them too that priceless sympathy which outweighs every other gift. Such help saves more pain, and makes more righteousness than big,

barren subscriptions to far-off institutions, for

"The gift without the giver is bare."

If the girl has been a servant before she can obtain 15*l.* or 16*l.* a year; out of this she can pay 4*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* a week, and I assist her by paying 1*s.* or 6*d.* a week towards her baby's support. If the girl has never been a servant it is necessary that she should enter service at a much lower wage. I then pay more, taking as a rough estimate that she should pay two-thirds of her money, whatever it is.

My small payment has many advantages; it enables the mother to disassociate herself from her past corrupting association; it assists me to keep up constant communication with her, whereby I am enabled to advise about her future, her change of place, her friends; and it also enables me to keep a watchful eye on the little one. Its nurse coming weekly to receive the money from me, I can learn of its progress, can see if it is well cared for, and can by my interest encourage the nurse to do her best. As a rule the care-takers become very fond of their little charges. In one instance the mother having, alas! again returned to evil ways, the nurse continued to keep the baby without payment, jealously guarding him against his mother, "who might harm him when in drink." Another woman came to ask me for a nurse-child because, she said, she had had fourteen children of her own, and now that they were all out in the world, "her old man said it was so lonesome like." It is important, too, to choose the nurse carefully, for she has frequently a great influence on the mother, who will naturally be more inclined to listen to the wise words of one who is "good to her baby," than to any mere well-wisher. The mother thus gains a respectable friend of her own class, in many cases the first she has ever known. In one instance the nurse did what we had all failed to do. The mother was one of those people to whom pleasure is as necessary as

food and air. Among happier surroundings her sense of fun and capacity for enjoyment would have been a source of brightness, and rendered her a general favourite. For those in her sphere of life joy is an element considered unnecessary, and thus is an unprovided luxury. She had no desire to do wrong nor to offend, but pleasure she must have, and it not being to be obtained innocently, she took it lawlessly. Such conduct mistresses rightly would not allow, and she reached the workhouse when her boy was about three years old. I could find no trace of affection for the child, nor any feeling beyond a sense of irritation at its helplessness, and a desire to get it "into a home," and so be rid of the attendant responsibility. This last idea I refused to entertain, for I felt that responsibility would be her schoolmaster, and that if wisely arranged her child could lead her up "the difficult blue heights."

She was a thorough general servant; hence there was little difficulty in getting her into a place. A home for the boy was found, with a most demonstrative and affectionate nurse, who rarely spoke of him except as a "pretty lamb," and who loudly and frequently called on all to admire him. Little by little this influenced the young mother, who began to be interested in the much-talked-of and cared-for baby. The deducted wages were more cheerfully rendered for its support, and as love obtained admittance to her heart, and all the many cares which accompany a child brought interest into her life, there became less need for the outside pleasures. The craving for enjoyment found satisfaction in giving joys to the baby boy.

It would be easy to give many instances of the successes of this work, but one or two will suffice. Jane, a motherless girl of sixteen, brought up in a rough, low-class home, and sent to earn her bread before she could well distinguish good from evil, what wonder that she came into the only asylum open to her, harmed by the first man who had ever shown her a kindness?

She appeared indifferent to her fate, but she showed such passionate and self-giving devotion to the child, that I hoped the mother's character would be awakened by her feelings. I accordingly placed them in a house where they could be together; the child soon died, and Jane having greatly improved, I sent her to a situation, where she is doing well, and has got again some of the brightness of youth.

Emma, a woman of twenty-six, had for some years lived abroad with a man who promised her "English marriage," but who, on reaching England, basely deserted her. Characterless and unknown as she was, she tried in vain to get work to support herself and child; and at last, half dead with privation, she entered the "House." She had not a reference to give, nor a friend to apply to, but she did so thoroughly and well the work which the Matron gave her, and so earnestly pleaded to have a trial, that, trusting in my opinion of her sincerity, a good woman in the country took her as servant; who now, after two years of trial, writes to ask me to send her other servants, "as good as Emma." Her boy is placed in a village a few miles off, and all the holidays, most of the money, and many of the spare moments, are given to him, in whom is treasured the one bright memory of her dreary past.

But of each girl that I help, I could not tell such pleasant stories. There are many failures—Women, whose resolution deserts them before the old temptations, whose promises are as lightly broken as they were earnestly made. Girls, whose ill companions offer them bright, if lawless lives, and who leave the new hard ways for the well-known aimless, careless life.

But, in spite of many failures, we hopefully continue our work, in the belief (a belief founded on experience) that the idle can be induced to work and learn through her daily labour the gospel which work teaches; that the coarse-minded can yet see the

beauty of holiness if it is shown her greatly and plainly; that the ignorant can yet be taught if patience be given; that the careless may yet be circum-spect if cared for. We persevere, conscious that failures and disappointments are inevitable when the aim is not to make a temporary improvement, but to raise the ideas and radically change the habits of a class to help whom there has hitherto been so little effort made.

But there is yet the third class of girls who have been cast by the wave of misfortune into the workhouse. These are not touched by the societies for befriending young servants, for many have never been servants, and some have started on their career before the societies were formed. Some come in because their parents break up their homes and altogether "enter the House." In such a plight was poor Martha, a sickly girl of eighteen, too crippled to be fit for manual work. Her father was dead; her mother was so drunken that the workhouse was for her the only resort, and thither she came bringing her children with her and among them the poor weak Martha. The other children were sent to the district schools, but the cripple was too old to go there. There was nothing for her but to drag on a loveless, cheerless life, and make her home in that unhomely place. She was a bright willing lassie, but her labour, such as it was, was not needed there, where she was but one of the many useless ones who help to give trouble and swell the rates. I found her deft with her fingers, and capable, if not of entirely supporting herself, still of adding wealth to the world by her work. I soon found for her a home, where they were willing to teach her straw-basket work, and on drawing the attention of the guardians to her case, they at once consented to pay for the training. We occasionally see her. She has been taught to read and write, and to make bonnets and baskets quickly and well. She is very happy, and though sighing when speaking of the workhouse, she adds in the same

breath, "the Matron was real good to me there."

Some seek the workhouse because, alone in the world, and having lost their places, they know not where else to go. Some having drifted there more than once arouse the contempt and antagonism of the officers; and these, unloving and indifferent because unloved, lose all hope and interest, and grow stubborn and hard. With these girls my plan is to become their friend, and awaken their interest in life. One girl was sent to me, not yet twenty-one, who had passed through innumerable situations, who had been for six years in and out of the House continually, and who had once been sent to prison for a breach of the necessary discipline. She was pronounced "incorrigible" by the authorities. I confess to having felt powerless to work her reformation when I saw her. Her stubborn set face, her downcast dull eyes, her stolid refusal to speak in reply to whatever I said, her apathy on all subjects, made me feel that I had not a chance of touching her. I tried all ways, but at last aroused her by asking her to do something for me. The God-born sense of helpfulness in her awoke her sleeping soul. She felt she cared for the one person in all the world whom she had ever helped, and that affection has been her "saving grace." She is now earning 12*l.* a year, more, as she says, than she had "earned in two years afore," and her face, manners, and character are rapidly improving. She comes to me to help her to choose her new clothes, and I could not be but satisfactorily amused when the "incorrigible" pauper insisted on having a "high art" coloured dress, declaring that none of the others I suggested were "half so pretty." I could tell many such stories, many beginning brightly and ending sadly, some turning out better than their commencement would have justified us in hoping. I could tell of one poor child who, motherless, and worse than fatherless, after a short training in a Home, is now in service, and paying

towards the support of her younger sister. Of another, whose awakened conscience made her hesitate for long as to her right to be confirmed because of the sin ignorantly committed which brought her to the rates. I could tell of women, rough and untutored, who have joyfully taken the hard, self-restraining path which leads to righteousness, and who, having once been given great ideals, receive them as new truths, and patiently (pathetically so among their rude surroundings) endeavour to live up to them.

I think, though, I have said enough to induce other ladies to adopt the work. Taking the figures of the last two years' work at one workhouse, we have seen 141 women. Of these we have sent out, to service or to work, ninety-five; and out of these only five have again returned to the workhouse. Of many we have lost sight, which is not to be wondered at when the ignorance of the women of this class is considered. A letter is to them a thing to be much pondered, but rarely attempted. Some, after long silences, reappear to ask advice in some temporary difficulty, or to tell of progress made. Many remain close friends, coming to see me on every holiday, or writing long and affectionate letters. One wrote the other day thanking me for having "altered her position in the world for one of more sterling worth." Her future did look gloomy when first I became acquainted with her. She was the daughter of a sea-side lodging-house keeper, brought up in a cheap (and nasty!) boarding-school, was sent to London, with many false ideas about work, and some true ones about wickedness, to earn her living in any "genteel" employment. Her superficial education did not help her, and she came down lower and lower, till at last, finding herself in a lodging-house of doubtful reputation, she rightly chose the workhouse in preference to remaining there. Her widowed mother, unable to keep her, and fearful that her frivolities would influence badly her younger sisters, refused to receive her home. Her fine

ladyism and ignorance of any sort of household work were an effectual barrier to her taking service, while her sorry education prevented her even trying to teach. Service seemed to be the best opening for her, and the life best calculated to keep her straight. With some difficulty I persuaded her to look at it in this light, and then induced her to enter a servants' training home. She has earned good testimonials there, and is now a happy and useful servant.

The work is in itself simple, and yet has issues important not only to the individuals helped, but to the community at large, for it tends to lessen pauperism, prostitution, and infanticide. It would be well if every lady of England were to consider if she cannot take part in it. If she is not herself able to visit the workhouse, she can, perhaps, open her house and heart to one of these girls who so sadly need such protection and care. Or, if that be impossible, each might undertake to befriend one of them.

Around every workhouse, a committee of ladies might be formed. The meetings need not, perhaps, be formal nor frequent, but merely friendly gatherings to compare experience, and to discuss reports of the work done. The visiting of the workhouse is, perhaps, for reasons which will be appreciated by those who are familiar with official establishment, better left to two or three of the members, who, after seeing the girls and learning their histories, should pass one or more to each member of the committee to provide for. Every lady can be a member of such a committee. Every woman can befriend another, and perhaps may be the more moved to do so when she who needs the help is a girl no older than her own daughter in the schoolroom. There are few who cannot help the work of such committees by contributing 1s. a week for the helping of one little baby. Every one can spare a little of that loving care, can give a little of that all-saving friendship which so lavishly surrounds the life of most of us.

The work, too, is one which married ladies with homes, families, and social duties, can easily take up. Women in this position are debarred from much work for the poor, because their natural and thus more sacred, duties forbid them to run risks of infection, or to take up work which would necessitate the devoting of a regular, fixed day. But from both these disadvantages the work now under consideration is quite free. In the workhouse, the visitor is safe from infection; the visits can be made at any time, for the women are always there, and there is always somebody waiting to be helped whenever one can go. It is, of course, better to fix the day if possible so that those girls who have been seen once should be able to anticipate the second visit; but this is not at all essential. Frequently the duties of a mother or mistress do not permit her to be long absent from home. This work, excepting the periodical visit to the workhouse, can be done almost entirely from the writing-table in one's own house. It necessitates a good deal of correspondence in order to insure obtaining suitable situations and respectable nurses; but it requires comparatively little absence from home, for when the girl is once placed, the friendly connection can best be established and kept up in the lady's own house. There she can receive her otherwise friendless visitor, there she can strengthen the gentle bonds already begun in the House. There she can show to the homeless one some of the possibilities of home, and by such simple natural acts sow seed which will bring forth much good and happiness.

It is entirely a homely and personal work done in the home and in the interests of the individual and of the family; one full of elements of difficulty and frequently of disappointment and failure. It requires no costly machinery: wherever there is one

woman who cares for other women; wherever there is a home full of the joys of family life; wherever two or three can meet together in common work, there is all the force that is required. If in every union and all its parishes, or even in many unions and some of their parishes, those who think that the work which has been done by a few working together is a useful one, will take up their part of the burden as it lies near their door, the work may grow. If it grow naturally and by no enforced development, its results may be larger than yet can be foreseen. New thought may develop new plans, wider interest may bring wider change. Our workhouses may become the means of restoring to joy and self-respect many who now leave these walls sad and degraded. Society may be strengthened by the new link between the envied rich and the unknown pauper; a link of unassailable strength, being formed of love and service. And if none of these things come to pass, the effort must still be good which rouses into action a part of that family life which in its rest is so beautiful.

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

[It is gratifying to find that the excellent work described in the foregoing pages is appreciated as it deserves. The Board of Guardians of the Whitechapel Union passed the following Resolution at their meeting of December 17th, 1878:—

That the best thanks of this Board be given to Mrs. Barnett and the ladies associated with her for the invaluable service rendered to the Union and the Community in the rescue of pauper women from a life of dependence and, oftentimes, degradation, and in assisting them to regain positions of independence and respectability, as also for the excellent Report now submitted and read, and that this Board do further express to Mrs. Barnett and her co-workers their grateful appreciation of the noble work in which they are engaged.

—EDITOR.]

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN SICILY.

V.—OUTER SYRACUSE.

WE have already marked the great feature in the historical topography of Syracuse, namely that the newest city has shrunk up again within the oldest boundaries. So, we have also remarked, is the case at Akragas. The modern Girgenti occupies the akropolis only, as the modern Syracuse occupies that which at Syracuse historically answers to an akropolis, the island of Ortygia. But there is a difference in feeling in the two cases, a difference which perhaps arises from the difference between an akropolis and an island. In looking up from Ortygia, we cannot so readily take in the whole of the outer Syracuse as we can take in the whole of the outer Akragas in looking down from modern Girgenti. At Girgenti we are better able to take in at a glance that the whole once really was one city, a lesson which at Syracuse we know beforehand from the map, but which it takes some time practically to grasp. The remains of Akragas too come nearer to being scattered over the whole of the once inhabited area, and from the smaller size of that area they stand within nearer reach of one another. But at Syracuse the distant points have to be reached either by a walk passing over the hill or by a drive skirting its base, a walk or drive so long that it is easy to forget for a moment that we are crossing what once were the streets, or following what once was the wall, of a single continuous city. From the castle of Maniakès, or indeed from any point within the island, to the fort of Euryalos, is truly a journey. When we reach the goal of the journey, we feel more thoroughly in another world than we do at any point of the area of Akragas, nay even at any point within the walls

of Rome. Many points within the walls of Rome are desolate enough, and are thoroughly cut off from the inhabited parts of the city. But there is the presence of the existing walls to bind them all together. At no point within the circuit of Aurelian do we ever forget that we are in Rome. But it is something like a trial of faith to believe that Euryalos ever was part of the Syracusan city. It might, it strikes us at the first distant glance, have been an outpost of the Syracusan territory; it is surely too far off to have ever become part of the defences of the city itself. And this fancy may perhaps be strengthened by the impression which is for ever made on our minds by that particular piece of Syracusan history with which most of us are most familiar. The Syracuse which was besieged by Nikias was in an intermediate stage between the Syracuse of Archias and the Syracuse of the second Hierôn. The Euryalos of that day was no part of the immediate defences of the city, but a detached fort, answering, it would seem—I speak under correction from military experts—to the forts which crown the more distant heights above Verona and Ragusa. Again, there is a very distinct division between two parts of outer Syracuse, which two parts stand in two very different relations to the inner Syracuse. The chief remains of the outer city are clustered together at no great distance from one another, at no great distance from the inner city itself. The chief objects to which the traveller is carried—the theatre, the amphitheatre, the altar of Hierôn, the so-called ear of Dionysios, the quarries, the catacombs—all group more or less together, and we do not feel that they are wholly foreign to Ortygia. It is

not till we reach the lonely fort far away that we fully feel ourselves in another region. Then it does need an effort to bring to our minds the truth that we are still in Syracuse; and in making that effort, we fully take in what the greatness of Syracuse really was.

The oldest part of the outer city—for a long while distinctively the outer city—is the high ground known as Achradina, immediately overlooking the sea on two sides. It turns the corner by the headland which, in a corrupted shape, still keeps the name of the Panagia, a remembrance of the days when Syracuse had become Christian without ceasing to be Greek. This, the first Syracuse beyond the island, seems to have been originally a wholly distinct town, with its own fortifications, which did not even touch those of Ortygia. The point in dispute is whether this state of things lasted down to the Athenian siege, and whether it was the needs of warfare at that moment of danger which first caused the whole or part of the lower ground between the island and the hill to be taken within the defences of the city. That Achradina should have its own defences was not wonderful. It was in some sort the akropolis: physically at all events it was such; it may even have in some sort played the part of an akropolis during the days of the commonwealth. It was Dionysios who made Ortygia the special stronghold of despotism. It is certainly unusual for a city to enlarge itself on ground not wholly contiguous, with an undefended space left between the two parts. Such an arrangement would suggest, what otherwise there is no hint of, that Ortygia and Achradina were distinct settlements fused into one city and girded by common defences, like the hills of Rome. In such a case the fact that one of the chief parts of the city, that which was most thickly filled with public buildings, arose on the ground between the height and the island, would be exactly analogous to the Roman forum. But

there is nothing to make us think that Achradina ever was a settlement distinct from Syracuse, or that it was anything but an enlargement of the ancient island city. And it must be remembered that, as long as the island was an island, before it was artificially joined to the mainland, the conditions were not exactly the same as those of a city extending itself over an adjoining hill or plain. Where water had to be crossed, no point was absolutely contiguous, and the new settlement might be made at any point that was thought good. Still it is hard to believe that the ground between Achradina and Ortygia remained altogether unwallled till the coming of the Athenian fleet. Uninhabited it could not have remained; it must in any case have been a populous suburb. From the days of the great siege at least, it became, together with the part of the hill immediately above it—under the name of *Neapolis*, *Newtown*—an essential part of the city. The name suggests some thoughts. We think of other cities, where the newer settlement alone remains, and where the elder has ceased to be a dwelling-place of man. It is so in a crowd of cities, among which we may fairly count Athens and Rome. The Akropolis and the Palatine are museums of antiquity, not habitations of men. Corinth has come down from her height, and has now wandered altogether away to the shore. Modern Corfu stands on another peninsula from ancient Korkyra, as distinct as New Salisbury in the plain from Old Salisbury on the hill. But at Syracuse we may rather think of another Neapolis, one with which Syracuse and all Sicily have sometimes had more to do than they have wished, that Campanian Neapolis on the shore which supplanted the elder Parthenopé on the height. There the new city rose to greatness, while the elder city—the *Palaïpolis*—vanished out of sight and out of mind, perhaps to come again into being in our own time as a scattered suburb of the new. Naples,

prize of Belisarius and Roger, lines the shore of her bay, while modern villas are covering the site of the true Parthenopê above. But at Syracuse old and new mean the same thing; the old abides; it is the intermediate state of things which passes away. The Newtown of Syracuse, forsaken save for a scattered dwelling here and there, remains thick set with the remains of later Syracusan and of Roman antiquity. Here some monument or other of the great days of Syracuse presses on our sight at every moment. On Achradina we have to look even for antiquities; sites of walls, houses, streets may be traced; but the great buildings lie below. It is for the botanist to say whether the tree, the wild pear, if I mistake not, from which the quarter takes its name, is still to be found there. The pear of Achradina may make us think of the hoar apple-tree of our own Senlac. And Achradina is now as desolate as Senlac could have been before the abbey of the Battle rose on its height. So is Tycha; so are all the newer parts of the city of great cities. It is in the primitive settlement of the first colonists that the life of Syracuse has never ceased.

The ancient remains which cluster under the slope of Neapolis are a wonderful group, and a group which brings up vividly before our minds some of the main features and main contrasts in Syracusan history. No great temple survives; Athênê and Artemis in the older city, Zeus in his holy place beyond the walls and beyond the river, have outlived Hêraklês and Apollôn who once held their sanctuaries here in the outer city. But two characteristic buildings are there. The Greek city could not be without its theatre; the Roman colony could not be without its amphitheatre. There still stand, near to one another, the remains of both, relics severally of the people who found their chief delight in the highest cultivation of the mind of man, and of the people who deemed no delight so

keen as to look on the bloodshed and slaughter of man and beast. We have seen both theatre and amphitheatre at Catania; but at Catania the two buildings, half hidden among the modern houses, do not stand forth to proclaim the contrast. Here at Syracuse, as we see the remains of the two, standing alike useless in the forsaken Neapolis, the sky spreading over both and each within sight from the other, the contrast is forced upon the mind in a special way. We stand in the theatre, the Great Harbour and the lower city at our feet. We remember that comedy was a native growth of Sicily; we remember that Æschylus visited the island, to enrich his Attic tragedies with a few Sicilian forms and a few Sicilian allusions; we remember how Athenian captives were said to have won freedom and favour from Syracusan masters by repeating the verses of Euripides. And we remember how often theatres were places of political assembly as well as of dramatic shows. We throw aside for the moment all topographical questions, in the hope that, as we stand under the same sky, so we stand on the same soil where Athênagoras put forth—we cast aside the thought that it may be Thucydides speaking in his name—that definition of free government which no political thinker of any later age has ever been able to outdo. Never surely were the several functions of wealth, wisdom, and numbers in a well-ordered commonwealth better apportioned than they were by the Syracusan demagogue.¹ At all events we may believe that we here stand on the spot which beheld the stormy assemblies of the later days of Syracusan revolution, and that here it was that, on the rare

¹ φήσει τις δημοκρατίαν οὔτε ξυνετὸν οὔτ' ἴσον εἶναι, τοὺς δὲ ἔχοντας τὰ χρήματα καὶ ἄρχειν ἄριστα βελτίστους. ἐγὼ δὲ φημι, πρῶτα μὲν ἄνθρωπον ξύμπαν ὀνομάσθαι, ὀλιγαρχίαν δὲ μέρος, ἔπειτα φύλακας μὲν ἄριστους εἶναι χρημάτων τοὺς πλουσίους, βουλευῆσαι δ' ἂν βέλτιστα τοὺς ξυνετοὺς, κρίναι δ' ἂν ἀκούσαντας ἔριστα τοὺς πολλοὺς, καὶ ταῦτα ὁμοίως καὶ κατὰ μέρος καὶ ξύμπαντα ἐν δημοκρατίᾳ ἰσχυομένῃ.

occasions when the voice of the deliverer was heard, the assembly rose to welcome the blind Timoleôn as a common father.¹ With such scenes before our eyes, with such associations rising to our minds, we may perhaps forget that in the days when the Syracusan theatre stood whole and perfect, the *scena* itself would shut out no small portion of the view beneath us. Yet it was not wholly shut out; the men who gathered there, whether to behold the triumphs of dramatic art or to take their share in the duties and the rights of citizens, could see enough to remind them where they were, by glimpses at least of all that was characteristic in the scenery of the Syracusan land. Far otherwise was it in the amphitheatre below. There the position and the construction of the building alike shut out all the outer objects which might attract the eyes and stir up the souls of the assembly of spectators and citizens in the theatre. But no such outer objects were needed; the sight of blood and death was joy and excitement enough. It was a sight which called for the full gaze of every eye, for the full heed of every thought, and which would have been rudely broken in upon by glimpses of the free sea or the free mountains. A contrast indeed it is; and yet the contrast must not be pressed too far. In the earliest and best days of Rome the bloody shows of the amphitheatre were no more known than they were in Greece; the love for them grew up only step by step; and at last corrupted Greece herself adopted the savage taste from her Roman masters. Corinth, the Roman colony, became the rival of Capua; and gladiators fought even in the Dionysiac theatre of free Athens. And incidental notices in later and obscurer literature of classical Greece show that in not a few Greek theatres men came to look with delight on shows alike fouler and more cruel than the ordinary fights of man

with man or of man with beast.² On the other hand humanity was never without its witnesses; if Theodoric could not get beyond an ineffectual protest, the panegyrist of Anastasios—what a change from the panegyrists of the bloody shows of Constantine—could set down among the merits of that prince that he had both cleansed the theatre of vicious spectacles, and had put an end to the sports where men found their living graves in the jaws of the wild beasts.³

The Syracusan theatre has not a few points of interest in detail, chiefly in the way of inscriptions on the seats, which preserve the names of princesses of the house of the second Hierôn. Queen Nêrêis, daughter of Pyrrhos, daughter-in-law of Hierôn, is there recorded. The name marks a stage in nomenclature, and in the feelings which influence nomenclature. One may doubt whether any woman in any purely Greek commonwealth ever bore the name of Nêrêis. But in the later days of the Molossian royal family, the boast of every member of that house was to claim pure Greek descent, descent from the blood of Achilleus. Such a name as Nêrêis fitted well in with the general nomenclature of her kinsfolk, with

² About the gladiators there is a remarkable passage in Philostratos' *Life of Apollônios* (iv. 22) where he tells how οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι ξυνιόντες ἐς θέατρον τὸ ὑπὸ τῇ ἀκροπόλει προσείχον σφαγαῖς ἀνθρώπων καὶ ἐσπουδάζον ταῦτα ἐκεῖ μᾶλλον ἢ ἐν Κορίνθῳ νῦν. On the other branch of the subject, it may be enough to refer to the well known story in Apuleius, *Metam.* x. 30 et seqq. Pseudo-Lucian, *Lucius*, 52. The practice of putting people to death in theatres which is implied in the romance seems not to have been uncommon.

³ See the *Panegyric of Procopius of Gaza* (15, 16, p. 506 of the Bonn volume which begins with Dexippos). On one of the heads of Anastasios' reform the witness of the other Procopius shows that something might still have been done at a later time. But the words about the *Venationes* are remarkable. ἀνδρες δυστυχεῖς ἐν μέσῳ δῆμῳ παρείδοντο τοῖς θεορίοις, θεατὰς ἔχοντας τοὺς τὸ συγγενὲς τῆς φύσεως κεκτημένους καὶ ἡδεῖα τις οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως ἀνὴρ ἀνδρα διασπόμενον θεωρῶν καὶ μὴδὲ γῆ τὸ σῶμα κρυπτόμενον, ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἀντὶ τάφου τὰς τῶν θηρίων πληροῦντα γαστέρας.

¹ See the description in Plutarch (Timoleôn 38, 39) how he was ἐν τοιαύτῃ γηροτροφούμενος τιωγὴ μετ' εὐνοίας, ὥσπερ πατὴρ κοινός.

the unfortunate Dêidameia and with Pyrrhos himself. For a mortal king to have called his daughter Thetis might have been too daring—even Philê Aphroditê kept her mortal name along with her immortal surname. Nêrêis did just as well to set forth that the kings of Epeiros came of the stock of the daughter of the ancient sea-god. Queen Nêrêis, and Queen Philistis, Hierôn's wife, whose name is graven on another stone, may be our guides to the strange monument below, between the theatre and the amphitheatre, which boasts itself to be the great altar reared by the father-in-law and husband of the two queens. There was at Syracuse a vast altar of Hierôn's making, and it stood near the theatre; Diodôros witnesses that much;¹ it is hard therefore to withstand the inference that this vast platform really is the place where the Syracusan city offered its hecatombs. We are so used to the little Roman altars of incense that we are startled at the notion of an altar about as long as Saint Alban's abbey. Yet there is the description, and there is the object which answers to it; there seems then to be little room for scepticism. Such an altar as this brings strongly home to the mind a feature in heathen, as in old Jewish, worship which we are apt to forget, but which Dean Stanley somewhere forcibly enlarges on. We see the temples of pagan times, forsaken or put to some other use, and we conjure up nothing but what is graceful and beautiful as surrounding them. We do not remember—till perhaps certain channels on the Athenian akropolis remind us—that every temple area was in truth a slaughter-house, and that when Syracusan devotion came before its gods with thousands of bulls or with ten thousands of rams, it must have needed a good deal of zeal to get over some inborn physical

repugnance to such wholesale bloodshed. The temple and the amphitheatre had after all something in common. The church, the mosque—save where the rites of heathen Arabia still linger round the Kaaba—the synagogue of the dispersion, are all alike free from this physical stain. We are so little used to anything of the kind in the worship of any modern creed that it needs a somewhat vigorous effort of the imagination to call up the true aspect of the holy butchery which must have gone on on any great thanksgiving day upon the giant altar of Hierôn.

But we are here in a region of antiquities of every kind. Not the least interesting among the remains of Syracuse are the vast *Latomiai* or quarries scattered along the whole line—the Quarries of the Capuchins, the Quarries of Paradise, the strange and dim passage whose acoustic properties have caused it to be seized on as a site for the tale of Dionysios' ear. But the memory of the great siege follows us everywhere. As we thread the windings of the quarries, quarries so vast as to put on the air of natural wooded dells among cliffs untouched by man, we remember that in some part or other of their hollows was the prison of the Athenian captives. There were the defeated warriors heaped together without shelter, in a dungeon all the more cruel that it was open to the light of heaven, left by day to the sun and by night to the frost. There, in the dark but forcible words of our English psalmist, they lay in the hell like sheep, with death gnawing upon them, and with the triumphant folk of Syracuse standing on the height to look down in mockery on their sufferings. Above all earlier and later memories, above the glories of the first Hierôn, above the plunderings of Verres, above the many tyrants and deliverers who fill up the intermediate space, it is still the Athenian siege, the Athenian overthrow, which is uppermost in the mind on Syracusan soil. Here in the

¹ xvi. 83. ὁμοίως δὲ τοῖς μικρὸν ὕστερον ὑπὸ Ἱέρωνος τοῦ βασιλέως τὸ τε κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν Ὀλύμπιον, καὶ ὁ πλησίον τοῦ θεάτρου βαμὸς, τὸ μὲν μήκος ὡς σταδίου, τὸ δ' ὕψος καὶ πλάτος ἔχων τούτῳ κατὰ λόγον.

quarries, as on the Helôric road, the form which their memory takes is that of better taking in how utter was the destruction of the two mighty armaments which Athens sent against Syracuse. But the more crushing was the overthrow, the more wonderful was the strong heart of the people¹ which could not be crushed even by such an overthrow as that. The last years of the Peloponnesian War, when Athens again, after all her losses, gradually became able to meet Sparta and Syracuse and their allies on equal terms, are the most wonderful time of Athenian history.

No funeral honours, we may be sure, were granted to the wretched prisoners who died in their roofless house of bondage. But the tombs of the men of Syracuse, both of earlier and of later times, are not lacking. Above the theatre, as if to remind us that we are in a *Neapolis*, a region which lay without the bounds of the elder city, we pass through the narrow winding street of tombs cut in the rock on either side. These are plain and rude, like their fellows by the walls of Akragas or in the Pnyx hill—we are now told that it is not the Pnyx-hill—at Athens. But at another point we come on the far later and more elaborate tombs, of Roman surely rather than purely Hellenic work, which the voice of guides and tourists has bestowed on Timoleôn and Archimêdês. Truly this is not that tomb of Archimêdês which it cost Cicero so much trouble to find;² but the mere name makes us pause for a moment. The

name of Archimêdês is perhaps the most famous of all the names belonging to the spot. It probably conveys some kind of meaning to more ears than any other name in Syracusan history, unless perhaps that of Dionysios himself. More people, one thinks, have heard of Archimêdês than have heard of Timoleôn. And let him enjoy all his honours. His scientific skill, like that of Michael Angelo, was given to the service of his country in its last struggle.

But while we pass round theatre and amphitheatre, tomb, altar, and quarry-prison, it is well to remember that Syracuse, inner and outer, lived on into times long after the destruction of the fleet of Nikias, long after the dedication of Hierôn's altar, long after the day when Archimêdês died in the sack, long after the day when the Roman intruder first reared his sanctuary of human bloodshed. In the midst of these vast and varied remains of Syracuse, Greek and Roman, we come on more than one ecclesiastical building of some account. We look in vain for any certain sign of that more ancient metropolitan church from which the episcopal throne of Syracuse was moved to the temple within the island. But churches are not lacking, churches which were reared when Neapolis and Achradina had again become suburbs, but some of which at least mark earlier sites, and even preserve portions of earlier buildings. Santa Lucia, whose name is so lustily shouted in the island, has her church on the mainland, with a west doorway and a round window over it, both of good Sicilian types. One does not often find better *quasi*-Corinthian capitals than those which support the well-moulded round arch of her portal; but the beasts which kept guard immediately over them have been broken away. The rest of the church besides this front is worthless; we shall find more to repay us in the church of Saint John and in what the church of Saint

¹ See the fine passage of Thirlwall, iii. 464, "On every side the prospect was gloomy, no less than the retrospect was painful; yet, though scarcely a ray of hope was visible, the strong heart of the people, which had sustained it in so many desperate conflicts, did not sink even now."

² He tells the story in the Tusculan Questions, v. 23. The tomb was altogether covered with brushwood, till Cicero, then quæstor, found it out. He adds his boast, "Ita nobilissima Græciæ civitas, quondam vero etiam doctissima, sui civis unius acutissimi monumentum ignorasset, nisi ab homine Arpinate didicisset."

John covers. Here we are carried back to early Christian times, to relics, if we could only believe them, of the earliest Christian times of all. We may have seen in the distance the gable of the church, or rather the upper part of its western wall, rising emptily against the sky with a rich round window. We presently see that this gable runs the opposite way to the main body of the building and this last, when we draw near, reveals on its southern side a portico, if we are so to call it, of singular interest. The north doorway, with its plain tympanum, is pointed; but in the portico, as at Santa Lucia, we have the round arch, a group of three, looking singularly like the approach to a Romanesque chapter-house. The date of 1182, which is given to the building, will do well enough for the northern doorway; here in Sicily we read in these graceful and fantastic columns a witness of days a century or two later. What distinguishes them is the great size of the capitals, which seem designed for columns of some height, as compared with the little shafts which they are set upon. Figures and vine-leaves occupy the centre pair; the side capitals have some of the usual groupings of foliage. The proportion may be called incongruous; but these columns, like the short columns of a crypt, have a kind of proportion of their own. We enter the church, and the eye is struck by an appearance about which the guide-books, Gsell-fels as well as Murray, are silent. We seem at first to see two vast Doric columns, with a huge echinus, built up in a modern wall and taught to support a modern arch. But we soon find out that, if these really be ancient portions, they must have gone through some strange changes. In any case they are not whole columns, and one is led to doubt whether they are actual fragments of some ancient building, kept by some strange fit of preservation, or whether they are modern devices due to some strange fit of imitation. We must remember that huge Doric columns of

the elder type cannot well be carried about and set up here and there, like the slenderer monoliths of the Roman orders. However this be, the church of Saint John hardly serves as more than a passage to the underground church of Saint Marcian, the first and martyred Bishop of Syracuse. Here, besides the empty tomb of the martyr, may be seen the altar where Saint Paul said mass, a legend which, as Saint Paul certainly did visit Syracuse, has at least more to be said for it than the legend which makes Saint Peter consecrate a church at Catania. The church itself is a Greek cross with apses at all the ends, except the one by which we come down from the upper church; the eastern apse is furnished in the surrounding aisle. There is no cupola, but there is a crossing which cries for one, and its four arches seem to have rested on short, most likely mutilated, columns, with Ionic capitals of great richness and grace. Is it either wrong or contradictory to confess that, though the simple majesty of the true Doric never wearies, there is a certain satisfaction in now and then looking on other forms? But the Ionic capitals at Saint Marcian are to be looked on only under difficulties. They and their columns have been ruthlessly built up, doubtless for the better support of the building; the eggs and ram's horns peer out only here and there. One of their fellows has been turned upside down, and made, so we are told, into an episcopal throne. If so, it has been dislodged from its proper place in the apse. This would be small evidence on which to challenge this crypt as a fragment of the elder metropolitan church, the quarters of the conquering Emir: but we clutch at the chance as better than nothing. Anyhow there are many to whom Saint Marcian will be most attractive as the way to the great catacombs of Syracuse; but there may be a few minds who shrink from catacombs—at least till they are better certified as to the etymology of the name—and for whom

Saint Marcian may have some charms in his own person, or at least in the fabric of his church.

One part then of the forsaken regions of Syracuse, one, we may say of the five cities of the Syracusan Pentapolis, has more remains to show of Greek and Roman times than the island of Ortygia itself. But many pages of the later Hellenic history of Syracuse are written on those quarters of the city which are utterly desolate. It is, as we have said, a long journey from the castle of Maniakês to the fort of Euryalos; but nothing short of that journey will make us fully understand the full greatness of Syracuse and her history. Few spots combine attractions of more and more varied kinds. The mere look-out on land and sea on either side is no slight matter. The same main points which we have seen from the castle of Maniakês are seen again in other groupings from the fort of Hierôn. On one side or the other we look down on the whole history of the Athenian and Carthaginian sieges: we take in Leôn and Thapsos and the Katanaian shelter far away, as well as Plemmyrion and the Great Harbour and the besiegers' camp by Anapos. And here we begin, perhaps for the first time, to take in the special characteristics of the third great siege, the crowning work of Marcellus. We have learned to think that, in any siege of Syracuse, the invading land force must be encamped by the Olympieion, that the invading fleet must have its post in the Great Harbour. And in the Roman siege the land force strictly conformed to earlier precedents; it was only by sea that innovations were made. If we would call up the state of things before the Roman storm, we must conceive the legions arrayed on the old camping-ground of Nikias and Himilkôn; but we must picture the Roman fleet, not cooped up in the Great Harbour—did some device of Archimêdês keep them out?—but holding the open sea, lining the steep

coast beneath the walls of Achradina. But these will hardly be our first thoughts. The heights of Epipolai have been twice climbed by an invading host, unsuccessfully from the south, successfully from the north; but it is the first, the unsuccessful attack from the south, which first presses on the mind. The last bold stroke of Dêmôsthênês, the march from the camp by the haven, the night attack, the repulse, the wild confusion, the chance blows dealt by friend and foe as the Doric *paian* of Syracuse was answered by the Doric *paian* of Kor-kyra and Argos—these are, after all, the first and most undying thoughts which gather round Syracuse and Epipolai; it is enough if in after moments the thoughts of Roman, Saracen, and Norman can achieve a lodgement by their side. Epipolai is first and foremost the height from which Dêmôsthênês was beaten back; it is only on second thoughts that it comes home to us as the height up which the traitor Sôsis led the Roman storming-party almost without a blow. But the fort on Euryalos would be worth a pilgrimage from a more distant spot than the island of Arethousa, even if its historic memories were less than the lesser of these two. The spot had changed not a little in the two hundred years between the assault of Dêmôsthênês and the assault of Marcellus. Dionysios had reigned; so had the second Hierôn; and each had left visible memorials of his reign. And relics still are there, relics older than Hierôn and Dionysios, older than Hermokratês and Gelôn, relics which may well have been as forsaken and mysterious when Archias landed as they are now, relics beside which the broken columns of the Olympieion may seem modern. At the time of the Athenian siege Epipolai was no part of the city, no part even of any regular system of outposts. When besiegers and besieged were building walls and counter-walls, it was occupied for the special purposes of the siege. It was doubtless the

important part which the new outpost played at this time which suggested to Dionysios the policy of bringing it within the fortifications of the city. He then compassed the vast enclosure with the strong walls which we still trace along the hill-side, walls which, as far at least as the space which they fenced it was secured, made Syracuse the greatest of Greek and of European cities. Within their compass, near to the extreme point, Hierôn—so judges so competent an observer as Leake,—reared the fort which still abides as one of our best specimens of the work of Greek military engineers. But he reared it on remains of far older times, remains, we may safely say, of prehistoric antiquity. The excavations and passages which were so ingeniously turned into the substructure of the Greek fortress, and were made to play no unimportant part in at least the economy of its defenders, are now deemed to be the tombs of a primitive people. Those tombs were hewn in the body of the hill; they were not raised on high to look over the sea, like the barrow which Hektôr promised his slain adversary, or like the barrows which the same spirit has reared on so many of the heights of our own island. Strange inscriptions, in strange characters which baffle even skilled philologists, still remain on the entrances of these chambers of the dead, and open the way to the widest range of speculation as to the people whose hands may have graven them. Have we found here, on the hill of Syracuse, what we look for in vain in his own Tauromenion, the genuine work of the Sikel? Or may we yield to the temptation of deeming that we have here the memorials of some older and more mysterious race, beside whom the Sikel, kinsman of the Latin, might seem but a recent intruder? Some day an answer may be given to these questions, as well as to endless other hard questions touching the early races of Italy and Sicily. With our present state of knowledge it is easier by far

to put them than to answer them. Recorded history cannot get farther than the people of whom Douketios is the one man of whom we can form a personal picture, the people who might perhaps, if the sentiment of race had been carried as far in those days as it has been in ours, have hailed, if not a kindred deliverer, at least a kindred avenger, in Marcellus. It is enough that the fort of Hierôn is raised on works wrought by men older than the coming of Archias; how much older they were and of what stock they came, we must wait for yet further advances of knowledge to decide.

The fortification of Dionysios completed the group of cities which were to form Syracuse. From his fortress in Ortygia he bore rule over what was now the greatest city of the Hellenic world, a city which, in the true Hellenic world, as distinguished from the Hellenized world of Antioch and Alexandria, knew no rival. His fortress was swept away, as a great symbolic act, when Timoleôn had done what Diôn failed to do, and when Syracuse, from one end to another, was a free city. But the story of the Roman capture seems to show that, though Epipolai was taken within the circuit of the walls, yet it was not a thickly inhabited quarter.¹ Hierôn defended it by his fort; but he himself dwelled far away in the island,² though we may well believe that the house of the paternal king had another outward look than the castle of the tyrant. Achradina still kept its separate fortifications. When Marcellus and his followers had reached the height, when he looked down on the city,

¹ See Arnold, *History of Rome* iii. 299. Livy (xxv. 24) says "*per ingentem solitudinem erat perventum*." He gives as a reason that most of the inhabitants were either asleep or drunk in honour of Artemis; but the whole story reads as if this region was not inhabited like the rest of the city. In the next chapter we read of the inhabitants of Tyche and Neapolis, but not of the inhabitants of Epipolai.

² Cicero, in his general description of Syracuse (*Verres* iv. 52 et seqq.), speaks of the island, "*in qua domus uti quæ regis Hieronis fuerat, qua prætores uti solent.*"

the fleet, the camp, and wept for the very greatness of its conquest,¹ neither the first nor the second Syracuse was his. He had carried the sea-wall of Tycha, with its *Hexapylon*; the fort of Euryalos with its defenders was cut off from the rest of the city; Tycha and Neapolis had craved his mercy, a mercy which gave to their inhabitants their lives only and handed over their goods as a prey to his soldiers. But Achradina with its separate walls stood ready for another siege. The camp of Marcellus was pitched on high, while the camp of Quinctius was pitched below on the camping-ground of Nikias. And a strange turning about of things it was when a Punic host came to attack the Roman camp, only to be swept away, like the host of Himilkôn, by those same powers of disease which now fought against Syracuse and not for her. Stranger yet would it have been if the Punic admiral's heart had not failed him, and if the fleet of Carthage had sailed into the Great Harbour, with Bomilkar to play the part of a barbarian Timoleôn.² At last treachery and force together gave Achradina and Ortygia into the hand of Marcellus, and Syracuse passed under the dominion of Rome.

How she fared under that dominion, as the head of a Roman province, the abode of a Roman prætor, the greatest of Roman orators has told us. Verres was hardly a fair specimen of a Roman governor; but it was condemnation enough of a system that under it a Verres could be. A more abiding blow was dealt to Syracuse in the wars of Sextus Pompeius;³ but the city, now again shrinking up within its second boundaries, recovered some-

what of prosperity as a Roman colony. Syracuse was now a child of Rome; was the prospect of a higher rank ever dangled before her eyes? Was it ever within the compass of possibility that Syracuse should herself become Rome, that at least she should supplant Rome, Old and New, as the centre of the Roman world? The native historian of Sicily has broached the doctrine that, when the second Constans, after forsaking the New Rome and plundering the Old, came to dwell and to die at Syracuse, he came with the purpose of setting up the throne of the Cæsars in the royal city of Agathoklês and Hierôn.⁴ It is certainly hard to see on what evidence the theory rests; but, putting aside the question of evidence for a moment, there is nothing absurd or unlikely in the theory itself. If the thought seems strange, it seems so mainly from the abiding difficulty of taking in what were the real conditions of the Roman Empire in the second half of the seventh century. The visit of Constans came in the lull which followed the first burst of Saracen conquest. The Empire had been cut short by the loss of Syria, Egypt, and eastern Africa; but it still stretched from the furthest shores of the Euxine to the pillars of Hêraklês. The Asiatic frontier towards the Mussulman had already pretty well settled itself; the European lands had not yet been seriously attacked by him. Spanish dominion was gone; Italian dominion had become fragmentary; but Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, western Africa, were still under the Imperial obedience; Rome, Venice, Naples, Tarentum,

⁴ So Amari, *Musulmani di Sicilia* i. 94, where he puts the case well on *à priori* grounds; but, when he comes to quote his references in page 96, I can find nothing in any of them to bear out his view. He refers to Theophanês, "il quale dice positivamente a p. 532 che Costante si fosse deliberato a trasferire la sede dell' Impero a Siracusa." But I cannot get this meaning out of the queer Greek of Theophanês; καταλιπὼν δ βασιλεὺς Κωνσταντινουπόλεως μετέστη ἐν Συρακούσῃ τῆς Σικελίας Βουλθηθὲς ἐν Ῥώμῃ τὴν βασιλείαν μεταστήσαι.

¹ See the famous description in Livy xxv. 24 (cf. Plutarch, Marcellus 19) which seems to have suggested two fine passages of Arnold, iii. 301—310.

² See Livy xxv. 26.

³ Strabo vi. 2 (vol. ii. p. 30). 'Εφ' ἡμῶν δὲ Πομπηίου τὰς τε ἄλλας κακώσαντος πόλεις, καὶ δὴ καὶ τὰς Συρακούσας, πέμψας ἀποικίαν ὁ Σεβαστὸς Κάϊσαρ, πολὺ μέρος τοῦ παλαιοῦ κτίσματος ἀνέλαβε.

Syracuse, Carthage, were as much cities of the Empire of Constans as Constantinople and Thessalonica. The threatened parts of the Empire were the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean. For a realm so vast and so scattered Syracuse might well seem a better centre than either Rome or Constantinople. And Constans, half mad as he perhaps was at times, did not lack either insight or energy. He may have thought in real policy that Syracuse was a fit place for the seat of the Imperial government, as it was doubtless in policy and not in cowardice that Heraclius, threatened by Goth and Lombard as well as Persian, deemed Carthage a better centre than Constantinople. If then any evidence can be brought for the fact that such a scheme was ever proposed, much may be said for the scheme itself. But it is for those who put forth the theory to find the evidence to support it.

Be this as it may, the Syracuse of the days of Constans must have been something very unlike either the Syracuse of Dionysios and Hierôn or the Syracuse of earlier and later times. It took in doubtless the island and something more, though it might be hard to say exactly how much more. The visit and the slaughter of its one Imperial visitor were separated by two hundred and ten years from the Saracenic conquest, a longer time than the

whole duration of Saracen rule in Syracuse, even without reckoning the break wrought by Maniakês. We are thus brought back to the island, to the most ancient and the most modern city, the city whose history is best told in the fabric of its metropolitan church. We may, in thought at least, look out once more from the roof of the deliverer's castle, on the land and the sea which have beheld so large and so striking a part of the history of the world. Our last thoughts come back to the point from which our first thoughts started. At Syracuse all other memories are secondary beside the memories of Hellenic days. Other thoughts are foremost at Palermo and at Catania. At Syracuse all that is not Greek seems as a mere excrescence on the soil of the greatest of Hellenic cities. And though, in spite of ourselves, it is round another point of Syracusan history that our thoughts are most apt to gather, it is well, in bringing our musings on Syracuse and Sicily to an end, to remember that the highest association in all Sicilian history is that Syracuse was the chosen home of the stainless hero who ranks beside Aristeidês and Kallikratidas. Our last thought at Syracuse may well be that the city of Dionysios and Agathoklês is also the city which hailed Timoleôn as her deliverer and chose him as her adopted father.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE first of the two following papers was written by the distinguished American journalist whose name it bears, in pursuance of a request to be furnished with a statement of the American view of the question. The second contains the remarks of an English writer thereon.—*Editor*.

I. AN AMERICAN VIEW.

THE question of an international copyright treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which has been the subject of much desultory and inconclusive discussion for many years on both sides of the Atlantic, appears now to have assumed a phase from which practical results may be reasonably expected. There has been of late a gradual *rapprochement* between the authors and publishers of both countries with regard to the general principles on which the question may be settled with advantage to all concerned. Concessions on both sides have narrowed the range of discussion, and brought it down from the region of sentiment and abstractions to that of practical measures. There still exists, of course, a wide divergence of views with regard to the abstract rights of authors in what is called "brain production;" and the question whether ideas, or the form only in which they are expressed, may be copyrighted is one upon which theorists will probably differ and argue to the end of time. The chief objection to this otherwise harmless intellectual amusement is that while, like most metaphysical discussions, it leads to nothing, it diverts attention from measures that might lead to tangible, practical results. It is, therefore, gratifying to observe that so eminent an advocate of the abstract rights of authors as Professor Huxley, admits that to insist upon the acknowledgment of those rights at the present time would be in the highest degree Quixotic, because, to quote his own language, "it is not worth while in real life to attempt to get things which it is impossible to get."

Where men of eminence, whose opinions are entitled to consideration and respect, hold widely divergent views on a question of this kind, involving practical results, it is evident that a settlement can be reached only by mutual concessions. The agreement must be in the nature of a compromise. When, therefore, we come to consider the important and now pressing question of international copyright, which involves material interests as well as abstract rights, it behoves us to look for a substantial practical basis for the equitable adjustment of the claims, rights, and interests of authors, publishers, and society; a common ground upon which all can meet, by making concessions that impair no material right, and which accord with the prevailing ideas of what is due to authors. It must be conceded at the outset that those who hold that literary property exists by the common law, and that it should be perpetual, like other kinds of property, have the best of the argument. It is, indeed, a strange perversion of justice to limit an author's right in the creations of his mind, and a time may come when this anomaly shall cease to be a stain on our statute-books. But the world has not yet reached that stage of progress. It is still as true as it was in Dr. Johnson's time that "the consent of nations is against" perpetuity in literary property; and the most that society is at present willing to concede is that the author is entitled to "an adequate reward" for his labours.

The question of international copyright is still more complicated, since it involves material interests of the highest importance, and a departure

from a long-established traditional policy. Permit me, before proceeding to the discussion of practical measures, to say a few words in regard to American sentiment on this question, and also to lay before your readers some of the difficulties with which American advocates of international copyright have still to contend. An experience of more than twenty years on the daily and weekly American press, and long and confidential relations with leading book firms of this country, enable me to speak with some authority on this subject. I do not write as the advocate of any special form of international copyright, my object being merely to respond to your request for information with regard to American views on this now pressing question. The first step towards coming to an agreement is for each side to understand the other. I do not think you in England have ever quite understood our position in this matter, or the motives from which American publishers, as a body, have opposed the schemes of international copyright hitherto advanced on your part. It is, for example, a common mistake in England to suppose that Americans of the present day are, as a people, opposed to such a measure, or that they approve of "literary piracy." They are not in favour of taking the productions of English or other foreign authors without suitable remuneration; and the course of American publishers, pursued for many years, towards foreign men of letters shows that they have no disposition to take advantage of the absence of international copyright. It is true that in the early days of our national independence, when our country was poor, when our authors were few, and when the facilities for multiplying books were comparatively limited, our American publishers used that advantage to reprint, without authorisation and without payment, the works of popular foreign authors.¹ Indefensible as the practice was in point

of morals and justice—and few Americans of to-day would think of defending it—it had one good result, namely, the rapid development of a national taste for reading, a wide-spread popular craving for the pleasures and the benefits of literature, which have created in this country a market for English authors larger, and in a few cases more lucrative, than that which they possess at home. This has been true for more than a generation of readers.

In those early days the works of Byron, Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, and other popular authors were borne from hamlet to hamlet, to the extreme verge of advancing civilisation. They were eagerly read in cities, in villages, and in Western frontier settlements, where the rude log-cabin stood in the forest clearing, the outpost of progress. I remember hearing an old gentleman describe the gatherings at the "store" of a little village in Vermont, the Green Mountain State, when the mail-coach, or stage, as it was called, was expected with its freight of letters, papers, and books. The interest and enthusiasm were most intense. Once, when the men were talking about Scott's last novel, which had gone the rounds of the village, and were wondering when the next one would arrive, one of them exclaimed, "I wish Scott knew how many admirers he has in this little town!" These men were poor, in a very literal sense, and earned their bread by the sweat of their brow. But they were all intelligent and well-read, one or two of them college graduates. Expensive books would have been out of their reach, and but for the facilities afforded by cheap reprints, they would have been unable to supply themselves with the means of education and culture. This was the case with the vast majority of American readers in the first quarter of this century—the men who cleared the forests, made broad the pathway

limits the benefits of the act to citizens of the United States or residents therein, and expressly declares that no protection shall be extended to the works of a foreigner.

¹ We might, indeed, find an excuse for this course in the general sentiment of the people as well as in our copyright statute, which

of civilisation, and prepared the vast market for books which is now open to English authors in this country. It is safe to assume that an international copyright at that time, while it would have added very little to the revenue of English authors, would have retarded the progress of American culture at least half a century, and delayed for many years that widespread intellectual development from which your authors reap so large a benefit. The evil was comparatively small and transitory; the benefits were incalculable and permanent.

But all this, you may say, belongs to the past; and what of the present and the future? What are the "practical" difficulties in the way of a just international copyright? I will state them as briefly and clearly as possible.

Few American writers, few American publishers, deny the justice of the principle; but there is a general feeling here that international copyright is urged on your side of the Atlantic chiefly in the interest of British publishers, that it is a scheme by which they hope to capture the American market. This feeling is especially strong in the South and West, and it is heightened by the fear that, by introducing English methods of publication, the measure would enhance the cost of reading. America is emphatically the land of cheap books. Our people buy and keep the volumes they read, instead of hiring them from circulating libraries. These institutions, so popular in England, are little known in this country, for the reason that our people are sparsely scattered over vast stretches of territory. Our fifty millions, spread over a continent larger than the whole of Europe, would be compelled to do without books under the system which works so admirably in your snug little island. Your Mudie can mail books at a cheap rate to subscribers in every part of the United Kingdom, and get them back from the farthest limit within a week or ten days. But a Boston or New York library could not lend books

to subscribers in Nevada or Dakota, thousands of miles away; the profits of such a method of circulating books would not justify the cost and risk of loss incurred. Besides, the system is distasteful to our people, who like to form little libraries of their own. Books for general circulation in America must be issued, therefore, in a comparatively cheap form. Your three-volume novel, published at a guinea, here shrinks into a modest octavo volume, in paper covers, and is sold at a price varying from fifty cents to a dollar. Owing to this system, the names of Dickens, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Thackeray, George Eliot, and a hundred other English authors, are as well known in the cabin of the settler in the remote West as they are in their own country. You can understand the suspicion with which every scheme is regarded which threatens an abridgment of cheap reading among a people to whom reading is a necessity of life, and to whom dear books means no books; and while this has nothing to do with the right or wrong of the question at issue, it has an important bearing on the settlement of that question. As a matter of fact, our people see no difference between paying an author for literary productions and paying a merchant for his commodities; but they are fully alive to the advantage of buying books, like other merchandise, in the cheapest market. Their objection has always been to the shape which almost every scheme of international copyright has assumed, and not to the underlying principle. Nor is this firm stand in favour of books and knowledge for the multitude unworthy of a great nation. We are keenly alive to the necessity of the general diffusion of intelligence. Upon it depends the perpetuity of our republican form of government. Europe is constantly pouring upon our shores a mighty deluge of ignorance and superstition. We welcome here the poor, the outcasts of every land. They come hither with vague and wild ideas of popular liberty, and mingle at

once in our civil affairs. They vote, they are eligible to office; in fact, every political position, except that of President, is open to foreign born as well as to native citizens. They must be educated, must become intelligent, if we would preserve our institutions from decay. There is a wide-spread feeling that the Old World, which contributes this mass of ignorance and superstition to our population, should also contribute to the alleviation of the resulting ills. You can readily understand, therefore, the jealousy with which the international copyright measure is watched, and why American legislators should be wary in passing enactments for the benefit of foreign authors or publishers as against the interests of American readers. This does not, of course, imply literary piracy, or a right to levy on the works of aliens; it implies simply a determination to keep in our own hands the control of the book market in this country, in order to prevent foreign books from becoming scarce and dear, and thus passing out of the reach of the great mass of the people.

Having thus briefly indicated the prevailing sentiment of our people in regard to international copyright, I will now trace in outline the history of the various efforts hitherto made in the United States to secure that measure, and then pass to the consideration of the scheme which appears at present to find favour with American authors, publishers, and readers.

The first American proposition of this nature was made in 1837, when Henry Clay presented to the United States Senate a petition of British authors asking for protection for foreign works in this country. The matter was referred to a committee of liberal and fair-minded Senators, among whom were Clay, Daniel Webster, and Buchanan. They soon made a report through their chairman, Mr. Clay, urging Congress to pass an international copyright law, and submitting a bill for that purpose. The committee took high ground on the

question of the rights of authors, and strongly condemned the distinction made by law between literary property and merchandise. They said:

"That authors and inventors have, according to the practice among civilised nations, a property in the respective productions of their genius is incontestable; and that this property should be protected as effectually as other property is, by law, follows as a legitimate consequence. Authors and inventors are among the greatest benefactors of mankind. They are often dependent exclusively upon their own mental labours for the means of subsistence, and are frequently, from the nature of their pursuits or the constitution of their minds, incapable of applying that provident care to worldly affairs which other classes of society are in the habit of bestowing. These considerations give additional strength to their just title to the protection of the law.

"It being established that literary property is entitled to legal protection, it results that this protection ought to be afforded wherever the property is situated. A British merchant brings or transmits to the United States a bale of merchandise, and the moment it comes within the jurisdiction of our laws they throw around it effectual security. But if the work of a British author is brought to the United States, it may be appropriated by any resident here and republished, without any compensation whatever being made to the author. We should be all shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property in the case of the merchandise, whilst those that justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation, without the possibility of their invoking the aid of the laws.

"The committee think that this distinction in the condition of the two descriptions of property is not just, and that it ought to be remedied by some safe and cautious amendment of the law."

No action was taken on this report, nor on Lord Palmerston's invitation, made the year following, to co-operate with Great Britain in establishing international copyright between the two countries. The subject had not then awakened general attention, and matters of more pressing interest crowded it out of sight.

The question came up again in Congress in 1853. Mr. Edward Everett, then Secretary of State, cast his influence in favour of the measure; and several prominent publishing firms gave it their support, on the condition that it should embody the following provisions:

1st. That the foreign author must be required to register the title of his work in the United States before its publication abroad.

2nd. That the work, to secure protection, must be issued in the United States within thirty days of its publication abroad; and

3rd. That the reprint must be wholly manufactured in the United States.

Still, Congress took no action in the matter, and the question dropped out of sight again, to be revived by a society organised under the title of "The Copyright Association for the Protection and Advancement of Literature and Art." Its field was wide. Its grand object was "to promote the enactment of a just and suitable international copyright law for the benefit of authors and artists in all parts of the world." A memorial was drawn up, in accord with this statement of principles, for presentation to Congress, but it recommended no specific measure, and suggested no practical scheme on which Congress could take action. In the autumn of 1868, however, Mr. Baldwin, of Massachusetts, reported a bill which had been prepared with the co-operation of the executive committee of the association, extending protection to the works of foreign authors, provided such works were wholly manufactured here and published by an American citizen. In presenting the bill the committee said: "We are fully persuaded that it is not only expedient, but in a high degree important to the United States, to establish such international copyright laws as will protect the rights of American authors in foreign countries, and give similar protection to foreign authors in this country. It would be an act of national honour and justice, in which we should find that justice is the wisest policy for nations, and brings the richest rewards." This bill was quietly "shelved," owing in part to the excitement attending the impeachment trial of President Johnson,

which at that time absorbed the attention of Congress and the public.

Bills of substantially the same import were subsequently introduced in Congress; but no decisive action was taken until February, 1873, when Senator Morrill, of Maine, chairman of the joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives to which the subject had been referred, presented an adverse report, which seemed, for the time being, to dispose of the whole matter. The question was considered from two points of view. The committee had first to inquire whether the Constitution of the United States conferred the power to pass an international copyright act; and, secondly, whether such an act would be expedient. They decided that the first point was involved in considerable doubt. The Constitution provides that Congress shall have power "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." This language, says the committee, is "sufficiently comprehensive, doubtless, to include all authorships;" but as the question of international copyright had not been thought of when the Constitution was framed, it is safe to assume that it "was not within the contemplation of the Constitution, whatever interpretation the language may be thought to be susceptible of. To the argument as to the mandatory character of the provision in the interests of universal authorship, it may be replied that none but citizens could properly lay claim to protection of individual rights, and that, under the Constitution, these were all subordinated to the interests of science, and that whoever invokes the protection of the one must show that his demand is at least compatible with the other."

The committee then proceeded to discuss the question of expediency. Their inquiry went carefully into the subject of the comparative cost of books in England and the United

States. They found that, in a list of seventy-five books, the average price in England was \$5 60, whilst the average price of the American reprints of the same books was only \$2 40, or considerably less than half. They also found that English reprints of American copyright books were much cheaper than the American editions. These facts led to the conclusion that an international copyright would raise the price of books in the United States, and tend to hinder rather than advance the cause of science and art. The report of the committee closed as follows :—

“In view of the whole case, your committee are satisfied that no form of international copyright can fairly be urged upon Congress upon reasons of general equity or of constitutional law ; that the adoption of any plan for the purpose which has been laid before us would be of very doubtful advantage to American authors as a class, and would be not only an unquestionable and permanent injury to the manufacturing interests concerned in producing books, but a hindrance to the diffusion of knowledge among the people and to the cause of universal education ; that no plan for the protection of foreign authors has yet been devised which can unite the support of all or nearly all who profess to be favourable to the general object in view ; and that, in the opinion of your committee, any project for an international copyright will be found upon mature deliberation to be inexpedient.”

It must be admitted that the committee were perplexed by the diversity of the plans urged upon their attention by the advocates of immediate and radical action on the subject. One of the most prominent members of the Copyright Association, Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, proposed a sweeping measure providing that “all rights of property secured to citizens of the United States by existing copyright laws are hereby secured to the citizens and subjects of every country the government of which secures reciprocal rights to the citizens of the United States.” The manifest absurdity of this proposition, which left the American book market open to foreign publishers without restraint, confined the number of its adherents to a select few. An equally indefensi-

ble measure, one similar to which was afterwards laid before your Copyright Commission, was brought forward by Mr. Morton, a publisher of Louisville, Kentucky, providing that any one should be at liberty to reprint a foreign book on condition that he would engage to pay the author or his representative a royalty of ten per cent on the wholesale price of all copies sold. Mr. Morton was also in favour of allowing the sale of foreign editions in the American market, leaving competition wholly unrestricted. This scheme attracted as little notice as Mr. Bristed's measure ; and it is mentioned here only as one of several conflicting and utterly impracticable plans which were pressed upon the attention of the committee. Convinced that the whole subject was in a muddle, they came to the conclusion that it was the part of wisdom to let it alone until the authors and publishers of both countries should arrive at a clear understanding of what they wanted, and agree upon some practicable scheme of action.

Here the question rested until last November, when it was revived in a note addressed by Messrs. Harper and Brothers to the Hon. Mr. Evarts, United States Secretary of State, suggesting its reference to an international conference. They advocate no scheme, advance no theory ; but this appears to be the first practical step toward the settlement of a question which has been the occasion of more bitter feeling between the two countries than many a war has engendered. Concluding, and it seems to be a justifiable conclusion, that previous attempts to secure international copyright have failed through lack of agreement and concerted action on the part of those interested in its success in both countries, they suggest that a conference of eighteen American citizens and British subjects, in which both countries shall be equally represented, be appointed respectively by our Secretary of State and by the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who shall be invited jointly to consider and

present the details of a treaty to be proposed by the United States to Great Britain; and they further "suggest that in each country the conference should consist of three authors, three publishers, and three publicists."

Although the authors of this suggestion properly abstain from expressing their own views in regard to the basis on which an international copyright treaty should be framed, the proposed composition of the conference is not without significance. It reflects, beyond a doubt, the general sentiment of the American people, to which allusion has already been made in this article, that the question involves many interests besides the abstract rights of authors, and that no permanent settlement can be made except upon a broad, general basis, in which those interests shall be recognised and protected. Whilst it should throw efficient safeguards around authors' rights, and secure to the literary workman the just reward of his labour, it should be equally just to the reading public and to publishers; to those who buy books and to those whose intelligent enterprise, whose judgment and capital contribute in so large a degree to the culture and pleasure of the public and to the material welfare of authors. On any narrower basis than this international copyright must fail through lack of popular support, and would deserve to fail. When Sir Edward Thornton, in 1870, laid before American publishers the treaty proposed by Lord Clarendon, he was frankly told that it would not secure the assent of the American public, for the reason that, although containing many admirable provisions, it was devised mainly in the interest of British publishers, without securing to British authors greater benefits than those already enjoyed by them in this country under the operation of the American "law of courtesy," whilst it would seriously interfere with the interests of American readers. This view of the treaty was also held by one of our most eminent supporters of international copyright

—a gentleman who holds advanced opinions with regard to the abstract rights of authors. Sir Edward Thornton, after a full and friendly discussion of the treaty, point by point, appeared to acquiesce in the justice of this objection; at any rate, convinced probably that the treaty stood little chance of being favourably entertained, he forbore to bring it to the official attention of the Secretary of State. But the miscarriage of this endeavour must not be taken as an indication of popular opposition to the principle of international copyright, but only to the form in which it was presented, the acceptance of which would have tended to make the United States, so far as English books are concerned, a literary dependency of England. This phase of the question is undoubtedly one of the most difficult and complicated with which the proposed conference would have to deal, not only because we are as a people naturally jealous of foreign encroachments in whatever shape they may appear, but also because of the grave, practical problems in which the question at issue is involved. It is still further complicated by the wide divergence of opinion which exists with regard to the form which the measure ought to assume; whether, for example, Congress should pass an act giving to foreign authors, of all countries, all the rights in this country which native authors enjoy, whether similar legislation occurs in other countries or not; or whether these rights should be secured by means of treaties with foreign countries, whereby reciprocal rights would be obtained for our own citizens. The first plan has been favoured by several of our most eminent literary men, who hold that our government is morally bound to do justice to foreign authors within its own domain, without bargaining for justice to our own authors in return. These gentlemen, holding that an author possesses a natural right of property in his literary productions, inalienable except by his own act, and that he may do what he

will with his own, claim that the government should recognise his right, and protect him in the enjoyment of it, to print his books when, where, and in what manner may suit him best; so that if he chooses to print in London, and nowhere else, he may prohibit the issue of his work in New York, and compel Americans, if they want it, to import copies of the English edition at any price he may choose to put upon it. The laws of supply and demand, and the dictates of common-sense, they say, may be relied on to prevent abuses under this system. But of this we cannot be sure. Mr. Ruskin, for example, who publishes his works in England at such a price that only wealthy people can afford to buy them, would certainly taboo the cheaper editions which have made his writings almost as familiar in this country as the novels of Charles Dickens. And if Ruskin should do this, why not others? It might be argued that English authors in general would not commit the folly of acting against their own interests, and that editions of popular works would be printed in London especially designed to suit the American market; but this is taking for granted that the English author or publisher would see his interest in selling a large edition at a low price, when the sale of a small costly edition would afford an equal pecuniary return. This is a result which American readers apprehend from an international copyright; and it ought to be well understood in England that they will not sanction any measure which would place it within the power of a British publisher to withhold an English book from this market, or compel them to buy the English edition. This may be regarded as a "fixed fact." Even now, in some cases the importation of a small London edition at a high price practically shuts our market against a cheaper issue. It is useless to argue that this has nothing to do with the abstract justice of the case; for, granting the validity of this objection in

the settlement of practical questions, something must always be conceded to the wishes of the public, whose consent and protection afford stability to all rights of property. No member of society is superior to the obligations which society imposes, in return for the security which it establishes and maintains; and individual rights and privileges must always be held subordinate to the general good.

It is plainly deducible from the foregoing that the American idea of international copyright embraces one condition at least which may give rise to much discussion should a conference be appointed, and that is that the work of a foreign author, to secure the protection of copyright in this country, shall be manufactured and published here by a citizen of the United States. This means, to put it frankly, the exclusion of foreign publishers; it means that in granting to foreign authors the rights enjoyed by our own citizens we do not mean to place our book market under the control of those who do not understand it, who have no comprehension of the demand for cheap books in this country, and who would invade our territory with the sole purpose of mercenary gain. We see a great difference between the rights of foreign authors and the commercial spirit that seeks to obtain a foothold in our book market to the disadvantage of American readers. We are ready to grant the former with a liberality equal to that of any other nation; but, as Mr. William H. Appleton says in his letter to the *London Times*, "Any treaty which makes the English author and the English publisher joint parties to supply us with books, if negotiated by the two governments, would be repudiated by our people in a year." Do not misunderstand our position. Our people are not making war against English publishers for the benefit of American publishers; they are looking after the interests of the reading public only in thus making American manufacture the condition of American copyright for a foreign work. We

admit this to be a limitation of certain rights and privileges for which authors contend, and to which, in abstract justice, they would seem to be entitled ; but every government has the right, as it has the power, under the law of "eminent domain," to make such regulations as it may deem most conducive to the general good, even to the detriment of some individual interests. But it is difficult to see that any practical injury will result to either foreign author or publisher by insistence on this condition. The British publisher is left in undisputed possession of the home book market ; no American will attempt to invade his domain with an American copyright. And as for British authors, they have already learned that their interests are quite safe in the hands of "Yankee pirates," as some of your writers still persist in calling the men who for years have conducted the publishing business of this country with the most scrupulous regard for the rights of foreign authors. Nothing in the world could be more cordial and pleasant than the relations that exist between American publishers and British authors, and, I may add, between American and British publishers. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the terms of an international copyright, or as to the necessity of such a measure, there is not in the whole United States a publisher of any standing who is not now inclined to deal as justly and as liberally with foreign authors as he would under the regulations of a copyright treaty. Your authors whose rights under such a treaty would be worth anything in this country make arrangements, directly, or through their home publishers, with American publishing-houses, for the publication of their books in the United States on terms which it is doubtful if an international copyright will improve to any great extent. In fact, I think it will be found that the parties principally benefited by such a measure will be the American publishers, whose reprints will no longer be at the mercy

of guerrillas in the trade. It may turn out that the advocates of international copyright in England and the United States have over-estimated its value to the authors of the two countries. Your popular novelists and poets—Charles Reade, William Black, Thomas Hardy, George Eliot, Tennyson, Brown-ing, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Craik, and others, who are also popular over here—make their own terms with our publishers, based, of course, upon the commercial value of their books in this market. Except in rare cases of reprisal, the law of trade-courtesy has, until quite recently,¹ and under most anomalous circumstances, protected the American publisher in the exclusive enjoyment of his right in foreign works thus acquired by purchase, and this value will not be greatly increased, if at all, by international copyright, above what it was under the operation of that system. Few of your readers, I think, have any notion of the amount of money paid to British authors by American publishers. One New York house alone has paid more than 250,000 dollars within a few years as royalties, or what is equivalent to royalties, on reprints of English books ; and other houses have conducted their business relations with foreign authors in the same spirit of liberality and justice. It is safe to assume, I think, that even the most popular of British authors, whose books have been paid for on a liberal scale, will find that the measure for which they have so long contended will not materially increase the income from American sales ; and those whose books have been reprinted here with-

¹ About two years ago certain parties began to republish here the works of foreign authors, paying nothing for the privilege, and bringing out absurdly cheap editions right on the heels of the authorised reprint, which had cost a large outlay for priority and expense of publication. As a temporary measure of self-defence against this ruinous competition, Harper and Brothers established their cheap "Franklin Square Library," in which they have printed a large number of English novels, narratives of travels, &c. The extremely low price at which these issues are sold necessitates a decrease in the amount paid to the foreign author.

out compensation to the author may rest assured that this was owing to the fact that the sale was not remunerative here, and that international copyright will not make it larger. Not more than one in ten of the English novels offered here is reprinted; the rest are declined as unsuited to the American market. Legal protection will not make them less so, and it would be no inducement to print an unsalable book that no other publisher could print a rival edition. It would be well, therefore, that English authors should not indulge in exaggerated estimates of the material benefits of international copyright.¹ On the other hand, a large number of American authors, whose books have been reprinted (perhaps I ought to adopt a British phrase, and say "pirated") in England without their consent, and without compensation, are more nearly interested in the success of such a measure. Your book-trade statistics for 1878 show that ten per cent of the books published in England in that year were American reprints; and yet, I am assured on good authority, "the acknowledgments of any rights on the part of American authors have been few and far between, and the payments but inconsiderable in amount." In view of these facts an American may be pardoned for indulging in a quiet laugh at the lofty tone which the Royal Commissioners on Copyright assume in their report submitted to Parliament in June of that year. After reviewing the steady refusal of the United States to grant protection to British authors, the Commissioners say:—

"It has been suggested to us that this country would be justified in taking steps of a retaliatory character, with a view of enforcing incidentally that protection from the United States which we accord to them. . . .

¹ The fact that Spain has recently seen fit to give to England notice of the termination, on March 17, 1880, of the international copyright treaty between the two countries, would seem to show that the practical results of such conventions are not always in accordance with the expectations of those who frame them.

We have, however, come to the conclusion that, on the highest public grounds of policy and expediency, it is advisable that our law should be based on correct principles, irrespective of the opinions or the policy of other nations. We admit the propriety of protecting copyright; and it appears to us that the principal of copyright, if admitted, is one of universal application. We therefore recommend that this country should pursue the policy of recognising the author's rights, irrespective of nationality."

Considering that for at least twenty-five years past British authors have enjoyed all the material advantages of copyright in this country, while American books have been reprinted in England by the thousand without compensation to the authors, this solemn arraignment of the United States is very ludicrous.

But although Americans might gain in England by international copyright, another argument urged in its favour is of doubtful soundness. We are told that the predominance of English books in America represses native genius, or turns it from literature into other fields of activity. This may be deemed questionable, to say the least. International copyright will not limit the American demand for the works of popular British authors. The popularity of Dickens, of Charles Reade, of Tennyson, of Mrs. Browning, of a hundred other novelists and poets, could not repress the genius of Hawthorne, of Bret Harte, of Longfellow, of Lowell, of Bayard Taylor, of a hundred others whose names are familiar in England as well as in this country. No good book by an American author ever went begging for an American publisher, because an English book could be reprinted at less cost. One might as well assign the cheapness and popularity of Shakespeare's works as the reason that no great American dramatist has appeared. American readers want good books, whether by native or foreign authors, and American publishers are not the men to let an opportunity to gratify this want slip through their fingers. When the long-looked-for "American" novel

comes to the front, the American publisher will be the first to see it, and no number of commonplace English novels will be able to crowd it from the printing press.

I am not arguing against international copyright, for, in common with most of my countrymen, I regard it as a just measure, and favour its adoption from reasons of right and policy, but it is well to guard against exaggerated notions of its effect on the literature of either country. That it will not, if adopted, materially increase the emoluments of British authors, nor result in a marked development of literary activity in America, are propositions which those who are most thoroughly familiar with the book-trade of both countries believe to be incontrovertible. But this does not affect the justice or the good policy of engrafting the principle upon our law of copyright. The favourable responses of the newspaper press of the country to Messrs. Harper and Brothers' proposal to refer the matter to an international conference, the hearty acquiescence of publishers and literary men in the scheme, show that Americans are not behind their British cousins in the determination to do justice to authors, and to secure them in the full enjoyment of their rights. This conceded, it remains for a conference—should you on your side agree to submit the matter in the way suggested by the Messrs. Harper—to agree upon the details of a treaty to be afterwards submitted by the Government of the United States to

that of Great Britain. I have endeavoured to present the views generally held in this country with regard to the basis of such a treaty, and to show the unwillingness of our people to relinquish the manufacture of books in the United States into foreign hands; but this question, and also the question in regard to printing from foreign stereotype-plates, and all details respecting copyright on plays, pictures, music, &c., are matters which must be left to the consideration of the conference. It is to be hoped that British publishers will meet the advances of their American brethren in a spirit as liberal as that which has prompted this overture, and that the long contest may be brought to a just and amicable close. Every American must be gratified that the publishers of this country have evinced a generous wish to bring about this desirable consummation. Their claim to the right of conducting the publishing business of their own country their fellow-citizens acknowledge to be just. It is understood also that a considerable number of British authors have expressed their willingness to concede this claim, and to leave the American reprints of their works under American control; and as this is the main condition for which our people contend, should the conference fail to agree upon a treaty, the blame for miscarriage will not rest upon us.

S. S. CONANT.

*Franklin Square,
New York.*

II. AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF THE FOREGOING.

VERY early in Mr. Conant's memorandum we come to understand the point of view he occupies. He is not merely a citizen of the United States, telling us what the citizens of the United States think of International Copyright, though he does that in very ample measure; he is in intimate relations with some of the principal publishers of America, and he

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writes under the immediate influence of these associations. "An experience of more than twenty years on the daily and weekly American press, and long and confidential relations with leading book-firms of America, enable me to speak with some authority on this subject" of International Copyright. Let me say at once that I recognise the authority of Mr. Conant as an

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exponent of the views of leading book-firms; but when he speaks of what "our people" think, I suspect that he attributes to their opinions a degree of definiteness and precision they do not possess. "Our people" in the States are exceedingly unlike "our people" in England, if they have ex-cogitated all things, even upon such a simple matter as International Copyright. Popular thought does not run so far here. As a lawyer who has had something to do with literature and something with legislation, and has no connection of any kind with any publisher, far or near, I am glad to make a few remarks on Mr. Conant's memorandum, but they must be taken for what they are worth, without any sanction, real or assumed, of popular authority behind them.

Mr. Conant tells us that the question of International Copyright, always important, has become "pressing." This convinces me that the world is, after all, pretty big. I had not heard anything of this new urgency that has arisen. English authors have given no sign of any sudden increase of interest in International Copyright. If English publishers have been conscious of any fresh development of its importance, they have kept the matter to themselves. What makes it "pressing"? Any author who has made his mark in England, may get from the American publisher who re-prints his books such royalty as the latter may consent to allow him, and if these allowances are threatened, they have not as yet been so seriously endangered as to excite alarm; and there does not appear any reason why the English publisher should not face the situation with customary equanimity. Indeed I do not find from Mr. Conant's memorandum any evidence that the public in the United States are aware that the question of International Copyright has become "pressing." He briefly reviews the action taken in the States in relation to the subject from 1837 down to 1873, and the impression left by this review

is that "our people" are in a great calm about it. Here is Mr. Conant's own summary of the conclusions of the last committee that considered the matter: "Convinced that the whole subject was in a muddle, they came to the conclusion that it was the part of wisdom to let it alone, until the authors and publishers of both countries should arrive at a clear understanding of what they wanted, and agree upon some practicable scheme of action."

It is clear that if International Copyright has become "pressing," this must be due to something that has happened since 1873; and we have no great difficulty in finding from Mr. Conant what is the secret of this new emotion. It is due to the action of some publishers out West, who have thought it expedient to revert to the simple practice of the early days of the Republic. The Conscript Fathers of American freedom had a great love for literature, but their means were scanty. Like the first contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, they cultivated the Muses on a little oatmeal. Moreover, they had no reason to be especially regardful of the rights, or supposed rights, of property of English authors. Accordingly books were reprinted and no questions asked, and no acknowledgment made save that silent acknowledgment of the grateful spirit which flatters the self-love without filling the purse of the original writer. "In the early days of our national independence, when our country was poor, when our authors were few, and when the facilities for multiplying books were comparatively limited, our American publishers used the advantage of an absence of an International Copyright to reprint, without authorisation and without payment, the works of popular foreign authors." The publishers reprinted and the citizens read, and the result was that pretty fermentation of spirit which Mr. Conant describes as occurring periodically in Vermont, and presumably elsewhere,

when mail-day brought fresh spoils westwards. I have not the slightest intention to throw unnecessary and useless blame on the printers and readers of that primitive time. The travelling Briton enjoys his Tauchnitz reprint and brings it home, so that it may even be seen on the shelves of clerical libraries, and he must be a very austere moralist who denies himself the liberty of cheap moral improvement. But as years passed the publishers of New York and Philadelphia became respectable, and began to remember the wants of the distant author. It is not clear how this feeling arose. It seems possible that as the cost of reproduction became less and a larger margin of profit was realised out of the customary price of a reprint, it was felt that the privilege of the first producer of a book could be best defended if it could be said that the book was reproduced in the author's interest. Whatever the origin of the change, the fact is the same, that the better-known publishers of the Atlantic cities commenced the practice of making voluntary payments to the original authors, and to respect among themselves the title to exclusive reproduction founded on priority in the field. But two years since certain persons in the West—publishers of Chicago and St. Louis—vindicated for themselves the original freedom of citizens of the United States to reprint the works of Englishmen, and they reduced their prices to make a market. They sold for 6*d.* or 7*d.* a novel that was offered for sale by the respectable fathers of the trade for a couple of shillings, and these worthy persons were much discomposed by the re-appearance of the policy and practice of their own grandfathers. The question of International Copyright became "pressing." The publishers of Chicago threatened to destroy the trade of the publishers of New York. The latter defended themselves temporarily by reducing the price of their own reprints—an expedient that had on former occasions

succeeded in ruining similar intruders,—but the men of the West have not succumbed. The allowances made to the foreign author are of course threatened, and may be entirely withdrawn, but this final consequence has not yet been reached. At present the publishers of the older cities are principally, if not solely, affected, and it is they who have made the discovery that the question of International Copyright has become "pressing." It is from them also that the suggestion for its settlement reaches us, which Mr. Conant modestly explains.

What is the proposed settlement favoured by Mr. Conant? There is a preliminary suggestion of a conference, which is perfectly harmless, and might even bring about some degree of mutual education if it were adopted. But after compliments, business. The conference is an introduction to the gist of the whole matter, which is this, that the foreign author should be entitled to copyright in the United States, on equal terms with the native-born citizen, provided always that his book is manufactured and published there by a citizen of the United States within a very limited time after its first appearance. The book must be reprinted within a month or thereabouts, and it must be reprinted by an American to the exclusion of foreign publishers, who might otherwise be tempted to set up establishments of their own within the great Republic. What is the meaning of these odd limitations? We must turn to Mr. Conant to explain them. We are, however, warned by him at the outset against a fruitless search after theories. Mr. Conant puts theorists aside as useless people in wandering mazes lost. We know what this means. When a man says he is no theorist we are to understand nothing more than this, that he has never been at the pains, perhaps never felt the desire, to track any theory out so as to see how it squares with other theories and with facts of observation. A man can no more do without theories than

without words, and the head of the "no theorist" is generally a jumble of theories half conceived and in delightful confusion. Mr. Conant is no exception to this rule. Every paragraph in his paper has its theory, and very frequently a bad one.

Mr. Conant begins his argument in favour of a limitation of the rights of English authors in the States by making the admission that in his opinion copyright should be perpetual, like other kinds of property. The inconsistency of this opinion with the practical conclusion of Mr. Conant is curious. If an author's right ought to be exclusive and perpetual it cannot properly be limited. The whole includes the part—at least, that used to be an axiom—but in this case the right to a part is denied where the right to the whole is admitted. The explanation seems to be that the citizens of the United States reject Mr. Conant's premiss, and immutable morality must bow to their decision. Mr. Conant is however too good a patriot not to be able to justify the conclusions of his fellow-countrymen. I have already referred to the plea of the poverty of the original founders of the Republic. "The men who cleared the forests and made broad the pathway of civilisation," could not have got books at all if they had had to pay the authors of books for them, and the progress of American culture would have been retarded at least half a century in consequence. "The evil done [to the unpaid author] was comparatively small and transitory; the benefits realised [in American culture] were incalculable and permanent." This is the defence of the past, and an argument, based on the same theory, defends the resolve of the citizens of the present. "Europe is constantly pouring upon the shores of America a mighty deluge of ignorance and superstition. We welcome here the poor, the outcasts of every land." There is, however, something to be set against the apparently unbounded hospitality of this welcome. As igno-

rance comes from Europe, and is received with generosity, so must knowledge come from Europe and be received gratuitously. "There is a wide-spread feeling that the Old World, which contributes this mass of ignorance and superstition to our population, should also contribute to the alleviation of the resulting ills." The process of compensation is somewhat rough. The English author is to be limited in the extent of his claims because the American citizen boasts that he welcomes the ignorant and superstitious Irish peasant with effusion. On the whole, we could desire some nicer distribution of pains and rewards.

The simple substance of Mr. Conant's argument is that the citizens of the United States, being accustomed to get their English reprints cheap, do not intend to assent to any legislation that would interfere with their being kept cheap; and they are not yet sufficiently indoctrinated with the higher morality—if it has any bearing on the question—to recognise any necessity for modifying this resolution. Why then should not things be left as they are? The be-all and end-all of cheapness could not be more surely realised than it is, and the simple citizen may even acquiesce, with resignation, in the immoderate cheapness of Chicago or St. Louis. But the New York publishers rebel against this. It may be right and proper that no legal claim to compensation should be allowed to an English author, but the native republisher must be defended against the unprincipled piracy of his fellow-countrymen. The reprints of the West must be put down, and the way to do this is to give to the American publisher that acquires the right by consent from its English author, and to him only, the privilege of reprinting an English book. We shall thus reconcile cheapness and decorum. This is Mr. Conant's position, and he advances it with great faith that it is the position that would be supported by the mass of his countrymen. I

have no such conviction. I have too great a respect for the intelligence of "our people" to believe that they will not at once see that by the adoption of Mr. Conant's plan they would lose every guarantee for the maintenance of that cheapness they insist upon enjoying. The reprints of English books have hitherto been cheap, but why have they been cheap? Because there is no copyright in them. Admit a copyright in reprints, and the price of a reprint will immediately become dependent on the discretion of the reprinter. Take an illustration. George Eliot writes a novel, and it is at once published in New York for two or three shillings. It could not be published at any higher price without some rival entering the field. The comity of publishers in the Atlantic cities may be great, but if a book-firm in New York published *Daniel Deronda* at four dollars some other book-firm, concluding that their friends had taken leave of their senses, would bring out an edition for 50 or 75 cents. It would not be necessary to go to Chicago for a man of enterprise to accomplish this feat. But suppose Mr. Conant's plan adopted. *Daniel Deronda* is about to appear, and the publisher who obtains the right of republishing it from George Eliot may fix the price at anything he pleases without fear of rival issues. The condition on which cheapness depended is gone. The rules of the game are changed. It may be said that no publisher would depart from the established practice. Why not? There is a good deal of sameness in the nature of the original man, and whether it has been improved upon in Paternoster Row or in Franklin Square, this primitive basis is apt to crop up with tiresome iteration. I am told that English publishers are devoted to the improvement of their fellow-creatures, and this is perhaps the reason why they are so neglectful of self-interest, as they are, in the habitual disregard of the trading principle of small profits and quick returns. If American publishers have

a better appreciation of this maxim they stand alone among the traders of the Republic. But the determination of the matter would not rest with the American publishers exclusively, or even principally. English writers are fairly keen about getting money if they are not always sharp to keep it. An English writer having a valuable privilege to sell in the United States would negotiate with more than one publisher there before publishing here, and by playing off one against another would endeavour to obtain the very highest sum that could be realised. The publisher, forced to protect himself, would issue his book so as to bring back what he had laid out, and he would balance the results of a comparatively small issue at a high price and a large issue at a low price. I do not suppose that the reprint of a novel—even supposing the scheme could be adopted—would at once go up from 50 cents to 5 dollars, but it would be gradually enhanced until the limit of profit was reached. The question does not depend upon probabilities. We have facts to guide us to a conclusion. How do the publishers of the United States act when they have the protection of copyright to prevent rivalry? Although the American book-market is always full to repletion with reprints of English works, thus bringing down the standard of price of books of first-class merit, yet the sum demanded for a volume of native origin is as high as it can be pushed. I take down from my shelves Thoreau's *Walden*. Is its published price in Boston less than that of *Wild Life in a Southern County*? Here are Mr. Emerson's poems. Do they cost the native buyer more or less than we pay for a volume of Browning? The publisher is everywhere a publisher. I have disavowed any private acquaintance with the class, and I speak only from their public conduct. Judged by that text, I am warranted in concluding that if Mr. Conant's suggestion were adopted the price of an English reprint would be enhanced to the limit

of profitable return, and I deduce that "our people," bent on maintaining the cheapness to which they are accustomed, will not readily approve the proposition.

Let us drop *persiflage*. Mr. Conant's view is very simple. I amuse myself by playing around his complicated reasoning, but I rely on the good, solid, sensible, dull, inert stupidity of the people of the United States—so near akin to the stupendous gifts of our own people of the United Kingdom. When the time comes for International Copyright to be established, it will not be such as Mr. Conant contemplates. Hitherto, a few persons across the Atlantic have played with it. Henry Clay, one of the lost men of genius of the world, took it up forty years since, but nothing came of it. Mr. Everett nibbled at it. A Mr. Baldwin, unknown to me, seems to have brought a bill into Congress in 1868. There was a committee in 1873, which came to the conclusion, already quoted, that "the subject was in a muddle." Mr. Conant's comments on the suggestions made to this committee show how premature it is to draw up any practical agreement on the matter. Mr. Bristed recommended that the foreign author should have the same rights as the native author, if his country conceded reciprocal rights to American citizens. This is really an international proposal, and Mr. Conant characterises it as "manifestly absurd;" but then Mr. Bristed has seen the world. He can look on more than one side of things, and hence regards as simple sense what Mr. Conant so peremptorily

dismisses. Mr. Morton recommended that any one should be entitled to reprint foreign books on condition of paying 10 per cent on the wholesale price to the foreign author. This is "equally indefensible." Mr. Conant is so intimately associated with publishing as it exists on the other side of the Atlantic, that he does not seem to have contemplated the possibility of a general law of copyright, based on the principle of open publication, subject to a royalty. Is it not plain that the idea of international copyright has not yet been developed in the States? I do not say that the principle has any greater popular acceptance here. Copyright was for a generation recognised and respected in Washington Irving's works, under what proved to be an imperfect appreciation of our law; but, if the question were now for the first time submitted to our present House of Commons, comparatively few members would be ready to assent to a law that, in respect of copyright, made English and American citizens members of one English-speaking family, with equal rights running through the two communities. Still fewer could be found in Congress. For the mass of members there, as here, the question has no vitality. It is not "pressing," and it is not likely to become "pressing," because the shoes of New York publishers pinch their feet. When it does become pressing, we may perhaps hear something of those constitutional difficulties impeding legislation to which Mr. Conant refers, but we may wait till that time comes before discussing them.

C.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SERPENT IN THE GARDEN.

SIR FRANCIS RIVERS stayed one night at the maisonnette, and started on his return journey with Emmie early on the following morning. They were to take the train at the nearest station, and by travelling day and night hoped to reach London on the morning fixed for Mr. West's funeral.

"Poor little Emmie!" Sir Francis said to Alma, who had come down early to give him breakfast before he started—"It will be a dismal change for her. She seems to have been making herself very happy here, and very useful to your mother, and I don't like dragging her away to such a miserable state of things as she will find in Saville Street. But her arrival just before the funeral will be a comfort to her poor mother. Urquhart urged it, and, after all, she must, poor child! face the desolation some time. She is bearing it well, you say, and seems tolerably composed and reasonable this morning—no tears or hysterics, eh?" Sir Francis asked, with a puzzled anxiety, not feeling, in spite of his compassion for Emmie, the courage to take a very tearful companion on such a long journey; or knowing exactly how to set about the task of comforting poor West's daughter, if she should say things in praise of her father that he could not by any means agree to.

"You need not be afraid, papa," said Alma; "Emmie is very quiet, and says little even to me. I don't think you will find her difficult to manage on the journey; perhaps I had better go now, and see that mamma does not detain her with a long good-bye. I have all your directions, have I not? You decided that the journey to Clelle, as arranged by Madame de

Florimel, might as well be carried out by mamma and me?"

"Yes, if you think it best to take your mother away from this house in a few days."

"I am sure of it—mamma will never like the place again after hearing such news here; there is nothing for her but change of scene when she is in low spirits."

"Yes, and I am glad that you will have companions to help in rousing your mother—otherwise I should be almost as sorry for you, my dear, as I am for Emmie. Your mother is—it is better to say it out—apt to be a little unreasonable when she is unhappy, and she seems bent this morning on taking poor West's death as an argument for proving her own state of health to be worse than was supposed. Nothing I urge to the contrary seems to make the slightest impression. However you know how to bear with her, Alma, and are perhaps less likely to be tempted to argue the point than I am; though, to be sure, I ought to have learned the uselessness of reasoning with her by this time of our lives. The change, and Madame de Florimel's society, will at all events divert your mother's thoughts for a while, and if she does not recover her spirits in a week or two, or Clelle does not suit her, I must make a push to come out to you, when affairs in Saville Street have shaped themselves a little, and I can get away from my work again. Meanwhile you must write often to me, Alma—ah! there is the crack of the driver's whip. The carriage is coming up to the door. You had better go and bring poor little Emmie down, I think—there is no time to lose."

Alma found Emmie fully equipped, and her packages neatly strapped ready for the journey. Tearless too, with

nothing about her that need have made the greatest dreader of emotion object to her company; yet with a quiet despair in her eyes, which struck Alma as altogether too sad even under the circumstances, for she could not bring herself to see Mr. West in the light of a very irreparable loss, let him be ever so much one's father.

Emmie was standing by the dressing-table when Alma entered, taking some flowers from a vase, and laying them together with very trembling fingers.

"Let me help you," Alma said. "You can hardly hold them; but do you think it worth while to take flowers on such a long journey as you are starting upon? They will be dead long before you get to London."

"Yes, I know," said Emmie, in the same quiet, dull voice in which she had answered all Alma's remarks since she came. "I know they will die directly, but—" She did not finish her sentence, but she did not yield the half-faded branch of quince blossom she held, to Alma's hand, stretched out to take it away—her fingers seemed to cling to it, and in spite of their trembling, she finished making up her bouquet without letting her cousin touch the flowers. Alma was satisfied that she would not be a very helpless travelling companion for her father, in spite of that look of overpowering pain in her eyes. She had more self-command and strength of will than one would give her credit for, to look at her.

Lady Rivers was of course vociferous in her lamentations when Emmie went to wish her good-by, and Sir Francis had to come up stairs at the last possible minute and carry her off, leaving Alma to soothe her mother as best she might.

Except a distant glimpse of the carriage as it wound down the hill, Alma saw no more of the travellers; but she heard many stray scraps of news of them during the long tedious days that followed. Whenever she came across any of the people belonging to the farm, they stopped her to

impart some piece of intelligence that had travelled up the hill, and was being circulated through the neighbourhood by some lucky person who had caught a passing glimpse of Emmie's face, or figure as the carriage drove through the village. The further away from La Roquette that the glimpse had been obtained, the more valuable it was held to be, and the greater interest was attached to a full account of it. As the days passed, and the interest did not diminish, Alma felt bewildered, not knowing how to reconcile this universal occupation of a whole neighbourhood about Emmie West with the family opinion of her insignificance.

"That poor sweet Mademoiselle," La Fermière began, seating herself by Alma's side in the porch on the last evening before her departure, and talking as familiarly to her as if she had been Emmie—"That dear Mademoiselle Emmé, the whole neighbourhood is desolated at her having been carried away from us so suddenly, and for so sad a cause. The other night at the dance at Père Babou's some one brought in the sad news among the wedding guests, and it was one exclamation of regret, one cry of sorrow. Madelon, the bride of to-morrow wept; oh! how she wept, in spite of the bad omen of tears at a betrothal feast; and her lover could not chide her, for he was almost as bad himself. It was terrible! and then Madame la Comtesse and her English relation who were to have assisted at the wedding to-morrow, with Mademoiselle Emmé, only to imagine what their feelings must be to-day! Very little sleep they had we may be sure on that sad night when the news came, hardly more than the dear Mademoiselle Emmé herself, who looked so white, so white on the morning she left us, and who yet stopped to kiss little Jean Baptiste at the last moment—when she was getting into the carriage. After that, as far as one hears, she took no notice of any one. *Le gros Jean* who was working by the road-side five miles from La

Roquette that morning, affirms, indeed, that the carriage passed him closely, and that Mademoiselle Emmé made him a sign of farewell from the window; but still it is well-known that while she was in the village she never looked out—no, not even when the carriage passed the Château, though Madame herself was standing out at the gate, longing—so Joseph Marie tells us—for a look, or a word. Well, well, the world goes round; and it is now a funeral, and now a wedding that one is hurried towards. But that dear Demoiselle—to have seen her and the relation of Madame, as they passed through that little gate in the rose hedge, on their way to the valley three days ago. Hold, Mademoiselle, I was watching them from the window of my dairy down there, and certainly it was not of death and misfortune one was reminded in looking at them. The one as beautiful as the other—as I ventured to tell Madame not twelve hours after, she laughed like this; but bah! Mademoiselle wishes to be alone”—and La Fermière at last gathered up her knitting, and walked off to her own end of the house. Alma quite understood the unfavourable comparisons between herself and Mamselle Emmie that the good woman made as she went.

Still, with all these distractions, how long the days of preparation were to Alma! Her heart was heavy and anxious, and yet she could not help feeling irritated instead of sympathetic with her mother's constant wailings, which always seemed poured out over the least legitimate causes of complaint. She racked her brains for consolatory remarks, and found all her efforts useless, since nothing but a direct assurance that she would marry Horace Kirkman without delay, and undertake that his father should make the fortunes of all the West orphans—would satisfy her mother's requirements, or give her the only comfort she would accept. Under the guise of complaint and condolence a wearying contest of wills went on all day long,

and Alma had no time to give to anticipations of the mountain journey and the companionship it would bring her into, till late on the last evening, when Lady Rivers had fallen asleep; and she sat for more than an hour at the window in Emmie's little bedroom, listening to the song of a nightingale that from the rose hedge was filling the garden with melody.

Her spirits rose under this soothing influence, and she found her thoughts straying far away from the Wests' troubles, and complacency with her present situation creeping in. Three days out of her old life given back to her (that she thought was going to happen); three days out of her youth, before ambition and worldly councils had spoiled her; three days of complete forgetfulness of the Kirkmans, three days of such interchange of thought and sympathy as, she believed, for her, could only be had with one person, and must never be tasted again. That, at all events, she might hope for, to say nothing of possibilities arising from these, which, in the hush of the soft night looked quite near and easy of attainment.

The first day's journey was to be an easy one, and the start was not to take place till after twelve o'clock, as Madame de Florimel had an engagement in the morning, and Lady Rivers wished to await the arrival of the post which might bring news of the travellers. This would be the last opportunity of receiving letters for some days, and Alma, having heard of the uncertainty of the *facteur's* movements, came out into the porch once or twice during the early morning to watch for his approach as Emmie had so often done.

She was in much better spirits this morning and more sociably inclined towards the inmates of the farm when they came up to her, for things were altogether looking brighter. Lady Rivers had slept well, and was equal to taking an interest in the packing, and in the prospect of the mountain drive; and besides Joseph Marie had

been to the maisonnette with a message from Madame long before the English inhabitants of the best rooms were awake, and Alma felt sure that if there had been a departure from the Château yesterday, Madame Dallon would have told her of it the first thing when she came up into the porch, to point out the road down which the *facteur* might soon be seen approaching, and which they were to follow for the first stage of their journey.

"A hot drive they would have in the middle of the day, to-day," Madame Dallon waited to remark. "But what would you have? Madame could not disappoint the good Claires of her presence at their daughter's wedding this morning. Yes, the wedding that is going on precisely at this moment in the church down there. If Mademoiselle had been up a little earlier and had chosen to climb the brow of the hill and stand under that clump of fig-trees, she might have seen Madame, and Monsieur her English relation, and M. le Curé crossing the Place on their way to church. Alas, that Mademoiselle Emmé should not be one of that party! Stay—this piece of orange-blossom; Mademoiselle sees how fine it is? It is from a tree that Jean Baptiste calls his own, and he had flattered himself, the poor child, to present a bouquet to his dear Mademoiselle Emmé this morning; and now for want of better he has stuck it here in his mother's cap. Hark! the bell—that is the signal that mass is half over, and in another ten minutes or so the procession will be leaving the church. Will Mademoiselle come to the fig-trees, or will she wait here and take in the letters should the *facteur* pass within the next quarter of an hour?"

Alma smilingly declined the scramble up hill, and her companion, overjoyed to be set at liberty, ran off, shaking the spray of orange-blossom from her head on to the path as she ran. Alma took the trouble of going to pick it up, and then stood still for a minute or two turning her head to catch the

faint tinkling of bells far below in the valley which the soft wind brought at intervals to her ear. A swift little joy note, now clear, now faint, now dying away, and again sounding a *re-vuë* to gladness and hope. But for that, the house and garden were intensely still, for Lady Rivers and her maid were busy in the upper story, and all the other inhabitants had betaken themselves to the point of observation under the fig-trees.

As Alma mounted the steps again, it flashed into her mind that this was the day when she was to have gone to Hurlingham with the Kirkmans and a party of great people whom poor Mrs. Kirkman would be puzzled to entertain without her help. Horace would have been coming to fetch her soon, and she would have been at her toilette just now hard at work, really interested and anxious to shine forth among the guests, and make the doubtful entertainment a splendid success by the sheer force of her social gifts and fascinations. A splendid dress, a present from old Mr. Kirkman, for the occasion, which Alma blushed to think she had accepted willingly, was hanging up useless in her wardrobe at this moment. Would there ever come another suitable occasion for her to wear it, or was she really, *really* going during this journey to bid good-by to that part of her life,—to the side of her character that loved it,—for ever?

She crossed her arms on the balcony at the top of the steps, and fixed her eyes on the point of the road where she expected the postman to appear, but her thoughts were soon too busy for observation. She wondered over the strange interweaving of lots—joy to one, grief to another—that go to make up life. What a great many people's loss and trouble had it not taken to buy this chance of a new decision for her, and the tranquil, bright days during which it would be possible for her to make it. Poor little Emmie West, was she thinking of the contrast, too? The very flower in Alma's bosom, whose strong fragrance forced

itself on her notice through her reverie, was Emmie's by right. It had budded for Emmie, and now it was breathing its full-blown perfume into her face. Yes, it was strange how things were ordered. Alma's thoughts wound round and round this question, touching it and straying a little beyond her own personal concerns to grapple with the problem why benefit to one should, as it seemed, be bought by loss to another; but she did not, as Emmie might have done, turn her perplexity into a prayer. Serious thought with her was more prone to exhale itself in half-discontented speculation than to turn into prayers, though at that moment, as she remembered afterwards, there was a whisper in her conscience urging her to send up one cry for light and guidance in what she felt was likely to be a turning point of her life. One prayer that she might not be allowed to make a cruel use of other people's sorrow, and put her foot upon another's life, to reach what she wanted for herself. It was a little whisper, not so distinct to her mental ear as the tinkling of the joy bell in the valley, and it sank into silence soon when it was not heeded.

She was roused from her absorption by a voice addressing her, and turning round, she saw that the postman (who must have passed down the road unseen by her) was mounting the steps with a packet of letters in his hands. He would not let her take them till he had delivered himself of a long explanation of his reasons for leaving the letters for the Château with her, as well as those addressed to the *maisonnette*.

"Was not Madame coming up the hill in half an hour?" he asked, smiling, and pointing to a spray of orange-blossom in his button-hole. "Yes, he too was a wedding guest, though unluckily too late for the ceremony. If the young lady would only relieve him of the last contents of his bag—this great bundle of letters for the Château—he should be at liberty to return through the bosquet

and join in welcoming the bridal party at the Orange-tree house on their return from church."

Alma took the letters with only a nod of acquiescence, and returned to the house, examining them as she went. There was nothing from Paris, but there was a thick envelope from Constance; and Alma, in dread of hints that might make her mother uneasy respecting Conny's home-life, turned into a little side room opening upon the hall, to read her sister's letter through, where she could be sure of being alone and uninterrupted. It was a kind of store-room, where Madame Dallon kept her billets of wood and the flax for her spindle, and had no other furniture than an old chest with deep drawers, filled with wine corks which the boys had cut down during the winter evenings.

Alma put the Château letters on the top of this chest, and stood near it while she read Constance's.

The first sheet was just what she expected—home news, interspersed with little hints about Sir John's habits; which made her thankful that she had taken the precaution of looking it through before giving it to her mother; but the second page began differently, and Alma was soon reading with startled eyes, and breath that came and went quickly—

"Dearest,—Lawrence has just been here. You won't scold me when you hear the news he came to tell. I can't help calling it joyful news, though it is shocking, too, and makes me feel as if every one was going to die. Poor uncle West!—and now a very different life cut short quite as suddenly. You remember, don't you? that Lawrence is related to the Anstices? Have you guessed it, Alma?—yes, it is that, the thing you once scolded me for wishing might happen some day. Poor young Lord Anstice is dead. He was drowned two nights ago, while crossing from Gairloch in a storm. His mother had been taken ill at a little fishing-lodge belonging to him in Skye, where she had gone at this unfit time of

year, to spite him, Lawrence thinks, after a quarrel, which she said drove her from Leigh; and in hurrying to her, poor fellow! he met his death. She was always an odious woman, although I don't know why I say this except to keep myself and you from being too sorry for her; there is so much to make us glad. Alma, dearest, Wynyard—our Wynyard, *your* Wynyard is Lord Anstice now, and possessor of all that great fortune; and whatever difficulties the Kirkman entanglement puts in the way (yes, I shall call it an entanglement now,)—you and he must, you shall, come together again. I will move heaven and earth for it, if you won't! You will be shocked just at first; but, oh! I wish I was near you to pull your hands down from your face, and kiss the colour back into your cheeks, and force you to see it as I see it. I will never forgive you, Alma, if you let this great good fortune and happiness slip away from you, by any foolish scruples or false delicacy. Listen to me,—listen to me, we must one of us be happy—and I am not happy. I have never whispered it before, but I tell you, speaking from my heart now, that you may be as anxious as you ought to be, to escape marrying as I did. Oh, Alma, every day as I dress and undress, as I look round my house, and get into my carriage, I say to myself—it was not worth while—even what I have got does not seem to be mine, for my life is a sort of phantom to me, there is no reality in it, and I have no power to hold firmly even the outward prosperity people call mine. The days go by in a whirr and a dream, and when I venture to think a little, I can only say to myself, over and over again, that I am not happy, and that I dare not look forward, and that if a wish were to shape itself in my mind now, it would be such a wicked one, that I shudder to think I am in danger of entertaining it. And mamma said I was to be so *safe*, lifted up above all the dangers and cares of life. But

you, Alma, oh! you will have just everything,—the praise and envy of all your friends, and a high place in the world, and the man you love besides. It is lucky that you never actually wrote a refusal to Wynyard, or allowed it to be said publicly that you were engaged to Horace Kirkman. You were waiting, that was all. And surely it won't be difficult, now you have Wynyard all to yourself, to make him forgive that little delay. My secret hope, and reason for writing at once is that you may perhaps get this news a few hours before it reaches him. I should like him to see you, to have a few words with you, to get a little hint of your feelings, before he hears of this change of circumstances, it would make it all so much easier for you. You always called me a schemer, but is there any harm in scheming to bring about this perfect thing which would please everybody, and make two people who have loved each other so long, happy at last? It would be too miserable if you let pique or misunderstanding come between you, now that all real obstacles are removed. Wynyard is just a little crotchety we all know—but I trust to you, Alma, not to let this great joy slip from you for want of acting."

The last sentence was written on a half sheet of paper, slipped into the envelope, and Alma, when she had read it, let it slip through her trembling fingers and saw it float downwards, blown by a puff of wind into the depth of one of the drawers of the chest which stood half open. Her eye followed it mechanically till it rested on a surface of cork, but she did not stoop to recover it; she half wished she could get rid of the whole letter so, and of the tumult of anxiety, dismay, and yearning it had awakened in her mind. How could she compose herself to meet Wynyard a few moments hence, possessed of this knowledge? Nay, how could she herself give him the very letters that would convey it to him? The news that would once have concerned her so

nearly—and that seemed such a mockery now when it would be, as she felt it would, in spite of all Constance's suggestions, a barrier instead of a furtherance to her wishes. Her eyes fell on the packet of letters reposing on the top of the press. It was there certainly, in one of those long envelopes. It was too important news, he was too important a personage now, for some one not to have thought of summoning him back to England at once to take possession. How could Constance call it good news for her? It was the overthrow of the hopes she had been indulging since she came here. It made them possible and impossible at the same moment, for now she could never make Wynyard believe that she had been on the point of yielding before the change came which made her yielding no longer a proof of disinterested love.

How could she, without incurring his contempt, give him now that little hint about her present relations with Horace Kirkman, which she had thought might perhaps come into one or other of the talks they would have during the three days' travelling together? Half an hour ago this had seemed so easy and now— Oh, why had Constance written?

Alma crushed the letter, and went out into the porch again, and stood looking over the garden towards the road, along which the farm people were now returning to the house. She tried to think about them, about the marriage just over; about Madame de Florimel, whom she had only just seen; of anything and everything she could bring before her mental vision, to crowd out a suggestion that had darted into her mind when her eyes fell on Wynyard's letters, and was threatening to seize upon her imagination with the grip of a strong temptation. Was it that her will to repel it was weak, or that she did not fight the evil thing with the only efficacious weapons, for even while she believed she was thinking of other things, the temptation crept back, entering into her thoughts

by unexpected avenues, till, as the time for action shortened, she found herself parleying with it and bringing the subtlety of her reason to strip it of its obvious ugliness, and give it new shape and colour. "Let me imagine for a moment" (this was the road by which the temptation crept back)—"let me just imagine what would certainly have happened if the postman had been late this morning as Madame Dallon says he so often is. If he had gone straight to the wedding feast and neglected to deliver the letters here till after we had started on our journey, they could not have overtaken us till we had reached St. Cesare. What a moment it would have been for us—I will say us this once in my thoughts—when he had opened those letters and came to me with them in his hand. We should have renewed all our old intimacy on the journey, and he would know by that time I had broken off with the Kirkmans because I found I could not give him up in my heart. He would be full of grief for his cousin at first, and I should comfort him—I, who know how so well; and when the time for personal thoughts arrived, the keenest pleasure would come with the recollection that I had yielded in ignorance of what was coming. How he would congratulate himself, and thank me for having given him such a proof of disinterested love. He would tell me, I know, that it was more than all his new honours and fortune and made them worth having. It would be a perfect reconciliation, a full restoration for me to all I lost in his esteem. Then what a triumph I should feel in telling mamma, how smooth and pleasant all the way would be, nothing to give up, nothing but roses, congratulations, joy, for everybody. For what a different thing it would be asking favours from Wynyard for the Wests, for my brothers, from worming help out of old Mr. Kirkman, who can hurt one equally in giving or refusing. But I should never have to ask Wynyard, only perhaps to put out my

hand to restrain the too generous, eager giving; nay, that would not be necessary now, he will be able to do all he wishes. What a position he will take at once, how popular, how sought after, how really great he will be with his talents and eloquence and winning ways and enthusiasm, which will be no hindrance now, only another power. Papa would be proud of him; it would be a real bit of good luck and satisfaction coming into his life through one of his children at last. Oh, I cannot, I must not give up all this happiness. We must be reconciled before Wynyard hears the news. It must be Wynyard Anstice in his old circumstances to whom I tell the story of my break with Horace Kirkman. There would always be a little doubt—a little cloud between us if we came together afterwards. And, besides, we never should come together. Wynyard is not the man to marry a woman about whom he has a little doubt, who had fallen from the pedestal even a little; it is all or nothing with him, and I should not be really deceiving him. I should be making him happy in the only possible way that is left; for—don't I know well in my secret heart that I have always preferred him. Patience—time—was it my conscience whispered that? But no! it must be done now; time would bring no help to me; we should drift further and further apart—and oh, I cannot bear to lose him now that I have let myself hope again. That must be the little gate that woman said she saw him pass through yesterday with Emmie West. Emmie West—I would not even let myself think of such a possibility a day or two ago, but perhaps I had better look at it for a moment now. Emmie and Wynyard!—and I alone! Emmie, Lady Anstice! It would be a mistake, an absurdity. He cannot love her, for he loved, he loves *me*, and she is a child who thinks of nothing but Saville Street troubles and her mother; but he might take a romantic idea now of lifting her up because she has been

always lowly, and perhaps, who knows, poor child, has shown an interest in him in his poverty? If he goes on thinking of me as Horace Kirkman's promised wife a little while longer, that is what will happen."

Madame Dallon was within a few paces of the garden gate now; in another minute or so she will catch sight of Alma's figure in the door-way and begin to talk to her, and Alma's life will be fixed.

"By such a little accident as that shall it be fixed?" she asks herself. "Could one bear through a lonely disappointed life, baulked every way, to remember always that one's destiny hung in the balance once, and that one let a little event like that decide one's action? No one could bear it. Remorse, if it came in weak moments afterwards, would be easier to put aside than a haunting, tantalising recollection like that!"

Madame Dallon did call out to Alma with her hand on the gate. She called to announce that "Madame" had got into her carriage at the church door, instead of returning to the Château, and that the four horses harnessed for the mountain journey were making such speed up the hill that she might be expected at the Farm in a quarter of an hour. Her shrill voice carried the words beyond the vestibule into the little room where Alma was standing, by the time her sentence ended, and they steadied her hand from trembling too much to accomplish the object she was set upon—the sorting the Château letters into two heaps, one for Madame de Florimel and one for W. Anstice, and the letting those last drop from her fingers into the drawer of the old cork chest. It had evidently been left half-open for weeks, perhaps since the winter evening when the boys had thrown in their last batch of cut corks, for there was quite a thick ridge of dust on the rim; but Alma closed it with one resolute push, and still had time to come out of the room with Madame de Florimel's letters in her hand and put them down on the

balustrade of the stonè steps before any one entered the house.

Every one allows an acted lie to be morally as reprehensible as a spoken one, but at the same time most people find it easier to act than to speak a falsehood, and Alma felt a sort of gratitude to fate when she perceived Madame Dallon was standing with her back to the porch, chatting with a neighbour as she came out, and that she could thus escape having to tell her in so many words that the letters she laid down were what the postman had brought to the door that morning.

A quarter of an hour later Madame de Florimel appeared in the carriage, but no Wynyard. He had chosen to ride instead of accepting the fourth place in the carriage, and was gone on before. Madame de Florimel explained rather pointedly to Alma that this was a new arrangement, and was due to her cousin's reluctance to intrude on Lady Rivers under present circumstances.

"He would not withdraw altogether from the expedition on my account," she said, "as I depend on his escort, and should not have undertaken the journey without him; but it has lost, as you can easily imagine, all special interest and attraction for him since we heard of the sad departure yesterday morning." She smiled significantly as she concluded, but no one responded.

They had just driven through the garden gate and were turning their backs on the rose hedge and the many-windowed maisonnette, with its olive trees and strip of vineyard and sheltering wood behind, but it was not on that account that Madame's remark received no answer. No one stood up to take a last look, though the farm people were assembled about the gate, and did not fail to remark to each other how different it would have been if Mademoiselle Emmé had been there. Lady Rivers was adjusting her wraps and her veil, Ward was fussing to find the best place for her mistress's dressing-case, and Alma held her head down and steadily avoided looking back.

It was a greater effort than she had expected. What was the maisonnette to her, except, indeed, as the tomb of those letters now lying in the dark among the corks in the store-room chest? To avoid the danger of seeing them there constantly, she believed that it would be advisable to take away as few impressions of the place in her memory as possible, and so she strenuously resisted a haunting inclination to look back; not being sure besides, that, if yielded to, it would not have resolved itself into an impulse to stop the carriage and run back and fetch what had been left behind.

The struggle was a painful one, and when it was over and the distance from the maisonnette too great for any possibility of running back, a spirit of angry defiance took possession of Alma's mind. She knew what Madame de Florimel was thinking of when she smiled that little smile, and she mentally pitted her own strength of will and power to carry out a purpose against hers. There must be victory for her in the silent, unacknowledged struggle she foresaw, for how could she ever bear to remember what she had done, unless the results of her action were so triumphant as to carry her in a full tide of happiness over all temptation to regret.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

EMMIE behaved, according to Sir Francis's views of companionship, unexceptionably on the journey. She answered in a soft little voice, whenever he spoke to her, looked after her own travelling bag and rug when they changed carriages, and, when tears came, shed them quietly and unostentatiously in a corner of the carriage with her face turned, so as to let him see as little of them as possible.

"Poor child, poor child?" he thought giving her all the more attention because she exacted so little. "How sensibly she behaves, that

old donkey of a father of hers was not worth such nice quiet tears; she sha'n't miss him I vow. Something must and shall be thought of for her." And when it grew too dark to read the newspaper, Sir Francis, who had worked out all the legal problems requiring his immediate attention on his previous night journey, actually allowed his thoughts to stray to his own family affairs, and elaborated a whole midsummer nights' dream of speculative fancies, while the train carried them on through the early hours of the soft Southern night. "What was that hint about a marriage for Emmie in one of his wife's late letters — Wynyard Anstice? but was not he the man in whom Alma had once appeared to be interested, who had once spoken about Alma to him, in a way that he liked. Would it be well for Alma's happiness under present circumstances, that he should connect himself with the family. Might it not give rise to unfavourable comparisons—Alma, Emmie, Horace Kirkman, Wynyard Anstice, the four figures rose before his mental vision, and as a suspicion of drowsiness came on, kept changing places towards each other as capriciously as if Puck might be expected to operate upon them. Some one in the family evidently must marry Horace Kirkman, Sir Francis thought. Now that all these hungry young Wests had to be provided for, some one must marry Horace Kirkman and act as conductor into family channels of the Kirkman wealth, and the vast patronage that bullet-headed rogue of an old Kirkman had got hold of; but what a pity that the notion of securing the prize for quiet little Emmie had not occurred to any one. It would have been great promotion for her, poor little soul, and she would have made a capital little conductor. Such quiet tears as those, and the sweet little wistful smiles that came when she tried to rouse herself out of them, would draw anything from any man, and she might have built up her brothers and even her cousins' for-

tunes with perfect comfort to herself, without any of those qualms and disgusts that he feared would assail Alma. His Alma he began to think was almost worthy of the promotion of being reserved as the chosen companion of the years when he should have withdrawn altogether from public life and taken to cultivating his literary tastes again. She might as well, with that object before her, marry Wynyard Anstice as not. Sir Francis thought that in those leisure days he should care a good deal for seeing Alma happy, and his heart quite warmed towards Wynyard, as he pictured him dropping in of evenings with Alma, and discussing points in that History of the Law of Inheritance he designed for the work of his old age, with such understanding and interest as could only be expected from a man of Wynyard's intelligence and culture.

Alma married to Horace Kirkman, would be another thing. There could be no rational conversation with husband and wife there, and undoubtedly intellects were dulled in the course of time by constant companionship with fools. What a pity that those pairs of lovers could not change places once more. And with half recollections of a recent visit to a theatre where the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* had been acted, and confused visions of playhouse fairies pressing Love in Idleness on Horace Kirkman's eyes, Sir Francis dropped comfortably into a deep sleep.

Emmie felt herself really alone for the first time since the news came, for the first time since she had left the bench under the magnolia-tree where she sat welcoming such a beautiful hope to her heart. Sir Francis would have been very much surprised if he had known the storm of feeling which raged within his apparently calm little companion (careful all the time not to disturb his repose by any restless movement) during the long night while he slept, and the train rushed through the darkness. It was not despair, or any keen sense of loss that made that night a never-to-be-for-

gotten passage through the valley of the shadow of death to Emmie. It was one of those mental struggles, such as only come to natures capable of very deep loves, from which if the battle ends in victory, the soul rises up new born, dead to self and self love, alive to all the higher kinds of devotion for evermore. A temple of God which, having known the horror and darkness of a sudden emptying, keeps the eternal light burning for ever afterwards on its altar. It was a struggle for surrender of the will only, for Emmie knew that there was no action possible for her, though at times for a few moments she let herself imagine impossible things, such as making an appeal to Wynyard not to desert her for Alma. She did not know why she felt so sure that his heart would turn back to Alma. Sometimes a pale hope lifted up its head and whispered that she too was young, she too was beautiful. She had loved with her whole soul, why should not she be chosen even with Alma by; but after listening to the voice for a minute, she told it to be still. Its sayings seemed to her beside the question after all, for what she wanted to think about was what would be best for him, what would make his life most complete. Had she not once seen him suffer, and felt then that she could give all the happiness and joy that might ever be coming to her, to buy for him what he wanted? It was strange to feel so for an almost stranger, perhaps it was wrong, or perhaps that was only what one ought to feel for everybody. That white-heat of love in which all sacrifice seemed joyful might be what we were meant to live and walk in, towards the common people of our lives: and then Emmie's heart bled to think that she had called her mother a common person, and doubted the possibility of joyful sacrifice for her and for the others. Saville Street life, with all its little anxious details and privations and uglinesses came before her, looking

darker than it had ever looked before from contrast with the freer life she had tasted. She asked herself if she was ready to take up its burden again, and on bruised shoulders too, for she fancied just then that in bidding good-bye to the love-dream which had come to her on that golden afternoon, she was shutting out all joy and strength from her life, shutting herself into a prison.

Emmie put up her hand to feel for the little branch of quince-blossom that was still pinned by the cairngorm brooch out of sight under her shawl, and a great cry seemed to go out from her heart towards the giver of it. The moment in which his eyes met hers seemed a supreme moment whose claims outweighed all the obligations of life and was an existence in itself. She could not let go her hold on it. She could not come down from that height of satisfied emotion to the common path of duty again, could not resign herself to make or be made such a sacrifice, or submit to God's will if that was indeed His will for her.

A hush of awe and compunction followed. The highest wave of passionate pain had flooded her struggling soul with that thought, and as it ebbed away the dutiful instincts and habits that had always governed her, reasserted themselves and proclaimed their mastery over passion. What was best for the others, not what would please herself, had always been her rule since very early days when she had first begun to take part in the cares of the straitened household, and gradually through the surging of grief and pain the old rule made itself heard again. It would be best for the others, if she came back with undivided interests, and gave herself wholly to share the struggle that was before them. He could not come into it—it would not be well for him to come into it because, Emmie decided sorrowfully, with keen remembrance of looks and words, he did not love her enough for that. She

had pleased him for a moment at La Roquette in the sunshine and among the flowers; but at home, with all the Saville Street household about her, and the work of the household pressing upon her, she could not be what he wanted. No; it was Alma he had preferred first. Alma was his real choice, and now that she had come back to him, as Emmie's instinct told her she had, there was nothing for *her* to do but to step aside out of the sunshine of their lives. She would not be even a remorse to him, not so much shadow as that upon their path. She would let him know somehow or other that she understood him rightly, and that those words, that look exchanged on the hill-side, meant for her no more than he would wish them to mean after seeing Alma again. She would do that, and whatever pain there might be in her heart, there should be no anger or grudging, and she need never feel humbled in her own eyes or before her mother, who would never dream of a woman loving more than she was loved.

The night had worn away by the time Emmie had come to this resolution, and a cold dawn was creeping into the sky. Cold, for they were nearing Paris now, and had left the golden sunshine, and warmth and flowers of the South far behind them. Magic land and glamour and dreams of love had vanished, and the long dark night had brought her up into the pale familiar world of work-a-day life again. She hid her eyes from the faint yellow light, and the pale spring flowers that threatened to look hateful, and prayed as she had never prayed before for strength to make that sacrifice on which she had resolved, and to walk bravely henceforth in the thorny ways she knew.

Sir Francis, who woke up just as the prayer ended, hardly knew what to make of the countenance she turned towards him in answer to his sleepy exclamations. The gentle patience and sweetness on such a fair young face

actually brought tears into his eyes, he found them so pathetic, and he patted her head affectionately after he had given her a morning kiss.

"That's right," he said, trying hard to find a pleasant topic to begin upon. "You have had a nice little sleep, I make no doubt, and so have I. It has done us both good, and here we are getting to the end of our night journey, and a cheerful sunny morning, which is always a comfort for the crossing and for—hem—for the getting home and everything."

"For papa's funeral," said Emmie. "To-day, yes I remember you said it was to be to-day; we are hurrying home for that," and she turned her head towards the window again, compunctious that she had been thinking so little of her father, and yet unable for all her good resolutions to help a little grudge against the feeble yellow sunshine which her uncle called cheerful and which to her seemed a mere mockery and pretence, light without glow, awakening her to days from which joy would be always wanting.

They stopped for two hours' rest in passing through Paris, and Emmie vindicated her right to be called woman in her uncle's opinion by giving some unnecessary trouble on this last opportunity and risking the loss of the train to Calais.

When Sir Francis came to the door of the bed-room where he had sent her to lie down, he found her seated before a writing-table scattered over with sheets of paper and busy sealing an envelope, which the waiter to whom he had entrusted his letters was waiting to take.

"My dear," he said, impatient for the first time, "we shall miss our train, and you are delaying my letters. Why did you trouble yourself to write? I had said all that was necessary."

"I am sorry," Emmie answered humbly; "but this" (holding up an envelope) "has a ring in it which I took away from La Roquette by mistake. It is a present intended for a

girl in the village who is married to-day, and I thought I ought to send it back at once."

"Well put on your wraps, there is not a minute to spare, and tell me meanwhile how to direct these other letters you are leaving on the table here."

"Never mind them, uncle; they are not intended to go anywhere, only sheets that I spoilt before I had finished."

Some of these stray sheets had only a few words scrawled on them, but the uppermost was signed and had apparently been rejected only on account of two large tear blisters which disfigured the postscript.

As Sir Francis stood waiting till Emmie had repacked her writing-case and tied her hat his eye ran over it and he took in its contents without finding any other interest in what he read than a faint surprise that Emmie

should occupy herself in writing such a common-place little note at such a time.

"DEAR MR. ANSTICE,—I brought away Madelon's ring by mistake yesterday and I have just remembered that this is her wedding morning. I am sorry she will not have it to wear at the marriage, and as I think I remember that she was to leave La Roquette for a few days directly afterwards, I send the ring back to you that you may give it her when you see her again. Please don't say anything about me in giving it. She knows I wish her well, but it is not really my present, and I am thinking that it is not at all likely I should ever see her or La Roquette again.

"EMMIE WEST.

"P.S.—I took the branch of quince blossom with me yesterday morning, but it died on the road."

To be continued.

LORD DERBY AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

1876-78.

THE Eastern Question has been a very Moloch among political problems so far as its destruction of great reputations is concerned. Wherever we look, at home or abroad, we encounter the striking figure of some eminent personage in the region of high politics who has been scorched as the consequence of his meddling with this apparently hopeless and unsolvable puzzle; but among English statesmen it is Lord Derby who has been the chief victim of the unhappy fate that has laid upon the shoulders of the present generation the burden of a difficulty which has been steadily augmenting during long centuries. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, it is true, have both suffered from their connection with the Eastern Question; but both have had their compensations. If the Prime Minister was forced to confess in September, 1876, that the country was no longer with him, and if at present he is suffering from the changed sentiment of the public regarding the importance of a Turkish alliance to England, it must not be forgotten that he has at least enjoyed the brilliant political and party triumph of July, 1878. If Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, has had to submit not merely to the abuse of the populace, but to the censures of many among his own friends and supporters, it must be remembered that he rode on the topmost crest of the popular wave in the autumn of 1876, and that at this moment his views are far more generally approved and accepted than are those of his rival. Lord Derby, however, has had the rare misfortune to be unpopular on all occasions, and with both political parties; whilst for him there has come as yet no compensation. In 1876 he was denounced at

the St. James's Hall Conference and elsewhere with a lusty vigour which seemed to suggest that in the opinion of most Liberals he was all but an active partner in the crimes of the Bashi-Bazouks. In the winter of 1877-78 he was not more popular with the country at large; though upon this occasion his offence was of a different character. Suspected of an unwillingness to go to war with Russia on behalf of Turkey or of those English interests which were supposed to be mixed up with the Turkish Question, he was attacked by a portion of the press with a ferocity and indecency for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the journalism of this generation. No slander seemed to be too stupid or too gross to be used against him; and the movement which eventually resulted in his resignation was brought to a head by a political cabal of which the Carlton Club was the head-quarters, and not a few Conservatives of eminence were the instigators. Even his resignation of office failed to shield him from the wrath of those whom he had offended, and the world cannot have forgotten the extraordinary bitterness with which last July he was assailed in the House of Lords by the peer who had succeeded him as Foreign Secretary. And strange to say, his rupture with the one party does not seem to have had the effect of securing for him the confidence of the other. At all events the Duke of Argyll, in his recently published "pamphlet in two volumes," deals with him as severely as though he were still the representative of the Eastern policy of the Government.

In these circumstances I venture to claim for Lord Derby a re-examination of his foreign policy between 1876

and 1878. Simple justice to an eminent Englishman upon whose career a cloud now rests, but who, it must not be forgotten, filled perhaps the most important office in the state at one of the greatest crises through which England has ever passed, should induce the nation to look into the facts of his official career as they may now be gathered from a variety of sources both public and private. The time has not yet come for withdrawing the veil from all that has hitherto been secret and mysterious in the history of the Eastern Question; but fortunately one may now be allowed greater freedom of speech than was possible twelve months ago, and, unlikely as it may seem, I do not despair of being able to put some of the most familiar incidents of that question in a new light, so far at any rate as the majority of my readers are concerned. In all that I have to say on this subject, whether it be new to the public or the reverse, I may observe that I write on authority on which I can absolutely rely, and which enables me to speak with confidence and certainty, even regarding those phases of the question which may seem to be most remote from the view of the outer world.

Lord Derby's unpopularity, as I have shown, arose from two causes, and these may be explicitly stated in the following terms:—1st, his failure to work in cordial alliance with the other European Governments, and above all with Russia, in 1876, as evidenced more especially by his rejection of the Berlin Memorandum; and 2nd, his refusal to join Lord Beaconsfield in the series of measures which began with the calling out of the Reserves and culminated in the Berlin Treaty and the Anglo-Turkish Convention.

It is the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum on the 19th of May, 1876, that is now the great cause of offence which Liberals think they have a right to cherish against Lord Derby. It has been the fashion in

most recent debates or disquisitions on the Eastern Question to date all the troubles of Europe from that point. If England, we are told, had but consented to join the other Powers in supporting this ultimatum from the three Emperors, all might have been well in the East; Turkey might have been reformed without bloodshed, and the Eastern Question might have been solved without any serious change in the territorial arrangements in that part of the world. Nay, the Duke of Argyll goes so far as to allege that "these actions of the British Government," that is to say, the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum and the communication of our reasons for rejecting it to the Turks, "contributed" to the Bulgarian massacres. It is a fortunate thing for Lord Derby's peace of mind that, even if he were as ill-advised as men suppose in his rejection of Prince Bismarck's plan, such a charge as this of the Duke of Argyll's is disproved by the irrefutable testimony of dates. It was on the 9th of May that the "horrors" culminated in the frightful orgies of Batak, and it was not until the 19th that the Memorandum was rejected. But dismissing this inverted notion as to cause and effect from consideration, the serious question arises: What is Lord Derby's justification for not accepting the proposals telegraphed from Berlin on May 15th and finally rejected by England four days later? Reading the events of the spring of 1876 in the lurid light cast upon them by the incidents that have happened since then, it is impossible to deny that some good reason for his action in this matter of the Memorandum must be found if the action itself is to be justified in the opinion of posterity. But before looking for that reason, it may be well to point out that at the time when the despatch of May 19th was written, the course taken by Lord Derby was not only not opposed by any of the leading Liberal politicians of the day, but even seemed to have their decided

approval. This fact would of itself be no justification of Lord Derby in the eyes of posterity; but it ought at least to be borne in mind by those who had the opportunity of making their protest against his action in the spring of 1876, and who failed to avail themselves of it.

But why was the Memorandum rejected? In order to answer this question it becomes necessary to dive below the surface, and to get out of the region of protocols and despatches into that of semi-official or unofficial utterances. Strange to say, it is the Duke of Argyll in his recent work on the Eastern Question who suggests the real clue to that which is still to the general public a mystery.

"We have already," says he (vol. i. page 187), "seen the declared reluctance of the English Cabinet to join in, or to sanction in any way, the interference of the European Powers in the internal affairs of Turkey. *The best, and indeed the only, excuse for this feeling lay in the suspicion or the fear that some of these Powers, and especially the three Imperial Courts who had first acted together in framing the Andrassy Note, had some secret understanding or design to re-open the Eastern Question in all its breadth, and to bring about fundamental changes in the destination of the European provinces of Turkey.*"

Now had the English Government any such suspicion? The question may be answered without the slightest hesitation in the affirmative. Even if I were not able to rely upon unquestionable sources of information on this point, I could adduce evidence already before the world sufficient to satisfy the mind of any candid and unprejudiced person that the Duke of Argyll, whether intentionally or otherwise, has hit the truth regarding the reasons which induced Lord Derby to reject the Berlin Memorandum. Of course it will be obvious that the secret plans of Governments can never be proved by evidence such as we are accustomed to look for in an English court of justice. Diplomats, especi-

ally those of the Bismarckian pattern, always leave a back-door of escape open for themselves, as in the case of the famous "Treaty" of M. Benedetti, and it is only when they begin to quarrel that they show each other up. But though great reticence has been maintained with regard to this private agreement of the three Empires, its existence is now an open secret in diplomatic circles throughout Europe. The very date at which the plan of the war was agreed upon is known to the statesmen of more than one of the countries which had no share in the "Triple Alliance." That date is not, as might have been supposed, 1876 or 1877, but 1873! On the significance of this fact it is unnecessary to comment; but I would ask any one conversant with the secrets of diplomacy whether he now believes that the Triple Alliance was nothing more than a friendly understanding, without particular end or object, between the three most powerful military empires of Europe? Unquestionably it was something more. It had objects, precise and real and grave, and among them it is no longer doubtful that an ulterior understanding as to Turkey was included. Those of my readers who are not versed in the history of the windings and ramifications of the Eastern Question, will probably be startled by this statement, and will ask what public sources can be appealed to for a confirmation of it. It may be true that one at least of the Powers engaged in the understanding has acknowledged the existence of this scheme, or plan, or plot, and that even its details have been made known to those who are in the inner circle of politics; but how comes it, I may be asked, that so important a factor in the Eastern Question as this is, has never been brought to light in the innumerable Parliamentary debates upon that question? To this I answer, in one word, that though the leaders on both sides have been very shy of alluding to the existence of the scheme of the three Emperors, it has not been

passed over in such absolute silence as many persons suppose. Perhaps the most significant utterance on the subject was that of Lord Derby himself on July 18th last year. It is specially significant, not merely because it shows that the country was informed of the existence of a "secret understanding" on the part of the three Emperors, but because it throws unexpected light upon the nature of that understanding. Speaking in the House of Lords on the date mentioned, the ex-Foreign Secretary declared that the cession of Bosnia and the Herzegovina to Austria *"was part of the original engagement between the three Empires some years ago."* The cession of Bosnia and the Herzegovina to Austria! Is Saul then among the prophets? During the whole of this Eastern complication there has been no article of our creed as Liberals more firmly fixed, more deeply rooted, than the conviction that Austria was absolutely disinterested in her dealings with Turkish affairs, and that her chief, her absorbing desire, was to stave off as far as possible all changes that might lead to a partition of the Ottoman Empire, and above all to a partition which would be followed by the annexation of some parts of Turkey to the territory of the Emperor-King. We have clung to this belief in spite of the warnings uttered during many months by the gentleman who was formerly correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna; and in spite also of the strange confirmation of those warnings furnished by the Treaty of Berlin. The all but universal belief amongst Englishmen has been and still is that Count Andrassy accepted the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina with unfeigned reluctance, in the discharge of a duty to Europe, and by no means in fulfilment of any policy or designs of his own. Yet we now know—and we can appeal to this utterance of Lord Derby in confirmation of the fact—that years ago, before ever the Berlin Memorandum had been formulated, this transfer of territory from Turkey to Austria had been resolved

upon, and the three Emperors were merely waiting for the opportunity of effecting it. There is one other feature of that "secret design," that "original engagement," of the three Empires which I cannot find recounted in any of the public utterances of Ministers or ex-Ministers, but the existence of which I nevertheless can affirm without hesitation. That was a clause whereby Russia was to take back Bessarabia from Roumania, and was to wrest Batoum from Turkey. Germany was to find her compensation elsewhere. Thus, strange as it may seem to the outer world, *it is nevertheless a fact that the leading features of the Berlin Treaty of 1878 had been decided upon several years before the Russo-Turkish War began.*

It is now known, I repeat, in the inner circles of diplomatists throughout Europe and by both Liberal and Conservative statesmen in this country, that the Triple Alliance, the members of which had ostentatiously taken the management of the Eastern Question into their own hands in the autumn of 1875 and the spring of 1876, rested upon just such a scheme as the Duke of Argyll suggests, a scheme having for its object "to re-open the Eastern Question in all its breadth, and to bring about fundamental changes in the destination of the European provinces of Turkey." Even the Duke admits that the "suspicion" or the "fear" of such a scheme would have been an excuse for that feeling on the part of Lord Derby which led him to reject the Berlin Memorandum; and I believe that the absolute knowledge of the existence of such a plan would be accepted by the most pronounced of Lord Derby's Liberal critics as a full justification for his refusal to take his assigned place in the programme of Prince Bismarck. That he had this absolute knowledge I am not prepared to affirm; but what is quite certain is that he had such "suspicion and fear" of the existence of this project on the part of the three Empires as the Duke admits would have been an excuse for his action.

Let us put ourselves, if possible, for a moment in the position which Lord Derby occupied in May 1876. He knew that the three Emperors were acting ostentatiously in concert with each other. He has himself told us (House of Lords, April 8th, 1878) that the feeling on the part of the German Government was "from the very beginning one of warm and undisguised sympathy with Russia," and he knew that Austria was so closely involved in the Triple Alliance that she could not be depended upon to support the policy or assist in preserving the interests of England. Furthermore, he knew that the joint action of the three Empires was the result of discussions from which the representatives of England had been carefully excluded. He had at that time no positive evidence as to the nature of the scheme secretly formed, but that a plan of definite action had been decided upon was clear to him from all that was happening, not merely at the capitals of the three Emperors, but at Constantinople and in Bosnia. From many of the agents of the Government abroad there came about this period confidential warnings to the effect that war had been secretly determined upon, and from at least one important quarter ministers were advised that the end of the war was to be the partition of Turkey. Furthermore, there were some notorious circumstances in the state of Turkey that bore a peculiar and important signification. Granting all that might be alleged as to the deplorable and scandalous misgovernment of the provinces, it was still true that the active disaffection of the populace was being fomented by the lavish distribution of money, which could only come from the treasury of some State interested in keeping alive the disturbances. The Andrassy Note, again, though it might only be a plaister to lay on the surface of the sore, had never been fairly applied. Doubtless in part this was the fault of the Porte, which was as dilatory and irresolute then as in

subsequent crises; but it was evident that the three Emperors did not care to exercise any patience with regard to it. Yet again it was notorious that the wretched Sultan was in the hands of General Ignatieff, and that some of the very measures which tended to influence Europe against his Government, and which the three Emperors alleged as an excuse for precipitate action, had been recommended by that able and far-seeing diplomatist.

This was the state of things existing in Europe at the time when their Imperial Majesties and their Chancellors met in secret conclave at Berlin. The representative of no other country was admitted to that conference. On the contrary, everything apparently was done in the manner most likely to wound the susceptibilities of free and independent Powers. We know what the end was. Convinced that the three Empires really wanted war, and carefully excluded from all knowledge of the nature of their plans, which he had to be content to gather up bit by bit from the hints and surmises of ambassadors and consuls, Lord Derby found himself suddenly summoned at the point of the telegraph to say "Yes" or "No" to a series of cut-and-dried propositions, which, whatever might be their other objects, would at least have the effect of bringing Turkey more directly under the thumb of the Triple Alliance than she had ever been before. On the 19th of May, in the full conviction forced upon him by all the information he could gather, that war was intended, and that the Berlin Memorandum would do nothing to avert it, he declined to sign that document on behalf of England; and, taking all the circumstances into account, I believe that no other English statesman of our day would have ventured to act differently.

It is easy to be wise after the event, and to say now that the Foreign Secretary made a mistake when he thus broke up the European concert. We have had since then three years crammed with instructive incidents of all kinds,

and the dullest newspaper reader in May, 1879, knows more about the Eastern Question than did the ablest of statesmen in May, 1876. But it is not necessary, in order to vindicate Lord Derby, to argue the question in the light of this *post-facto* knowledge. I believe indeed that even in view of all that has happened during these three years he can afford to await the verdict of history with confidence. But when we put ourselves in his place, when we look back to that 19th of May, 1876, to a point, that is to say, before the Bulgarian atrocities were known, before the name of Chefket Aga had been heard of, before Abdul Assiz had been deposed or scissored, before Mr. Gladstone had spoken, or the great popular movement of the autumn had begun, and when we see him standing between the treaty obligations, the traditional policy, the sympathies and the political interests of England on the one hand, and this secret conspiracy of the three Emperors against Turkey on the other, who is there that can blame him for not committing himself blindfolded to a step which, in his opinion, must have led—even if it was not actually intended to lead—to a war, and to the partition of the Ottoman Empire?

I do not intend to weary my readers by going over the whole Eastern Question again, and I shall therefore pass very lightly over the events of 1876, subsequent to the rejection of the Memorandum. So far as that period is concerned, the charge made against Lord Derby is that he was dilatory and half-hearted in his condemnation of the Bulgarian atrocities, and that he even contemplated an alliance between this country and Turkey against Russia. This latter charge, it will be remembered, was urged against him with great frequency at the St. James's Hall Conference, and in similar gatherings. Yet we now know on the best of all evidence, that he spoke out concerning the atrocities far more emphatically, and at a far earlier date than was at the time supposed, and that so

far from being willing to make war by the side of Turkey against Russia, he was ready to sacrifice office rather than take steps which might have had the effect of involving us in such a struggle. It is only necessary to state succinctly a few dates, in order to show that Lord Derby was by no means slow to take action regarding the Bulgarian crimes, though it is quite true that, amid the prevailing excitement, he never lost his own presence of mind, or allowed himself to be hurried into the precipitate and extreme action which was at that time demanded by a large section of the public. It was on the 23rd of June that the *Daily News* published its first story regarding the vile crimes of Batak and the other Bulgarian towns—a story which at the time nobody was able to believe in its entirety. On the 26th of June questions were asked in Parliament on the subject, and on the 28th Lord Derby wrote to Sir Henry Elliot, inclosing the letter from the *Daily News* and directing him to inquire at once into the matter. On July 8th and 10th other letters appeared in the same paper confirming the terrible story; and on July 13th these also were sent to Sir Henry Elliot by Lord Derby, accompanied by strong words of warning as to the consequences in which these crimes must involve the Porte. On July 14th Lord Derby telegraphed to Constantinople, ordering Vice-Consul Dupuis to make an independent investigation on the spot into the circumstances of the massacres, this being the origin of the memorable "Baring inquiry." On the 9th of August Mr. Baring's first report was received, and Lord Derby at once stated that the acts it revealed would cause public indignation in Europe to become uncontrollable, and would inevitably lead to hostile interference with Turkey. This it must be borne in mind was weeks before the popular agitation began, or public feeling had reached the fever-height which it attained in September. On the 29th of this same month of August, a week

before the publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, Lord Derby telegraphed to Sir Henry Elliot, telling him that the impression produced by events in Bulgaria had completely destroyed sympathy with Turkey, and that the feeling was so universal and strong, that even if Russia were to declare war against the Porte, it would be impossible for England to interfere. Finally, on the receipt of Mr. Baring's full report, Lord Derby, on September 21st, wrote that memorable despatch, in which the authors of the atrocities were denounced by name, and the most vigorous language probably ever used by one Power towards another was employed to express the opinion of the English Government on the subject of these atrocious crimes. All these are but specimens of the language used by Lord Derby at this time; for he wrote other despatches which I have not named, and made speeches to deputations still stronger than his despatches. Yet a cry was got up against him that he was indifferent on the subject of these horrors, and that he refused to allow them to influence him in his maintenance of the "traditional policy" of England. How far this charge was from being well founded is proved by his own declaration in a speech of September 27th, that the position of the Government towards Turkey had been changed by the outrages "which all Europe had seen with so much disgust."

But other and still stronger proof of his lack of sympathy with Turkey, now that, like the rest of the world, he had been enlightened as to the character of the weapons she was employing against her Christian subjects, may be adduced. It must be remembered that at this time Russia was waging an "unofficial war" against Turkey by means of Servia. In this war the little Principality, in spite of the aid so lavishly furnished by the Russians, was worsted, and the Turks had the opportunity of repeating in Belgrade the brutalities of Batak. It was Lord Derby who intervened on the 24th of

August to save the Principality; and so far did he carry this intervention that, after warning Turkey that it would be impossible to save her from the ruin her own Government had brought upon her if she refused to listen to his advice, he emphasised his warning by instructing Sir Henry Elliot on the 5th of October, to leave Constantinople should the Porte continue its refusal to grant an armistice to the beaten Servians. Yet two months later, at the St. James's Hall Conference, it was generally assumed that he was anxious to form an Anglo-Turkish alliance against Russia and the Principalities!

I do not propose to enter into the question of the Constantinople Conference, chiefly because most persons, including even so vigorous a critic as the Duke of Argyll, seem to be agreed that in the steps taken before that Conference Lord Derby acted with entire wisdom and discretion. The instructions given to Lord Salisbury were irreproachable, and the views held regarding the necessary reforms in the government of Turkey were such as to meet with the approval of Mr. Gladstone. The only charge brought against Lord Derby in connection with these transactions is his alleged failure to bring pressure to bear upon the Porte in order to compel the acceptance of the scheme of the Conference. But is this charge true? Was no pressure brought to bear upon Turkey by England at this time? Why the Duke of Argyll himself quotes passage after passage from the Foreign Secretary's despatches, in which the Porte is emphatically warned that if she turns a deaf ear to the advice of Europe she will inevitably be attacked by Russia, and that in such a case she need look for no help from England. So far from its being true, therefore, that no pressure was put upon Turkey at this time by Lord Derby, it is clear that all possible pressure, short of an actual threat of war by England, was brought to bear upon her. But ought we to

have gone further and threatened war? Some Liberals were very strongly of opinion in December, 1876, that this threat ought to have been used, and that, not content with holding up Russia as a kind of bogey to terrify Turkey into submission, Lord Derby ought boldly to have stated that England would draw the sword against her ancient ally if she refused to submit to the decrees of the Conference. But in justice to the Foreign Secretary let it be remembered that, with one doubtful exception, no statesman of reputation had gone so far at this time as to advocate war against Turkey. Mr. Gladstone had used some words which might be construed into an indirect recommendation of war; but even the Duke of Argyll himself had not followed suit, whilst the great majority of the Liberal statesmen and ex-ministers had carefully abstained from hinting at the possibility of such a step being taken. The Duke, in his recent work on the Eastern Question, candidly admits that "it cannot be said that the support of the Opposition was given with any clearness, or with any sense of obligation, in favour of the policy of compelling Turkey to perform her promises to Europe." The truth was that a very large section of the Liberal party, including those who had been most strongly moved by the Bulgarian crimes, were strenuously opposed to war either for Turkey or against her. They wanted England simply to wash her hands of the Eastern Question, and to leave Russia absolutely free to work her will upon the Porte. If, therefore, Lord Derby had gone so far as to threaten war or warlike measures, he would have been far in advance, not merely of his own party, but of the Opposition. In the course he actually took it may fairly be said that he had the support of the majority of Liberals.

But it must not be forgotten that the Foreign Secretary was in possession at this time of information which was not in the hands of the public. Bit by bit abundant confirmation had been

obtained of those suspicions and fears with regard to the intentions of the three Empires which had induced him to reject the Berlin Memorandum. The whole scheme was now known in more than one Western capital. A war against Turkey *had* been decided upon; and no surrender of independence on the part of the Sultan was now likely to prevent that war, unless it were accompanied by a surrender of territory to Russia and Austria. The unofficial knowledge which our statesmen had obtained concerning the designs of the Allies had been confirmed on the 26th of September by Prince Gortschakoff's proposal that an Austrian army should occupy Bosnia, a Russian army Bulgaria, and that the combined fleets of Europe should occupy the Bosphorus. Even when it was suggested that possibly the naval demonstration alone might suffice, Lord Derby did not feel able, knowing what he did, to acquiesce in the proposal. He was by this time firmly convinced that war must come, and that war would be followed by a partition of Turkish territory closely following the lines marked out in Prince Gortschakoff's scheme of occupation. Moreover, he could not fail to notice how the representative of one of the Great Powers at the Conference seemed to make it his business to raise difficulties in the way of an agreement between the Porte and the Powers, now by putting forward the proposals for reform in the most offensive shape, and now by instilling into the minds of the Turks suspicions as to the sincerity of the other members of the Conference. It was, therefore, under this profound conviction that war was inevitable, and that no concession made by Turkey with regard to her mode of administration would suffice to avert it, that the Foreign Secretary stood aside, and having warned the Porte of the fate she had incurred, left her to meet that fate.

One mode indeed of preventing war there still was, now that the Conference was at an end and the *mandat*

seemed to have passed into the hands of Russia. England by reverting to her supposed "traditional policy," and proclaiming herself the ally of the Turks, might have prevented the outbreak of hostilities. There is we know an active school of politicians in this country which still clings to the belief that this was the course which ought to have been pursued in the beginning of 1877. The great majority of Englishmen are, however, probably now thankful that this party was not triumphant in the Cabinet. Its triumph would have committed us to the hopeless task of keeping alive the rule of the Turk, not merely on the banks of the Bosphorus, but on the banks of the Danube and the Save. Yet there were not wanting those who in the Cabinet itself advocated this "spirited" policy. At their head was Lord Beaconsfield. Speaking at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School on the 27th of July last, the Prime Minister used language, the meaning of which is not to be mistaken:—

"One of the results," he said, "of my attending at the Congress of Berlin has been to prove what I always suspected to be an absolute fact, that neither the Crimean War nor this horrible devastating war which has just terminated, would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary firmness. Russia has complaints to make against this country, that neither in the case of the Crimean War nor on this occasion—and I don't shrink from my share of responsibility in this matter—was the voice of England so clear and decided as to exercise a due share in the guidance of European opinion."

If words have any meaning at all, this passage must be construed as signifying that Lord Beaconsfield regretted that England had *not* made herself the ally of Turkey before the outbreak of that "horrible and devastating war" which terminated in the Peace of Berlin. And I believe that it was to the attitude then assumed within the cabinet by Lord Derby—

though on this point I necessarily speak without authority—that we owe the fact that England did not find herself in the spring of 1877 committed without preparation, and without other allies, to an offensive and defensive alliance with the Turk.

War having become in the Foreign Secretary's opinion inevitable, he directed his whole attention to one task, that of keeping England out of it. The task, as the sentence I have just quoted from Lord Beaconsfield proves, was a far more difficult one than most persons imagined at the time. Many grave English interests were involved in that Eastern Question which was now to be rudely cut asunder by the sword; the old feelings of dislike for Russia long cherished by so large a portion of the English people, and only temporarily allayed under the still stronger outburst of indignation due to the revelation of the Bulgarian atrocities, began to revive; and the natural chauvinism of the Englishman, who has never looked with patience upon another power which was reaping laurels on the battle-field, added to the embarrassment and the danger. Yet Lord Derby was fortunately able to steer a straight course at this momentous crisis. War was declared on April 24th, and on the 6th of May he penned the well-known despatch which was afterwards called "the charter of our neutrality." In that despatch he laid down with great clearness and simplicity the conditions on which England would remain neutral between Russia and Turkey during the struggle; and these conditions were without hesitation accepted by the Russian Government. It has been said by some of his critics that this despatch was a mean and selfish document, because it contained no reference to the wrongs of the Turkish Christians, and expressed no hope for their liberation from Mussulman misrule. The Duke of Argyll contrasts it unfavourably on this account with the answering despatch of Prince Gort-

schakoff. It is enough to say that in the circumstances, considering that Lord Derby was penning what might be called a business document, and a document of the most serious character, any words not strictly necessary to the statement of his case would have been objectionable as well as superfluous. As for the despatch of Prince Gortschakoff, which receives the Duke's approbation, it is quite true that, in alleging the objects of the war, it says a great deal about the wrongs of the Christians; but it is equally true that it has not a word to say about Batoum and Bessarabia, of which the Czar had already resolved to possess himself.

Throughout the war this despatch of the 6th of May continued to be the "English Charter." It was written for the double purpose of safe-guarding the interests of this country and preventing our being involved in the conflict; and both these purposes it successfully served. Under Lord Derby's careful guidance we maintained a course of strict neutrality down to the close of 1877; none of his critics, on either side, having anything to allege against his conduct at this time. Unfortunately, however, the various incidents of the war tended to inflame greatly those popular passions and prejudices of which I have just spoken. A large mass of the people of England began, during and after the siege of Plevna, to take sides with the Turks just as vehemently as twelve months before they had taken sides with the Bulgarians. These people were especially numerous and influential in London, and among the avowed supporters of the Ministry. Journals which had been the staunch adherents of the Government when they were standing against the anti-Turkish agitation, now began in turn to assail them, and Lord Derby in particular was singled out as the object of the most bitter and venomous attacks. I need not speak more particularly of the cruel and outrageous slanders of which he was the victim.

Yet all this time he was steadily pursuing a most consistent course. Having defined the special interests of England, he was watching over them carefully, and so long as those interests were respected, he was opposed to any action that might tend to endanger still further our relations with Russia. But divisions now began to show themselves openly in the Cabinet, as the popular pressure out of doors increased. Turkey was crushed, and in its fall many persons seemed to see the ruin of that mysterious entity, the prestige of England. The cry for intervention arose, and, strongly against the remonstrances of Lord Derby, the Cabinet resolved to summon Parliament in the middle of January, and to propose a special vote for war services to the House of Commons. So much did the Foreign Secretary dislike the idea of this vote, at a time when as yet none of the interests of England had been molested by Russia, that he resigned his office, and for forty-eight hours, unknown to the outer world, he was not a member of the Cabinet. He was brought back by an assurance that the money would not be spent, and that the vote was to be regarded as one of confidence in the Government.

Parliament met under circumstances of great excitement; yet Lord Derby had in the meantime done his best to allay that excitement by securing fresh undertakings from Russia for the safe-guarding of the Straits, including a promise not to send troops to Gallipoli. On January 23rd, in consequence of a despatch from Mr. Layard saying that the Russians had advanced to Dimetica, and that it was feared that Gallipoli might be cut off from direct communication with the capital, the Cabinet resolved to send the English fleet at once to Constantinople. Orders were given, the fleet sailed, and had got half-way up the Dardanelles, when it was ordered back again to Besika. The meaning of this marching and counter-marching lies in a nutshell. On the 23rd of January, when

it was resolved to send the fleet to the Bosphorus, Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon resigned; on the 24th, when the counter-order was given, Lord Derby withdrew his resignation and consented to remain at his post. He saw no reason for any of the measures of menace to which the Cabinet, in response to the chauvinist clamour out-of-doors, and especially among its own political supporters, was anxious to resort; and by his personal influence he succeeded in preventing a step which, if it had been fully carried out, would in all probability have plunged us into war. But the evil temper which now prevailed in England was not confined to this country; and Russia seemed anxious to do her best to add fuel to the flames of international jealousy and hatred. By the delay in according the armistice, and by the surreptitious and unnecessary advance of her armies upon Constantinople, at a time when the Sultan was suing for peace, she did her best to increase the popular excitement in England. There was another reason for suspicion on the part of the country, though this was a reason which the Government could not plead on their own behalf; I mean the mystery preserved as to the terms of peace. Now in the confidential communications of May 30th, June 8th, and July 30th, 1877, the English Government had received from the Czar a very frank disclosure of the conditions he intended to impose upon Turkey in the event of his success. There was no need, therefore, for ministers to "lose their heads" either during the time when secret negotiations were being carried on between General Ignatieff and the Sultan's Government, or later still when the character of the San Stefano Treaty was made known. The country, which knew nothing of the Czar's confidential communications, might be suspicious and indignant; but ministers might at least have been expected to preserve their presence of mind. Yet we know that in spite of this knowledge the Govern-

ment, answering to pressure from without, continued to follow a policy which was distinctly one of menace. Lord Derby, strenuously opposed as he was to a war for which no reason had been assigned, had to look on whilst the six millions, obtained as "a vote of confidence," were being converted with all possible speed into ironclads and arms. By urgent representations to Russia he had induced her not to occupy Constantinople even temporarily. As resolute as any of his colleagues in insisting that the whole of the terms of peace should be submitted to the discussion of the Great Powers, he did not despair of attaining that end by friendly negotiations, whilst he was convinced that to abandon such negotiations and resort to open preparations for war would be to make peace impossible. For several weeks he held his own with incredible difficulty before the country. Something like a mutiny had broken out, however, in the Tory ranks, and the man who from May 6th, 1877, had never swerved a hair's breadth from his policy of neutrality, based on the preservation of the interests of England, found himself assailed as weak, vacillating, purposeless, and cowardly. One of the characteristic "moves" in the Russian game of diplomacy brought matters to a crisis. On March 26th the Russian Government, in answer to the plain demand of Lord Derby that the whole Treaty of San Stefano should be submitted to a congress of the Great Powers, sent an intentionally ambiguous reply. It was not a final answer; Lord Derby still saw his way to getting from Prince Gortschakoff the admission he required; but his colleagues had made up their minds. The answer of the Russian Chancellor gave them at length the opportunity of complying with the demands of their supporters in the clubs and the streets, and on the day on which this reply was received from Russia they formed certain resolutions which had at least the merit of being bold enough to satisfy the most war-

like and war-loving of their adherents. These were to call out the Reserves, to bring a large contingent of Indian troops to Europe, to seize and occupy the island of Cyprus, and to take temporary possession of a point upon the coast of Syria. Lord Derby pointed out to his colleagues, as he has since told us, that the adoption of such measures as these, above all the seizure of Cyprus, and of a station on the mainland, was certain to be followed by the Russian occupation of Constantinople, whilst the signal for partition having been given by this bold appropriation of Turkish territory, the work would be carried forward in no half-hearted fashion by Austria and Russia, who would be delighted to see England set such an example. His remonstrances were in vain; and on that same day he finally quitted the Cabinet, and left Lord Salisbury to take up the thread of our foreign policy.

But it is a mistake to suppose that Lord Derby's influence over the Eastern Question ceased when he resigned office. My readers cannot have forgotten the thrill of exultation with which Lord Salisbury's despatch, tearing to shreds the Treaty of San Stefano, was received by those who had succeeded in driving his predecessor from the Ministry. Lord Derby on leaving the Cabinet had somewhat plaintively remarked that it required much more courage to express unpopular views among friends than to sit in Downing Street and issue orders which might bring him no danger of unpopularity, but upon which might devolve the responsibility of a European war. Lord Salisbury took the less courageous course. He made himself popular with his friends; but he *did* run the risk, the terrible and imminent risk, of a European war. Yet mark the sequel. Lord Derby quitted the Cabinet because his colleagues considered that negotiations were now at an end, and that nothing remained except either to engage in actual war or to frighten Russia into

submission by ostentatious and extravagant preparations for a conflict. Speaking a few days after his resignation, he expressed his own belief that diplomatic means of settling the difficulty were not exhausted, and he then used the following remarkable words: "If I had to deal with the matter I should endeavour to keep the Congress alive, saying and doing nothing to prevent its ultimate meeting, but letting it stand over until the way was smoothed by private and separate negotiations between the Powers concerned."

Need I tell my readers that this advice was followed by the colleagues who had ostentatiously separated themselves from him in order to pursue a policy pleasing to the chauvinists of their party? Hardly had he quitted office before some of the warlike resolutions from which he had dissented were revoked. It was resolved to get Cyprus, not by the high-handed act of a sudden occupation, but by treaty with the Porte, and the Indian troops were sent to Malta instead of to Syria. Still more striking, however, was the justification of his views furnished by Lord Salisbury, when, after publishing broad-cast the "spirited" despatch of April 1st, in which, as I have said, the San Stefano Treaty was torn to shreds, the Foreign Secretary quietly adopted Lord Derby's suggestion, and paved the way for the Congress by "private and separate negotiations" with Russia. It was by the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Agreement, and not by those measures of menace which led to Lord Derby's retirement from the Ministry, that it at last came to pass that the representatives of Europe met in Congress in the Radziwill Palace to discuss, and as far as might be to settle, the Eastern Question.

Here I must pause. My object has not been to attack the Ministry or their opponents, but to put the course of Lord Derby with regard to the Turkish difficulty in a clear light before the public. It might be thought that events had furnished so abundant

a justification of his policy as to make any apology for it unnecessary. But the public is at once a hard and a fickle taskmaster. It condemned Lord Derby both in 1876 and 1878 on an imperfect understanding of the facts of the case; and now that those facts are more clearly revealed it is weary of the whole subject, and has neither leisure nor inclination to do justice to the man it has wronged. This is my excuse for placing this plain statement of facts before my readers. My object has been to set forth the following propositions:—

1. That Lord Derby's first object, that of preventing the breaking out of war, was unattainable in consequence of the secret agreement of the three Emperors, which dated from a period antecedent to the first appearance of the insurrectionary movement in the Herzegovina.

2. That his next object, the limiting of the war and the safe-guarding of British interests, was accomplished by the Russian acceptance of the conditions of neutrality laid down in May, 1877.

3. That at the close of the war we had a right to insist on having a voice in the final settlement which affected all Europe; but that there was no reason for the attitude of defiance assumed in the early part of 1878, and which was assumed by our Government

chiefly, if not exclusively, to give satisfaction to the large and noisy party who were crying out that we ought to have interfered earlier to save Turkey.

It was this attitude of defiance which Lord Derby refused to support. Standing by the policy of 1877—a policy which had received the approval of both political parties—he declined to be led into the policy of 1878, and rather than become a party to it severed his connection with the Government and his old political associates. He has the satisfaction of knowing that, though he may not have pleased any large body of his fellow-countrymen, he has yet kept this country out of a terrible war. His justification for the policy of 1876, which I have ventured to indicate in these pages, will be accepted as ample and complete by posterity, when the veil is wholly withdrawn from intrigues and compacts at which a contemporary writer can merely hint. His justification for his conduct in 1878 is already before the world. It is to be found in the fact that the colleagues by whom he had been discarded were unable to achieve their purpose, or to solve the tremendous problem with which they had to deal, until they reverted to the sober and pacific policy of which he had been the consistent advocate.

T. WEMYSS REID.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1879.

WORDSWORTH.

I REMEMBER hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honour to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him say, that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoestrings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognise him, and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public, Byron effaced him.

The death of Byron seemed, however, to make an opening for Wordsworth. Scott, who had for some time ceased to produce poetry himself, and stood before the public as a great novelist; Scott, too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely, and praised him generously.

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The influence of Coleridge upon young men of ability was then powerful, and was still gathering strength; this influence told entirely in favour of Wordsworth's poetry. Cambridge was a place where Coleridge's influence had great action, and where Wordsworth's poetry, therefore, flourished especially. But even amongst the general public its sale grew large, the eminence of its author was widely recognised, and Rydal Mount became an object of pilgrimage. I remember Wordsworth relating how one of the pilgrims, a clergyman, asked him if he had ever written anything besides the *Guide to the Lakes*. Yes, he answered modestly, he had written verses. Not every pilgrim was a reader, but the vogue was established, and the stream of pilgrims came.

Mr. Tennyson's decisive appearance dates from 1842. One cannot say that he effaced Wordsworth as Scott and Byron had effaced him. The poetry of Wordsworth had been so long before the public, the suffrage of good judges was so steady and so strong in its favour, that by 1842 the verdict of posterity, one may almost say, had been already pronounced, and Wordsworth's English fame was secure. But the vogue, the ear and applause of the great body of poetry-readers, never quite thoroughly perhaps his, he gradually lost more and more, and Mr. Tennyson gained them. Mr. Tennyson drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public and the new

generations. Even in 1852, when Wordsworth died, this diminution of popularity was visible, and occasioned the remark of Lord Macaulay which I quoted at starting.

The diminution has continued. The influence of Coleridge has waned; Wordsworth's poetry can no longer draw succour from this ally. The poetry has not, however, wanted eulogists; and it may be said to have brought its eulogists luck, for almost every one who has praised Wordsworth's poetry has praised it well. But the public has remained cold, or, at least, undetermined. The abundance of Mr. Palgrave's fine and skillfully-chosen specimens of Wordsworth, in the *Golden Treasury*, surprised many readers, and even gave offence to some. To tenth-rate critics and compilers, for whom any violent shock to the public taste would be a temerity not to be risked, it is still quite permissible to speak of Wordsworth's poetry, not only with ignorance, but with impertinence. On the Continent he is almost unknown.

I cannot think, then, that Wordsworth has up to this time at all obtained his deserts. "Glory," said M. Renan the other day, "glory after all is the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." And when M. Renan presents himself to the French Academy,—the only authentic dispensers, he says, of glory, of "this grand light,"—he presents himself supported by M. Victor Hugo, his "dear and illustrious master," a poet irradiated with it; a poet "whose genius has throughout our century struck the hour for us, has given body to every one of our dreams, wings to every one of our thoughts." Yet probably not twenty people in that magnificent assemblage, all coruscating with the beams of the "grand light," had ever even heard of Wordsworth's name.

Wordsworth was a homely man, and would certainly never have thought of talking of glory as that which, after all, has the best chance of not being

altogether vanity. And it is quite impossible for us to esteem recognition by the French Academy, or by the French nation, or by any single institution or nation, as so decisive a title to glory as M. Renan supposes it. Yet we may well allow to him, after these reserves, that few things are less vain than *real* glory. Let us conceive of the whole group of civilised nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working towards a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another. This was the ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more. Then to be recognised by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as seriously and eminently worthy, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory; a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more beneficent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national and provincial partiality, putting a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honour and acceptance. A nation, again, is furthered by recognition of its real gifts and successes; it is encouraged to develop them further. And here is an honest verdict, telling us which of our supposed successes are really, in the judgment of the great impartial world, and not in our own private judgment only, successes, and which are not.

It is so easy to feel pride and satisfaction in one's own things, so hard to make sure that one is right in feeling it! We have a great empire. But so had Nebuchadnezzar. We extol the "unrivalled happiness" of our national civilisation. But then comes a candid friend, and remarks that our upper class is materialised, our middle class

vulgarised, and our lower class brutalised. We are proud of our painting, our music. But we find that in the judgment of other people our painting is questionable, and our music non-existent. We are proud of our men of science. And here it turns out that the world is with us; we find that in the judgment of other people, too, Newton among the dead, and Mr. Darwin among the living, hold as high a place as they hold in our national opinion.

Finally, we are proud of our poets and poetry. Now poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth. It is no small thing, therefore, to succeed eminently in poetry. And so much is required for duly estimating success here, that about poetry it is perhaps hardest to arrive at a sure general verdict, and takes longest. Meanwhile, our own conviction of the superiority of our national poets is not decisive, is almost certain to be mingled, as we see constantly in English eulogy of Shakspeare, with much of provincial infatuation. And we know what was the opinion current amongst our neighbours the French, people of taste, acuteness, and quick literary tact, not a hundred years ago, about our great poets. The old *Biographie Universelle* notices the pretension of the English to a place for their poets among the chief poets of the world, and says that this is a pretension which to no one but an Englishman can ever seem admissible. And the scornful, disparaging things said by foreigners about Shakspeare and Milton, and about our national over-estimate of them, have been often quoted, and will be in every one's remembrance.

A great change has taken place, and Shakspeare is now generally recognised, even in France, as one of the greatest of poets. Yes, some anti-Gallican cynic will say, the French rank him with Corneille and Victor Hugo! But let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakspeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in

the *Correspondant*, a French review which not a dozen English people, I suppose, look at. The writer is praising Shakspeare's prose. With Shakspeare, he says, "prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic." And he goes on: "Shakspeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought. Along with his dazzling prose, Shakspeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse, which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." M. Henry Cochin, the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it; it would not be easy to praise Shakspeare, in one short sentence, more felicitously. And when a foreigner and a Frenchman writes thus of Shakspeare, and when Goethe says of Milton, in whom there was so much to repel Goethe rather than to attract him, that "nothing has been ever done so entirely in the sense of the Greeks as *Samson Agonistes*," and that "Milton is in very truth a poet whom we must treat with all respect," then we understand what constitutes a European recognition of poets and poetry as contradistinguished from a merely national recognition, and that in favour both of Milton and of Shakspeare the judgment of the high court of appeal has finally gone.

Or, again, judgment may go the other way. Byron has had an immense reputation, not in England only, but on the Continent. M. Taine, in his history of English literature, takes Byron as seriously as he takes Shakspeare. Byron is the supreme and incomparable expression of the English genius after eight centuries of preparation; he is the one single contemporary author who has *atteint à la cime*, "reached the summit;" *Manfred* is the twin brother of *Faust*. But then M. Scherer strikes in with his words of truth and soberness. Remarking that "Byron is one of our French superstitions," he points out how Byron's talent is oratorical rather

than poetical; he points out how to high and serious art, art impersonal and disinterested, Byron never could rise; and how the man in Byron, finally, is even less sincere than the poet. And by this we may perceive that we have not in Byron what we have in Milton and Shakspeare—a poetical reputation which time and the authentic judgment of mankind will certainly accept and consecrate.

So excellent a writer and critic as M. Renan sees in M. Victor Hugo a "beloved and illustrious master, whose voice has throughout our century struck the hour for us." Of these "striking of the hour" by the voice of M. Victor Hugo, none certainly was more resonant, none was hailed with more passionate applause by his friends, than *Hernani*. It is called for again, made to strike over again; we have the privilege of hearing it strike in London. And still there is no lack of applause to this work of a talent "combining," says Théophile Gautier, "the qualities of Corneille and of Shakspeare." But I open by chance a little volume, the conversations of Goethe with the Chancellor von Müller. There I come upon this short sentence: "Goethe said, '*Hernani*' was an absurd composition." *Hernani sei eine absurde Composition*. So speaks this great foreign witness; a German, certainly, but a German favourable to French literature, and to France, "to which," said he, "I owe so much of my culture!" So speaks Goethe, the critic who, above all others, may count as European, and whose judgment on the value of a work of modern poetry is the judgment which will, we may be almost sure, at last prevail generally.

I come back to M. Renan's praise of glory, from which I started. Yes, real glory is a most serious thing, glory authenticated by the Amphictyonic Court of final appeal, definitive glory. And even for poets and poetry, long and difficult as may be the process of arriving at the right award, the right award comes at last, the definitive glory rests where it is deserved.

Every establishment of such a real glory is good and wholesome for mankind at large, good and wholesome for the nation which produced the poet crowned with it. To the poet himself it can seldom do harm; for he, poor man, is in his grave, probably, long before his glory crowns him.

Wordsworth has been in his grave for some thirty years, and certainly his lovers and admirers cannot flatter themselves that this great and steady light of glory as yet shines over him. He is not fully recognised at home; he is not recognised at all abroad. Yet I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakspeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognises the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Chaucer is anterior; and on other grounds, too, he cannot well be brought into the comparison. But taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakspeare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downwards, and going through it—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead)—I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all. Several of the poets named have gifts and excellences which Wordsworth has not. But taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.

But this is not enough to say. I think it certain, further, that if we take the chief poetical names of the Continent since the death of Molière, and omitting Goethe, confront the remaining names with that of Wordsworth, the result is the same. Let us take Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine for Germany; Filicain, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi

for Italy; Voltaire, André Chenier, Béranger, Lamartine, Musset, M. Victor Hugo (he has been so long celebrated that although he still lives I may be permitted to name him), for France. Several of these, again, have evidently gifts and excellences to which Wordsworth can make no pretension. But in real poetical achievement it seems to me indubitable that to Wordsworth, here again, belongs the palm. It seems to me that Wordsworth has left behind him a body of poetical work which wears, and will wear, better on the whole than the performance of any one of these personages, so far more brilliant and celebrated, most of them, than the homely poet of Rydal. Wordsworth's performance in poetry is on the whole, in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, superior to theirs.

This is a high claim to make for Wordsworth. But if it is a just claim, if Wordsworth's place, among the poets who have appeared in the last two or three centuries, is after Shakspeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, indeed, but before all the rest, then in time Wordsworth will have his due. We shall recognise him in his place, as we recognise Shakspeare and Milton; and not only we ourselves shall recognise him, but he will be recognised by Europe also. Meanwhile, those who recognise him already may do well, perhaps, to ask themselves whether there are not in the case of Wordsworth certain special obstacles which hinder or delay his due recognition by others, and whether these obstacles are not in some measure removable.

The *Excursion* and the *Prelude*, his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many indeed are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. But in his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them; so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both.

Shakspeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. Now a drama or an epic fill the mind, and one does not look beyond them; but in a collection of short pieces the impression made by one piece requires to be continued and sustained by the piece following. In reading Wordsworth, the impression made by one of his fine pieces is constantly dulled and spoiled by a very inferior piece coming after it.

Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is not much of an exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains, work done before and after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognised far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for the few only, a poet valued far below his real worth by the world.

There is another thing. Wordsworth classified his poems not according to any commonly received plan of arrangement, but according to a scheme of mental physiology. He has poems of the fancy, poems of the imagination, poems of sentiment and reflexion, and so on. His categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the

result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory. Poems are separated one from another which possess a kinship of subject or of treatment far more vital and deep than the supposed unity of mental origin which was Wordsworth's reason for joining them with others.

The tact of the Greeks in matters of this kind was infallible. We may rely upon it that we shall not improve upon the classification adopted by the Greeks for kinds of poetry; that their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, have a natural propriety, and should be adhered to. It may sometimes seem doubtful to which of two categories a poem belongs; whether this or that poem is to be called, for instance, narrative or lyric, lyric or elegiac. But there is to be found in every good poem a strain, a predominant note, which determines the poem as belonging to one of these kinds rather than the other; and here is the best proof of the value of the classification, and of the advantage of adhering to it. Wordsworth's poems will never produce their due effect until they are freed from their present artificial arrangement, and grouped more naturally.

Naturally grouped, and disengaged, moreover, from the quantity of inferior work which now obscures them, the best poems of Wordsworth, I hear many people say, would indeed stand out in great beauty, but they would prove to be very few in number, scarcely more than half a dozen. I maintain, on the other hand, that what strikes me with admiration, what establishes, in my opinion, Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains of him, after all his inferior work has been cleared away. He gives us so much to rest upon, so much which communicates his spirit and engages ours!

This is of very great importance. If it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth

would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine. It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority. His good work, his work which counts, is not all of it, of course, of equal value. Some kinds of poetry are in themselves lower kinds than others. The ballad kind is a lower kind; the didactic kind, still more, is a lower kind. Poetry of this latter sort counts, too, sometimes, by its biographical interest partly, not by its poetical interest pure and simple; but then this can only be when the poet producing it has the power and importance of Wordsworth, a power and importance which he assuredly did not establish by such didactic poetry alone. Altogether, it is, I say, by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains to him, after every reduction and deduction has been made, that Wordsworth's superiority is proved.

To exhibit this body of Wordsworth's best work, to clear away obstructions from around it, and to let it speak for itself, is what every lover of Wordsworth should desire. Until this has been done, Wordsworth, whom we, to whom he is dear, all of us know and feel to be so great a poet, has not had a fair chance before the world. When once it has been done, he will make his way best not by our advocacy of him, but by his own worth and power. We may safely leave him to make his way thus, we who believe that superior worth and power in poetry finds in mankind a sense responsive to it and disposed at last to recognise it. Yet at the outset, before he has been duly known and recognised, we may do Wordsworth a service, perhaps, by indicating in what his superior power and worth will be found to consist, and in what they will not.

Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from

his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas

"On man, on nature, and on human life,"

which he has acquired for himself. The line quoted is Wordsworth's own; and his superiority arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful application to his subject, of ideas "on man, on nature, and on human life."

Voltaire, with his signal acuteness, most truly remarked that "no nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation." And he adds: "There, it seems to me, is the great merit of the English poets." Voltaire does not mean, by "treating in poetry moral ideas," the composing moral and didactic poems—that brings us but a very little way in poetry. He means just the same thing as was meant when I spoke above of "the noble and profound application of ideas to life;" and he means the application of these ideas under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth. If it is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation, I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main a part of human life. The question, *how to live*, is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied. A large sense is of course to be given to the term *moral*. Whatever bears upon the question, "how to live," comes under it.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven."

In those fine lines, Milton utters, as every one at once perceives, a moral idea. Yes, but so too, when Keats consoles the forward-bending lover on

the Grecian Urn, the lover arrested and presented in immortal relief by the sculptor's hand before he can kiss, with the line,

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair"—

he utters a moral idea. When Shakespeare says that, "we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," he utters a moral idea.

Voltaire was right in thinking that the energetic and profound treatment of moral ideas, in this large sense, is what distinguishes the English poetry. He sincerely meant praise, not dispraise or hint of limitation; and they err who suppose that poetic limitation is a necessary consequence of the fact, the fact being granted as Voltaire states it. If what distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life, which surely no good critic will deny, then to prefix to the word ideas here the term *moral* makes hardly any difference, because human life itself is in so preponderating a degree moral.

It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question, *How to live*. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion, they are bound up with systems of thought and belief which have had their day, they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers, they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Kheyam's words: "Let us make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them, in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our

delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference towards moral ideas is a poetry of indifference towards *life*.

Epictetus had a happy figure for things like the play of the senses, or literary form and finish, or argumentative ingenuity, in comparison with "the best and master thing" for us, as he called it, the concern how to live. Some people were afraid of them, he said, or they disliked and undervalued them. Such people were wrong; they were unthankful or cowardly. But the things might also be over-prized, and treated as final when they are not. They bear to life the relation which inns bear to home. "As if a man, journeying home, and finding a nice inn on the road, and liking it, were to stay for ever at the inn! Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not *to* this, but *through* this. 'But this inn is taking.' And how many other inns, too, are taking, and how many fields and meadows! but as places of passage merely. You have an object, which is this: to get home, to do your duty to your family, friends, and fellow-countrymen, to attain inward freedom, serenity, happiness, contentment. Style takes your fancy, arguing takes your fancy, and you forget your home and want to make your abode with them and to stay with them, on the plea that they are taking. Who denies that they are taking? but as places of passage, as inns. And when I say this, you suppose me to be attacking the care for style, the care for argument. I am not; I attack the resting in them, the not looking to the end which is beyond them."

Now, when we come across a poet like Théophile Gautier, we have a poet who has taken up his abode at an inn, and never got further. There may be inducements to this or that one of us, at this or that moment, to

find delight in him, to cleave to him; but, after all, we do not change the truth about him—we only stay ourselves in his inn along with him. And when we come across a poet like Wordsworth, who sings—

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonality spread,"

then we have a poet intent on "the best and master thing," and who prosecutes his journey home. We say, for brevity's sake, that he deals with *life*, because he deals with that in which life really consists. This is what Voltaire means to praise in the English poets—this dealing with what is really life. But always it is the mark of the greatest poets that they deal with it; and to say that the English poets are remarkable for dealing with it, is only another way of saying, what is true, that in poetry the English genius has especially shown its power.

Wordsworth deals with it, and his greatness lies in his dealing with it so powerfully. I have named a number of celebrated poets above all of whom he, in my opinion, deserves to be placed. He is to be placed above poets like Voltaire, Dryden, Pope, Lessing, Schiller, because these famous personages, with a thousand gifts and merits, never, or scarcely ever, attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine poets—

"Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,"

at all. Burns, Keats, Heine, not to speak of others in our list, have this accent—who can doubt it? And at the same time they have treasures of humour, felicity, passion, for which in Wordsworth we shall look in vain. Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? It is here: he deals with more of *life* than they do; he deals

with *life*, as a whole, more powerfully.

No Wordsworthian will doubt this. Nay, the fervent Wordsworthian will add, as Mr. Leslie Stephen does, that Wordsworth's poetry is precious because his philosophy is sound; that his "ethical system is as distinctive and capable of exposition as Bishop Butler's;" that his poetry is informed by ideas which "fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought." But we must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress upon what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy the illusion. Perhaps we shall one day learn to make this proposition more general, and to say: Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion. But in Wordsworth's case, at any rate, we cannot do him justice until we dismiss his philosophy.

The *Excursion* abounds with philosophy, and therefore the *Excursion* is to the Wordsworthian what it never can be to the disinterested lover of poetry—a satisfactory work. "Duty exists," says Wordsworth, in the *Excursion*; and then he proceeds thus:—

... "immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not."

And the Wordsworthian is delighted, and thinks that here is a sweet union of philosophy and poetry. But the disinterested lover of poetry will feel that the lines carry us really not a step further than the proposition which they would interpret; that they are a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry.

Or let us come direct to the centre of the philosophy, as "an ethical

system as distinctive and capable of systematical exposition as Bishop Butler's:—

... "One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

That is doctrine such as we hear in church, too, religious and philosophic doctrine; and the Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, and brings them forward in proof of his poet's excellence. But however true the doctrine may be, it has, as here presented, none of the characters of *poetic* truth, the kind of truth which we require from a poet, and in which Wordsworth is really strong.

Even the "intimations" of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth—the idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds—this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterwards, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the alleged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race:—"It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but from all that we can really investigate,

I should say that they were no very great things."

Finally the "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth gives us at last such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts:—

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest
wealth

And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth."

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairian lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe!

"But turn we," as Wordsworth says, "from these bold, bad men," the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it. The cause of its greatness is simple and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

The source of joy from which he thus draws is the truest and most unailing source of joy accessible to man. It is also accessible universally. Wordsworth brings us word, therefore, according to his own strong and characteristic line, he brings us word

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

Here is an immense advantage for a poet. Wordsworth tells of what all seek, and tells of it at its truest and best source, and yet a source where all may go and draw for it.

Nevertheless we are not to suppose that everything is precious which Wordsworth, standing even at this perennial and beautiful source, may give us. Wordsworthians are apt to talk as if it must be. They will speak with the same reverence of *The Sailor's Mother*, for example, as of *Lucy Gray*. They do their master harm by such lack of discrimination. *Lucy Gray* is a beautiful success; *The Sailor's Mother* is a failure. To give aright what he wishes to give, to interpret and render successfully, is not always within Wordsworth's own command. It is within no poet's command; here is the part of the Muse, the inspiration, the God, the "not ourselves." In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration, is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left "weak as is a breaking wave." I remember hearing him say that "Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough." The remark is striking and true; no line in Goethe, as Goethe said himself, but its maker knew well how it came there. Wordsworth is right, Goethe's poetry is not inevitable; not inevitable enough. But Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem but wrote his poem for him.

He has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his master's manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines; but he has no assured poetic style of his own, like Milton. When he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity. In the *Excursion* we have his style, as an artistic product of his own creation; and although Jeffrey completely failed to recognise Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of the *Excursion*, as a work of poetic style: "This will never do." And yet magical as is that power, which Wordsworth has not, of assured and possessed poetic style, he has something which is an equivalent for it.

Every one who has any sense for these things feels the subtle turn, the heightening, which is given to a poet's verse by his genius for style. We can feel it in the

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—

of Shakspeare; in the

..... "though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues"—

of Milton. It is the incomparable charm of Milton's power of poetic style which gives such worth to *Paradise Regained*, and makes a great poem of a work in which Milton's imagination does not soar high. Wordsworth has in constant possession, and at command, no style of this kind; but he had too poetic a nature, and had read the great poets too well, not to catch, as I have already remarked, something of it occasionally. We find it not only in his Miltonic lines; we find it in such a phrase as this, where the manner is his own, not Milton's—

..... "the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities"—

although even here, perhaps, the power of style, which is undeniable, is more properly that of eloquent prose than the subtle heightening and

change wrought by genuine poetic style. It is style, again, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of *Laodameia*. Still the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this:—

"And never lifted up a single stone."

There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind.

Wordsworth owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters, Burns could show him.

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stain'd his name."

Every one will be conscious of a likeness here to Wordsworth; and if Wordsworth did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always have been forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him.

Still Wordsworth's use of it has something unique and unmatchable. Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes: from the profound sincerity with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of *Resolution and Independence*; but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.

Wherever we meet with the suc-

cessful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. I have a warm admiration for *Laodameia* and for the great *Ode*; but if I am to tell the very truth, I find *Laodameia* not wholly free from something artificial, and the great *Ode* not wholly free from something declamatory. If I had to pick out the kind of poems which most perfectly show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as *Michael*, *The Fountain*, *The Highland Reaper*. And poems with the peculiar and unique beauty which distinguishes these he produced in considerable number; besides very many other poems of which the worth, although not so rare as the worth of these, is still exceedingly high.

On the whole, then, as I said at the beginning, not only is Wordsworth eminent because of the goodness of his best work, but he is eminent, also, because of the great body of good work which he has left to us. With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, even Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven than Wordsworth. But I know not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superiors.

I have spoken lightly of Wordsworthians; and if we are to get Wordsworth recognised by the public and by the world, we must recommend him not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry. But I am a Wordsworthian myself. I can read with pleasure *Peter Bell*, and the whole series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the *Thanksgiving Ode*—everything of Wordsworth, I think, except *Vaudracour and Julia*. It is not for nothing that one has been brought up in the veneration of a man so truly worthy of it; that one has seen him and heard him, lived in his neighbourhood and been familiar with his country. No Wordsworthian has a tenderer affection for this pure and sage master than I, or is less really offended by his defects. But Wordsworth is something more than the pure and sage master of a small band of devoted followers, and we ought not to rest satisfied until he is seen to be what he is. He is one of the very chief glories of English poetry; and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry. Let us lay aside every weight which hinders our getting him recognised as this, and let our one study be to bring to pass, as widely as possible and as truly as possible, his own word concerning his poems:—"They will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE DIARY OF A MAN OF FIFTY.

FLORENCE, *April 5th*, 1874.—They told me I should find Italy greatly changed ; and in seven and twenty years there is room for changes. But to me everything is so perfectly the same that I seem to be living my youth over again ; all the forgotten impressions of that enchanting time come back to me. At the moment they were powerful enough ; but they afterwards faded away. What in the world became of them ? What ever becomes of such things, in the long intervals of consciousness ? Where do they hide themselves away ? in what unvisited cupboards and crannies of our being do they preserve themselves ? They are like the lines of a letter written in sympathetic ink ; hold the letter to the fire for a while and the grateful warmth brings out the invisible words. It is the warmth of this yellow sun of Florence that has been restoring the text of my own young romance ; the thing has been lying before me to-day as a clear, fresh page. There have been moments during the last ten years when I have felt so portentously old, so fagged and finished, that I should have taken as a very bad joke any intimation that this present sense of juvenility was still in store for me. It won't last, at any rate ; so I had better make the best of it. But I confess it surprises me. I have led too serious a life ; but that perhaps, after all, preserves one's youth. At all events, I have travelled too far, I have worked too hard, I have lived in brutal climates and associated with tiresome people. When a man has reached his fifty-second year without being, materially, the worse for wear—when he has fair health, a fair fortune, a tidy conscience and a complete exemption from embarrassing relatives—I suppose he is bound, in

delicacy, to write himself happy. But I confess I shirk this obligation. I have not been miserable ; I won't go so far as to say that—or at least as to write it. But happiness—positive happiness—would have been something different. I don't know that it would have been better, by all measurements—that it would have left me better off at the present time. But it certainly would have made this difference—that I should not have been reduced, in pursuit of pleasant images, to disinter a buried episode of more than a quarter of a century ago. I should have found entertainment more—what shall I call it?—more contemporaneous. I should have had a wife and children, and I should not be in the way of making, as the French say, infidelities to the present. Of course it's a great gain to have had an escape, not to have committed an act of thumping folly ; and I suppose that, whatever serious step one might have taken at twenty-five, after a struggle, and with a violent effort, and however one's conduct might appear to be justified by events, there would always remain a certain element of regret ; a certain sense of loss lurking in the sense of gain ; a tendency to wonder, rather wishfully, what *might* have been. What might have been, in this case, would, without doubt, have been very sad, and what has been has been very cheerful and comfortable ; but there are nevertheless two or three questions I might ask myself. Why, for instance, have I never married—why have I never been able to care for any woman as I cared for that one ? Ah, why are the mountains blue and why is the sunshine warm ? Happiness mitigated by impertinent conjectures—that's about my ticket.

6th.—I knew it wouldn't last ; it's

already passing away. But I have spent a delightful day; I have been strolling all over the place. Everything reminds me of something else, and yet of itself at the same time; my imagination makes a great circuit and comes back to the starting-point. There is that well-remembered odour of spring in the air, and the flowers, as they used to be, are gathered into great sheaves and stacks, all along the rugged base of the Strozzi Palace. I wandered for an hour in the Boboli Gardens; we went there several times together. I remember all those days individually; they seem to me as yesterday. I found the corner where she always chose to sit—the bench of sun-warmed marble, in front of the screen of ilex, with that exuberant statue of Pomona just beside it. The place is exactly the same, except that poor Pomona has lost one of her tapering fingers. I sat there for half-an-hour, and it was strange how near to me she seemed. The place was perfectly empty—that is, it was filled with her. I closed my eyes and listened; I could almost hear the rustle of her dress on the gravel. Why do we make such an ado about death? What is it after all but a sort of refinement of life? She died ten years ago, and yet, as I sat there in the evening stillness, she was a palpable, audible presence. I went afterwards into the gallery of the palace, and wandered for an hour from room to room. The same great pictures hung in the same places and the same dark frescoes arched above them. Twice, of old, I went there with her; she had a great understanding of art. She understood all sorts of things. Before the Madonna of the Chair I stood a long time. The face is not a particle like hers, and yet it reminded me of her. But everything does that. We stood and looked at it together once for half-an-hour; I remember perfectly what she said.

8th.—Yesterday I felt blue—blue and bored; and when I got up this morning I had half a mind to leave

Florence. But I went out into the street, beside the Arno, and looked up and down—looked at the yellow river and the violet hills, and then decided to remain,—or rather, I decided nothing. I simply stood gazing at the beauty of Florence, and before I had gazed my fill I was in good humour again, and it was too late to start for Rome. I strolled along the quay, where something presently happened that rewarded me for staying. I stopped in front of a little jewellers' shop, where a great many objects in mosaic were exposed in the window; I stood there for some minutes—I don't know why, for I have no taste for mosaic. In a moment a little girl came and stood beside me—a little girl with a frowsy Italian head, carrying a basket. I turned away, but, as I turned, my eyes happened to fall on her basket. It was covered with a napkin, and on the napkin was pinned a piece of paper, inscribed with an address. This address caught my glance—there was a name on it I knew. It was very legibly written—evidently by a scribe who had made up in zeal what was lacking in skill. *Contessa Salvi-Scarabelli, Via Ghibellina*—so ran the superscription: I looked at it for some moments; it caused me a sudden emotion. Presently the little girl, becoming aware of my attention, glanced up at me, wondering, with a pair of timid brown eyes.

"Are you carrying your basket to the Countess Salvi?" I asked.

The child stared at me. "To the Countess Scarabelli."

"Do you know the Countess?"

"Know her?" murmured the child, with an air of small dismay.

"I mean, have you seen her?"

"Yes, I have seen her." And then, in a moment, with a sudden soft smile—"E bella!" said the little girl. She was beautiful herself as she said it.

"Precisely; and is she fair or dark?"

The child kept gazing at me. "*Bionda—bionda,*" she answered, look-

ing about into the golden sunshine for a comparison.

"And is she young?"

"She is not young—like me. But she is not old like—like—"

"Like me, eh? And is she married?"

The little girl began to look wise. "I have never seen the Signor Conte."

"And she lives in Via Ghibellina?"

"*Sicuro*. In a beautiful palace."

I had one more question to ask, and I pointed it with certain copper coins. "Tell me a little—is she good?"

The child inspected a moment the contents of her little brown fist. "It's you who are good," she answered.

"Ah, but the Countess?" I repeated.

My informant lowered her big brown eyes, with an air of conscientious meditation that was inexpressibly quaint. "To me she appears so," she said at last, looking up.

"Ah, then she must be so," I said, "because, for your age, you are very intelligent." And having delivered myself of this compliment I walked away and left the little girl counting her *soldi*.

I walked back to the hotel, wondering how I could learn something about the Contessa Salvi-Scarabelli. In the doorway I found the innkeeper, and near him stood a young man whom I immediately perceived to be a compatriot and with whom, apparently, he had been in conversation.

"I wonder whether you can give me a piece of information," I said to the landlord. "Do you know anything about the Count Salvi-Scarabelli?"

The landlord looked down at his boots, then slowly raised his shoulders with a melancholy smile. "I have many regrets, dear sir——"

"You don't know the name?"

"I know the name; assuredly. But I don't know the gentleman."

I saw that my question had attracted the attention of the young Englishman, who looked at me with a good deal of earnestness. He was apparently

satisfied with what he saw, for he presently decided to speak.

"The Count Scarabelli is dead," he said, very gravely.

I looked at him a moment; he was a pleasing young fellow. "And his widow lives," I observed, "in Via Ghibellina."

"I daresay that is the name of the street." He was a handsome young Englishman, but he was also an awkward one; he wondered who I was and what I wanted, and he did me the honour to perceive that, as regards these points, my appearance was reassuring. But he hesitated, very properly, to talk with a perfect stranger about a lady whom he knew, and he had not the art to conceal his hesitation. I instantly felt it to be singular that though he regarded me as a perfect stranger, I had not the same feeling about him. Whether it was that I had seen him before, or simply that I was struck with his agreeable young face—at any rate, I felt myself as they say here, in sympathy with him. If I have seen him before I don't remember the occasion, and neither, apparently, does he; I suppose it's only a part of the feeling I have had the last three days about everything. It was this feeling that made me suddenly act as if I had known him a long time.

"Do you know the Countess Salvi?" I asked.

He looked at me a little, and then, without resenting the freedom of my question—"The Countess Scarabelli you mean," he said.

"Yes," I answered; "she's the daughter."

"The daughter is a little girl."

"She must be grown up now. She must be—let me see—close upon thirty."

My young Englishman began to smile. "Of whom are you speaking?"

"I was speaking of the daughter," I said, understanding his smile. "But I was thinking of the mother."

"Of the mother?"

"Of a person I knew twenty-seven

years ago—the most charming woman I have ever known. She was the Countess Salvi—she lived in a wonderful old house in Via Ghibellina.”

“A wonderful old house!” my young Englishman repeated.

“She had a little girl,” I went on; “and the little girl was very fair, like her mother; and the mother and daughter had the same name—Bianca.” I stopped and looked at my companion, and he blushed a little. “And Bianca Salvi,” I continued, “was the most charming woman in the world.” He blushed a little more, and I laid my hand on his shoulder. “Do you know why I tell you this? Because you remind me of what I was when I knew her—when I loved her.” My poor young Englishman gazed at me with a sort of embarrassed and fascinated stare, and still I went on. “I say that’s the reason I told you this—but you’ll think it a strange reason. You remind me of my younger self. You needn’t resent that—I was a charming young fellow. The Countess Salvi thought so. Her daughter thinks the same of you.”

Instantly, instinctively he raised his hand to my arm. “Truly?”

“Ah, you are wonderfully like me!” I said, laughing. “That was just my state of mind. I wanted tremendously to please her.” He dropped his hand and looked away, smiling, but with an air of ingenuous confusion which quickened my interest in him. “You don’t know what to make of me,” I pursued. “You don’t know why a stranger should suddenly address you in this way and pretend to read your thoughts. Doubtless you think me a little cracked. Perhaps I am eccentric; but it’s not so bad as that. I have lived about the world a great deal, following my profession, which is that of a soldier. I have been in India, in Africa, in Canada, and I have lived a good deal alone. That inclines people, I think, to sudden bursts of confidence. A week ago I came into Italy, where I spent six months when I was your age. I came

straight to Florence—I was eager to see it again, on account of associations. They have been crowding upon me ever so thickly. I have taken the liberty of giving you a hint of them.” The young man inclined himself a little, in silence, as if he had been struck with a sudden respect. He stood and looked away for a moment at the river and the mountains. “It’s very beautiful,” I said.

“Oh, it’s enchanting,” he murmured.

“That’s the way I used to talk. But that’s nothing to you.”

He glanced at me again. “On the contrary, I like to hear.”

“Well, then, let us take a walk. If you, too, are staying at this inn we are fellow-travellers. We will walk down the Arno to the Cascine. There are several things I should like to ask of you.”

My young Englishman assented with an air of almost filial confidence, and we strolled for an hour beside the river and through the shady alleys of that lovely wilderness. We had a great deal of talk: it’s not only myself, it’s my whole situation over again.

“Are you very fond of Italy?” I asked.

He hesitated a moment. “One can’t express that.”

“Just so; I couldn’t express it. I used to try—I used to write verses. On the subject of Italy I was very ridiculous.”

“So am I ridiculous,” said my companion.

“No, my dear boy,” I answered, “we are not ridiculous; we are two very reasonable, superior people.”

“The first time one comes—as I have done—it’s a revelation.”

“Oh, I remember well; one never forgets it. It’s an introduction to beauty.”

“And it must be a great pleasure,” said my young friend, “to come back.”

“Yes, fortunately the beauty is always here. What form of it,” I asked, “do you prefer?”

My companion looked a little mystified; and at last he said, "I am very fond of the pictures."

"So was I. And among the pictures, which do you like best?"

"Oh, a great many."

"So did I; but I had certain favourites."

Again the young man hesitated a little, and then he confessed that the group of painters he preferred on the whole to all others was that of the early Florentines.

I was so struck with this that I stopped short. "That was exactly my taste!" And then I passed my hand into his arm and we went our way again.

We sat down on an old stone bench in the Cascine, and a solemn blank-eyed Hermes, with wrinkles accentuated by the dust of ages, stood above us and listened to our talk.

"The Countess Salvi died ten years ago," I said.

My companion admitted that he had heard her daughter say so.

"After I knew her she married again," I added. "The Count Salvi died before I knew her—a couple of years after their marriage."

"Yes, I have heard that."

"And what else have you heard?"

My companion stared at me; he had evidently heard nothing.

"She was a very interesting woman—there are a great many things to be said about her. Later, perhaps, I will tell you. Has the daughter the same charm?"

"You forget," said my young man, smiling, "that I have never seen the mother."

"Very true. I keep confounding. But the daughter—how long have you known her?"

"Only since I have been here. A very short time."

"A week?"

For a moment he said nothing. "A month."

"That's just the answer I should have made. A week, a month—it was all the same to me."

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"I think it is more than a month," said the young man.

"It's probably six. How did you make her acquaintance?"

"By a letter—an introduction given me by a friend in England."

"The analogy is complete," I said.

"But the friend who gave me my letter to Madame de Salvi died many years ago. He, too, admired her greatly. I don't know why it never came into my mind that her daughter might be living in Florence. Somehow I took for granted it was all over. I never thought of the little girl; I never heard what had become of her. I walked past the palace yesterday and saw that it was occupied; but I took for granted it had changed hands."

"The Countess Scarabelli," said my friend, "brought it to her husband as her marriage-portion."

"I hope he appreciated it! There is a fountain in the court, and there is a charming old garden beyond it. The Countess's sitting-room looks into that garden. The staircase is of white marble, and there is a medallion by Luca della Robbia set into the wall at the place where it makes a bend. Before you come into the drawing-room you stand a moment in a great vaulted place hung round with faded tapestry, paved with bare tiles, and furnished only with three chairs. In the drawing-room, above the fireplace, is a superb Andrea del Sarto. The furniture is covered with pale sea-green."

My companion listened to all this. "The Andrea del Sarto is there; it's magnificent. But the furniture is in pale red."

"Ah, they have changed it then—in twenty-seven years."

"And there's a portrait of Madame de Salvi," continued my friend.

I was silent a moment. "I should like to see that."

He too was silent. Then he asked, "Why don't you go and see it? If you knew the mother so well, why don't you call upon the daughter?"

"From what you tell me I am afraid."

"What have I told you to make you afraid?"

I looked a little at his ingenuous countenance. "The mother was a very dangerous woman."

The young Englishman began to blush again. "The daughter is not," he said.

"Are you very sure?"

He didn't say he was sure, but he presently inquired in what way the Countess Salvi had been dangerous.

"You must not ask me that," I answered; "for, after all, I desire to remember only what was good in her." And as we walked back I begged him to render me the service of mentioning my name to his friend, and of saying that I had known her mother well, and that I asked permission to come and see her.

9th.—I have seen that poor boy half-a-dozen times again, and a most amiable young fellow he is. He continues to represent to me, in the most extraordinary manner, my own young identity; the correspondence is perfect at all points, save that he is a better boy than I. He is evidently acutely interested in his Countess, and leads quite the same life with her that I led with Madame de Salvi. He goes to see her every evening and stays half the night; these Florentines keep the most extraordinary hours. I remember, towards 3 A.M., Madame de Salvi used to turn me out. "Come, come," she would say, "it's time to go. If you were to stay later people might talk." I don't know at what time he comes home, but I suppose his evening seems as short as mine did. To-day he brought me a message from his Contessa—a very gracious little speech. She remembered often to have heard her mother speak of me—she called me her English friend. All her mother's friends were dear to her, and she begged I would do her the honour to come and see her. She is always at home of an evening. Poor young Stanmer (he is of the Devonshire Stanmers—a great property) reported this speech verbatim, and of course it

can't in the least signify to him that a poor grizzled, battered soldier, old enough to be his father, should come to call upon his *inammorata*. But I remember how it used to matter to me when other men came; that's a point of difference. However, it's only because I'm so old. At twenty-five I shouldn't have been afraid of myself at fifty-two. Camerino was thirty-four—and then the others! She was always at home in the evening, and they all used to come. They were old Florentine names. But she used to let me stay after them all; she thought an old English name as good. What a transcendent coquette! . . . But *basta così*, as she used to say. I meant to go to-night to Casa Salvi, but I couldn't bring myself to the point. I don't know what I'm afraid of; I used to be in a hurry enough to go there once. I suppose I am afraid of the very look of the place—of the old rooms, the old walls. I shall go to-morrow night. I am afraid of the very echoes.

10th.—She has the most extraordinary resemblance to her mother. When I went in I was tremendously startled; I stood staring at her. I have just come home; it is past midnight; I have been all the evening at Casa Salvi. It is very warm—my window is open—I can look out on the river, gliding past in the starlight. So, of old, when I came home, I used to stand and look out. There are the same cypresses on the opposite hills.

Poor young Stanmer was there, and three or four other admirers; they all got up when I came in. I think I had been talked about and there was some curiosity. But why should I have been talked about? They were all youngish men—none of them of my time. She is a wonderful likeness of her mother; I couldn't get over it. Beautiful like her mother, and yet with the same faults in her face; but with her mother's perfect head and brow and sympathetic, almost pitying, eyes. Her face has just that peculiarity of her mother's, which, of all

human countenances that I have ever known, was the one that passed most quickly and completely from the expression of gaiety to that of repose. Repose, in her face, always suggested sadness; and while you were watching it with a kind of awe, and wondering of what tragic secret it was the token, it kindled, on the instant, into a radiant Italian smile. The Countess Scarpelli's smiles to-night, however, were almost uninterrupted. She greeted me—divinely, as her mother used to do; and young Stanmer sat in the corner of the sofa—as I used to do—and watched her while she talked. She is thin and very fair, and was dressed in light, vaporous black: that completes the resemblance. The house, the rooms, are almost absolutely the same; there may be changes of detail, but they don't modify the general effect. There are the same precious pictures on the walls of the salon—the same great dusky fresco in the concave ceiling. The daughter is not rich, I suppose, any more than the mother. The furniture is worn and faded, and I was admitted by a solitary servant, who carried a twinkling taper before me up the great dark marble staircase.

"I have often heard of you," said the Countess, as I sat down near her; "my mother often spoke of you."

"Often?" I answered. "I am surprised at that."

"Why are you surprised? Were you not good friends?"

"Yes, for a certain time—very good friends. But I was sure she had forgotten me."

"She never forgot," said the Countess, looking at me intently and smiling. "She was not like that."

"She was not like most other women in any way," I declared.

"Ah, she was charming," cried the Countess, rattling open her fan. "I have always been very curious to see you. I have received an impression of you."

"A good one, I hope."

She looked at me, laughing and

not answering this: it was just her mother's trick.

"My Englishman," she used to call you—*'il mio Inglese.'*"

"I hope she spoke of me kindly," I insisted.

The Countess, still laughing, gave a little shrug, balancing her hand to and fro. "So-so; I always supposed you had had a quarrel. You don't mind my being frank like this—eh?"

"I delight in it; it reminds me of your mother."

"Every one tells me that. But I am not clever like her. You will see for yourself."

"That speech," I said, "completes the resemblance. She was always pretending she was not clever, and in reality——"

"In reality she was an angel, eh? To escape from dangerous comparisons I will admit then that I am clever. That will make a difference. But let us talk of you. You are very—how shall I say it?—very eccentric."

"Is that what your mother told you?"

"To tell the truth, she spoke of you as a great original. But aren't all Englishmen eccentric? All except that one!" And the Countess pointed to poor Stanmer, in his corner of the sofa.

"Oh, I know just what he is," I said.

"He's as quiet as a lamb—he's like all the world," cried the Countess.

"Like all the world—yes. He's in love with you."

She looked at me with sudden gravity. "I don't object to your saying that for all the world—but I do for him."

"Well," I went on, "he's peculiar in this: he's rather afraid of you."

Instantly she began to smile; she turned her face toward Stanmer. He had seen that we were talking about him; he coloured and got up—then came toward us.

"I like men who are afraid of nothing," said our hostess.

"I know what you want," I said to

Stanmer. "You want to know what the Signora Contessa says about you."

Stanmer looked straight into her face, very gravely. "I don't care a straw what she says."

"You are almost a match for the Signora Contessa," I answered. "She declares she doesn't care a pin's head what you think."

"I recognise the Countess's style!" Stanmer exclaimed, turning away.

"One would think," said the Countess, "that you were trying to make a quarrel between us."

I watched him move away to another part of the great saloon; he stood in front of the Andrea del Sarto, looking up at it. But he was not seeing it; he was listening to what we might say. I often stood there in just that way. "He can't quarrel with you, any more than I could have quarrelled with your mother."

"Ah, but you did. Something painful passed between you."

"Yes, it was painful, but it was not a quarrel. I went away one day and never saw her again. That was all."

The Countess looked at me gravely. "What do you call it when a man does that?"

"It depends upon the case."

"Sometimes," said the Countess in French, "it's a *lâcheté*."

"Yes, and sometimes it's an act of wisdom."

"And sometimes," rejoined the Countess, "it's a mistake."

I shook my head. "For me it was no mistake."

She began to laugh again. "Caro Signore, you're a great original. What had my poor mother done to you?"

I looked at our young Englishman, who still had his back turned to us and was staring up at the picture. "I will tell you some other time," I said.

"I shall certainly remind you; I am very curious to know." Then she opened and shut her fan two or three times, still looking at me. What eyes they have! "Tell me a little," she went on, "if I may ask without indiscretion. Are you married?"

"No, Signora Contessa."

"Isn't that at least a mistake?"

"Do I look very unhappy?"

She dropped her head a little to one side. "For an Englishman—no!"

"Ah," said I, laughing, "you are quite as clever as your mother."

"And they tell me that you are a great soldier," she continued; "you have lived in India. It was very kind of you, so far away, to have remembered our poor dear Italy."

"One always remembers Italy; the distance makes no difference. I remembered it well the day I heard of your mother's death!"

"Ah, that was a sorrow!" said the Countess. "There's not a day that I don't weep for her. But *che vuole*? She's a saint in paradise."

"*Sicuro*," I answered; and I looked some time at the ground. "But tell me about yourself, dear lady," I asked at last, raising my eyes. "You have also had the sorrow of losing your husband."

"I am a poor widow as you see. *Che vuole*? My husband died after three years of marriage."

I waited for her to remark that the late Count Scarabelli was also a saint in paradise, but I waited in vain.

"That was like your distinguished father," I said.

"Yes, he too died young. I can't be said to have known him; I was but of the age of my own little girl. But I weep for him all the more."

Again I was silent for a moment.

"It was in India too," I said presently, "that I heard of your mother's second marriage."

The Countess raised her eyebrows.

"In India then, one hears of everything! Did that news please you?"

"Well, since you ask me—no."

"I understand that," said the Countess, looking at her open fan. "I shall not marry again like that."

"That's what your mother said to me," I ventured to observe.

She was not offended, but she rose from her seat and stood looking at me a moment. Then—

"You should not have gone away!" she exclaimed.

I staid for another hour; it is a very pleasant house. Two or three of the men who were sitting there seemed very civil and intelligent; one of them was a major of engineers, who offered me a profusion of information upon the new organisation of the Italian army. While he talked, however, I was observing our hostess, who was talking with the others; very little, I noticed, with her young Inglese. She is altogether charming—full of frankness and freedom, of that inimitable *disinvoltura* which in an Englishwoman would be vulgar, and which in her is simply the perfection of apparent spontaneity. But for all her spontaneity she's as subtle as a needle-point, and knows tremendously well what she is about. If she is not a consummate coquette What had she in her head when she said that I should not have gone away?—Poor little Stanmer didn't go away. I left him there at midnight.

12th.—I found him to-day sitting in the church of Santa Croce, into which I wandered to escape from the heat of the sun.

In the nave it was cool and dim; he was staring at the blaze of candles on the great altar, and thinking, I am sure, of his incomparable Countess. I sat down beside him, and after a while, as if to avoid the appearance of eagerness, he asked me how I had enjoyed my visit to Casa Salvi, and what I thought of the *padrona*.

"I think half a dozen things," I said; "but I can only tell you one now. She's an enchantress. You shall hear the rest when we have left the church."

"An enchantress?" repeated Stanmer, looking at me askance.

He is a very simple youth, but who am I, to blame him?

"A charmer," I said; "a fascinatress!"

He turned away, staring at the altar-candles.

"An artist—an actress," I went on, rather brutally.

He gave me another glance.

"I think you are telling me all," he said.

"No, no, there is more." And we sat a long time in silence.

At last he proposed that we should go out; and we passed into the street, where the shadows had begun to stretch themselves.

"I don't know what you mean by her being an actress," he said, as we turned homeward.

"I suppose not. Neither should I have known if any one had said that to me."

"You are thinking about the mother," said Stanmer. "Why are you always bringing *her* in?"

"My dear boy, the analogy is so great; it forces itself upon me."

He stopped, and stood looking at me with his modest, perplexed young face. I thought he was going to exclaim—"The analogy be hanged!"—but he said after a moment—

"Well, what does it prove?"

"I can't say it proves anything; but it suggests a great many things."

"Be so good as to mention a few," he said, as we walked on.

"You are not sure of her yourself," I began.

"Never mind that—go on with your analogy."

"That's a part of it. You *are* very much in love with her."

"That's a part of it too, I suppose?"

"Yes, as I have told you before. You are in love with her, and yet you can't make her out; that's just where I was with regard to Madame de Salvi."

"And she too was an enchantress, an actress, an artist, and all the rest of it?"

"She was the most perfect coquette I ever knew, and the most dangerous, because the most finished."

"What you mean, then, is that her daughter is a finished coquette?"

"I rather think so."

Stanmer walked along for some moments in silence:

"Seeing that you suppose me to be a—a great admirer of the Countess," he said at last, "I am rather surprised at the freedom with which you speak of her."

I confessed that I was surprised at it myself. "But it's on account of the interest I take in you."

"I am immensely obliged to you!" said the poor boy.

"Ah, of course you don't like it. That is, you like my interest—I don't see how you can help liking that; but you don't like my freedom. That's natural enough; but, my dear young friend, I want only to help you. If a man had said to me—so many years ago—what I am saying to you, I should certainly also, at first, have thought him a great brute. But, after a little, I should have been grateful—I should have felt that he was helping me."

"You seem to have been very well able to help yourself," said Stanmer. "You tell me you made your escape."

"Yes, but it was at the cost of infinite perplexity—of what I may call keen suffering. I should like to save you all that."

"I can only repeat—it is really very kind of you."

"Don't repeat it too often, or I shall begin to think you don't mean it."

"Well," said Stanmer, "I think this, at any rate—that you take an extraordinary responsibility in trying to put a man out of conceit of a woman who, as he believes, may make him very happy."

I grasped his arm, and we stopped, going on with our talk like a couple of Florentines.

"Do you wish to marry her?"

He looked away, without meeting my eyes. "It's a great responsibility," he repeated.

"Before Heaven," I said, "I would have married the mother! You are exactly in my situation."

"Don't you think you rather overdo the analogy?" asked poor Stanmer.

"A little more, a little less—it

doesn't matter. I believe you are in my shoes. But of course if you prefer it I will beg a thousand pardons and leave them to carry you where they will."

He had been looking away, but now he slowly turned his face and met my eyes. "You have gone too far to retreat; what is it you know about her?"

"About this one—nothing. But about the other——"

"I care nothing about the other!"

"My dear fellow," I said, "they are mother and daughter—they are as like as two of Andrea's Madonnas."

"If they resemble each other, then, you were simply mistaken in the mother."

I took his arm and we walked on again; there seemed no adequate reply to such a charge. "Your state of mind brings back my own so completely," I said presently. "You admire her—you adore her, and yet, secretly, you mistrust her. You are enchanted with her personal charm, her grace, her wit, her everything; and yet in your private heart you are afraid of her."

"Afraid of her?"

"Your mistrust keeps rising to the surface; you can't rid yourself of the suspicion that at the bottom of all things she is hard and cruel, and you would be immensely relieved if some one should persuade you that your suspicion is right."

Stanmer made no direct reply to this; but before we reached the hotel he said—"What did you ever know about the mother?"

"It's a terrible story," I answered.

He looked at me askance. "What did she do?"

"Come to my rooms this evening and I will tell you."

He declared he would, but he never came. Exactly the way I should have acted!

14th.—I went again, last evening, to Casa Salvi, where I found the same little circle, with the addition of a couple of ladies. Stanmer was there,

trying hard to talk to one of them, but making, I am sure, a very poor business of it. The Countess—well, the Countess was admirable. She greeted me like a friend of ten years, toward whom familiarity should not have engendered a want of ceremony; she made me sit near her, and she asked me a dozen questions about my health and my occupations.

"I live in the past," I said. "I go into the galleries, into the old palaces and the churches. To-day I spent an hour in Michael Angelo's chapel, at San Lorenzo."

"Ah, yes, that's the past," said the Countess. "Those things are very old."

"Twenty-seven years old," I answered.

"Twenty-seven? *Altro!*"

"I mean my own past," I said. "I went to a great many of those places with your mother."

"Ah, the pictures are beautiful," murmured the Countess, glancing at Stanmer.

"Have you lately looked at any of them?" I asked. "Have you gone to the galleries with *him*?"

She hesitated a moment, smiling. "It seems to me that your question is a little impertinent. But I think you are like that."

"A little impertinent? Never. As I say, your mother did me the honour, more than once, to accompany me to the Uffizzi."

"My mother must have been very kind to you."

"So it seemed to me at the time."

"At the time, only?"

"Well, if you prefer, so it seems to me now."

"Eh," said the Countess, "she made sacrifices."

"To what, *cara Signora*? She was perfectly free. Your lamented father was dead—and she had not yet contracted her second marriage."

"If she was intending to marry again, it was all the more reason she should have been careful."

I looked at her a moment; she met

my eyes gravely, over the top of her fan. "Are *you* very careful?" I said.

She dropped her fan with a certain violence. "Ah, yes, you are impertinent!"

"Ah, no," I said. "Remember that I am old enough to be your father, that I knew you when you were three years old. I may surely ask such questions. But you are right; one must do your mother justice. She was certainly thinking of her second marriage."

"You have not forgiven her that!" said the Countess, very gravely.

"Have you?" I asked, more lightly.

"I don't judge my mother. That is a mortal sin. My stepfather was very kind to me."

"I remember him," I said; "I saw him a great many times—your mother already received him."

My hostess sat with lowered eyes, saying nothing; but she presently looked up.

"She was very unhappy with my father."

"That I can easily believe. And your stepfather—is he still living?"

"He died—before my mother."

"Did he fight any more duels?"

"He was killed in a duel," said the Countess, discreetly.

It seems almost monstrous, especially as I can give no reason for it—but this announcement, instead of shocking me, caused me to feel a strange exhilaration. Most assuredly, after all these years, I bear the poor man no resentment. Of course I controlled my manner and simply remarked to the Countess that as his fault had been, so was his punishment. I think, however, that the feeling of which I speak was at the bottom of my saying to her that I hoped that, unlike her mother's, her own brief married life had been happy.

"If it was not," she said, "I have forgotten it now."—I wonder if the late Count Scarabelli was also killed in a duel, and if his adversary . . .

Is it on the books that his adversary, as well, shall perish by the pistol? Which of those gentlemen is he, I wonder? Is it reserved for poor little Stanmer to put a bullet into him? No, poor little Stanmer, I trust, will do as I did. And yet, unfortunately for him, that woman is consummately plausible. She was wonderfully nice last evening; she was really irresistible. Such frankness and freedom, and yet something so soft and womanly; such graceful gaiety, so much of the brightness, without any of the stiffness, of good breeding, and over it all something so picturesquely simple and southern. She is a perfect Italian. But she comes honestly by it. After the talk I have just jotted down she changed her place, and the conversation for half-an-hour was general. Stanmer indeed said very little; partly, I suppose, because he is shy of talking a foreign tongue. Was I like that—was I so constantly silent? I suspect I was when I was perplexed, and heaven knows that very often my perplexity was extreme. Before I went away I had a few more words *tête-à-tête* with the Countess.

"I hope you are not leaving Florence yet," she said; "you will stay a while longer?"

I answered that I came only for a week, and that my week was over.

"I stay on from day to day, I am so much interested."

"Eh, it's the beautiful moment. I'm glad our city pleases you!"

"Florence pleases me—and I take a paternal interest in our young friend," I added, glancing at Stanmer. "I have become very fond of him."

"*Bel tipo inglese*," said my hostess. "And he is very intelligent; he has a beautiful mind."

She stood there resting her smile and her clear, expressive eyes upon me.

"I don't like to praise him too much," I rejoined, "lest I should appear to praise myself; he reminds me so much of what I was at his age. If your beautiful mother were to come

to life for an hour she would see the resemblance."

She gave me a little amused stare.

"And yet you don't look at all like him!"

"Ah, you didn't know me when I was twenty-five. I was very handsome! And, moreover, it isn't that, it's the mental resemblance. I was ingenuous, candid, trusting, like him."

"Trusting? I remember my mother once telling me that you were the most suspicious and jealous of men."

"I fell into a suspicious mood, but I was, fundamentally, not in the least addicted to thinking evil. I couldn't easily imagine any harm of any one."

"And so you mean that Mr. Stanmer is in a suspicious mood?"

"Well, I mean that his situation is the same as mine."

The Countess gave me one of her serious looks.

"Come," she said, "what was it—this famous situation of yours? I have heard you mention it before."

"Your mother might have told you, since she occasionally did me the honour to speak of me."

"All my mother ever told me was that you were a sad puzzle to her."

At this, of course, I laughed out—I laugh still as I write it.

"Well then, that was my situation—I was a sad puzzle to a very clever woman."

"And you mean, therefore, that I am a puzzle to poor Mr. Stanmer?"

"He is racking his brains to make you out. Remember it was you who said he was intelligent."

She looked round at him, and as fortune would have it, his appearance at that moment quite confirmed my assertion. He was lounging back in his chair with an air of indolence rather too marked for a drawing-room, and staring at the ceiling with the expression of a man who has just been asked a conundrum. Madame Scarbelli seemed struck with his attitude.

"Don't you see," I said, "he can't read the riddle?"

"You yourself," she answered, "said he was incapable of thinking evil. I should be sorry to have him think any evil of me."

And she looked straight at me—seriously, appealingly—with her beautiful candid brow.

I inclined myself, smiling, in a manner which might have meant—

"How could that be possible?"

"I have a great esteem for him," she went on; "I want him to think well of me. If I am a puzzle to him, do me a little service. Explain me to him."

"Explain you, dear lady?"

"You are older and wiser than he. Make him understand me."

She looked deep into my eyes for a moment and then she turned away.

26th.—I have written nothing for a good many days, but meanwhile I have been half a dozen times to Casa Salvi. I have seen a good deal also of my young friend—had a good many walks and talks with him. I have proposed to him to come with me to Venice for a fortnight, but he won't listen to the idea of leaving Florence. He is very happy, in spite of his doubts, and I confess that in the perception of his happiness I have lived over again my own. This is so much the case that when, the other day, he at last made up his mind to ask me to tell him the wrong that Madame de Salvi had done me, I rather checked his curiosity. I told him that if he was bent upon knowing I would satisfy him, but that it seemed a pity, just now, to indulge in painful imagery.

"But I thought you wanted so much to put me out of conceit of our friend."

"I admit I am inconsistent, but there are various reasons for it. In the first place—it's obvious—I am open to the charge of playing a double game. I profess an admiration for the Countess Scarabelli, for I accept her hospitality, and at the same time I attempt to poison your mind; isn't that the proper expression? I can't exactly make up my mind to that, though my

admiration for the Countess and my desire to prevent you from taking a foolish step are equally sincere. And then, in the second place, you seem to me on the whole so happy! One hesitates to destroy an illusion, no matter how pernicious, that is so delightful while it lasts. Those are the rare moments of life. To be young and ardent, in the midst of an Italian spring, and to believe in the moral perfection of a beautiful woman—what an admirable situation! Float with the current, I'll stand on the brink and watch you."

"Your real reason is that you feel you have no case against the poor lady," said Stanmer. "You admire her as much as I do."

"I just admitted that I admire her: I never said she was a vulgar flirt; her mother was an absolutely scientific one. Heaven knows I admired that! It's a nice point, however, how much one is bound in honour not to warn a young friend against a dangerous woman because one also has relations of civility with the lady."

"In such a case," said Stanmer, "I would break off my relations."

I looked at him, and I think I laughed.

"Are you jealous of me, by chance?"

He shook his head emphatically.

"Not in the least; I like to see you there, because your conduct contradicts your words."

"I have always said that the Countess is fascinating."

"Otherwise," said Stanmer, "in the case you speak of I would give the lady notice."

"Give her notice?"

"Mention to her that you regard her with suspicion, and that you propose to do your best to rescue a simple-minded youth from her wiles. That would be more loyal." And he began to laugh again.

It is not the first time he has laughed at me; but I have never minded it because I have always understood it.

"Is that what you recommend me to say to the Countess?" I asked.

"Recommend you!" he exclaimed, laughing again. "I recommend nothing. I may be the victim to be rescued, but I am at least not a partner to the conspiracy. Besides," he added in a moment, "the Countess knows your state of mind."

"Has she told you so?"

Stanmer hesitated.

"She has begged me to listen to everything you may say against her. She prefers that; she has a good conscience."

"Ah," said I, "she's an accomplished woman!"

And it is indeed very clever of her to take that tone. Stanmer afterwards assured me explicitly that he has never given her a hint of the liberties I have taken in conversation with—what shall I call it?—with her moral nature; she has guessed them for herself. She must hate me intensely, and yet her manner has always been so charming to me! She is truly an accomplished woman!

May 4th.—I have stayed away from Casa Salvi for a week, but I have lingered on in Florence, under a mixture of impulses. I have had it on my conscience not to go near the Countess again—and yet, from the moment she is aware of the way I feel about her, it is open war. There need be no scruples on either side. She is as free to use every possible art to entangle poor Stanmer more closely as I am to clip her fine-spun meshes. Under the circumstances, however, we naturally shouldn't meet very cordially. But as regards her meshes, why, after all, should I clip them? It would really be very interesting to see Stanmer swallowed up. I should like to see how he would agree with her after she had devoured him—(to what vulgar imagery, by the way, does curiosity reduce a man!) Let him finish the story in his own way, as I finished it in mine. It is the same story; but why, a quarter of a century later, should it have the same

dénouement? Let him make his own *dénouement*.

5th.—Hang it, however, I don't want the poor boy to be miserable.

6th.—Ah, but did my *dénouement* then prove such a happy one?

7th.—He came to my room late last night; he was much excited.

"What was it she did to you?" he asked.

I answered him first with another question. "Have you quarrelled with the Countess?"

But he only repeated his own. "What was it she did to you?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you." And he sat there beside the candle, staring at me. "There was a man always there—Count Camerino."

"The man she married?"

"The man she married. I was very much in love with her, and yet I didn't trust her. I was sure that she lied; I believed she could be cruel. Nevertheless, at moments, she had a charm which made it pure pedantry to be conscious of her faults; and while these moments lasted I would have done anything for her. Unfortunately, they didn't last long. But you know what I mean; am I not describing the Scarabelli?"

"The Countess Scarabelli never lied!" cried Stanmer.

"That's just what I would have said to any one who should have made the insinuation! But I suppose you are not asking me the question you put to me just now from dispassionate curiosity."

"A man may want to know!" said the innocent fellow.

I couldn't help laughing out. "This, at any rate, is my story. Camerino was always there; he was a sort of fixture in the house. If I had moments of dislike for the divine Bianca, I had no moments of liking for him. And yet he was a very agreeable fellow, very civil, very intelligent, not in the least disposed to make a quarrel with me. The trouble of course was simply that I was jealous of him. I don't know, however, on what ground

I could have quarrelled with him, for I had no definite rights. I can't say what I expected—I can't say what, as the matter stood, I was prepared to do. With my name and my prospects, I might perfectly have offered her my hand. I am not sure that she would have accepted it—I am by no means clear that she wanted that. But she wanted, wanted keenly, to attach me to her; she wanted to have me about. I should have been capable of giving up everything—England, my career, my family—simply to devote myself to her, to live near her and see her every day."

"Why didn't you do it, then?" asked Stanmer.

"Why don't you?"

"To be a proper rejoinder to my question," he said, rather neatly, "yours should be asked twenty-five years hence."

"It remains perfectly true that at a given moment I was capable of doing as I say. That was what she wanted—a rich, susceptible, credulous, convenient young Englishman, established near her *en permanence*. And yet," I added, "I must do her complete justice. I honestly believe she was fond of me." At this Stanmer got up and walked to the window; he stood looking out a moment, and then he turned round. "You know she was older than I," I went on. "Madame Scarabelli is older than you. One day, in the garden, her mother asked me in an angry tone why I disliked Camerino; for I had been at no pains to conceal my feeling about him, and something had just happened to bring it out. 'I dislike him,' I said, 'because you like him so much.' 'I assure you I don't like him,' she answered. 'He has all the appearance of being your lover,' I retorted. It was a brutal speech, certainly, but any other man in my place would have made it. She took it very strangely; she turned pale, but she was not indignant. 'How can he be my lover after what he has done?' she asked. 'What has he done?' She hesitated a good while,

then she said: 'He killed my husband.' 'Good heavens!' I cried, 'and you receive him?' Do you know what she said? She said '*Che vuole?*'"

"Is that all?" asked Stanmer.

"No; she went on to say that Camerino had killed Count Salvi in a duel, and she admitted that her husband's jealousy had been the occasion of it. The Count, it appeared, was a monster of jealousy—he had led her a dreadful life. He himself, meanwhile, had been anything but irreproachable; he had done a mortal injury to a man of whom he pretended to be a friend, and this affair had become notorious. The gentleman in question had demanded satisfaction for his outraged honour; but for some reason or other (the Countess, to do her justice, did not tell me that her husband was a coward) he had not as yet obtained it. The duel with Camerino had come on first; in an access of jealous fury the Count had struck Camerino in the face; and this outrage, I know not how justly, was deemed expiable before the other. By an extraordinary arrangement (the Italians have certainly no sense of fair play), the other man was allowed to be Camerino's second. The duel was fought with swords, and the Count received a wound of which, though at first it was not expected to be fatal, he died on the following day. The matter was hushed up as much as possible for the sake of the Countess's good name, and so successfully that it was presently observed that, among the public, the other gentleman had the credit of having put his sword through M. de Salvi. This gentleman took a fancy not to contradict the impression, and it was allowed to subsist. So long as he consented, it was of course in Camerino's interest not to contradict it, as it left him much more free to keep up his intimacy with the Countess."

Stanmer had listened to all this with extreme attention. "Why didn't she contradict it?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I am bound to believe it was for the same

reason. I was horrified, at any rate, by the whole story. I was extremely shocked at the Countess's want of dignity in continuing to see the man by whose hand her husband had fallen."

"The husband had been a great brute, and it was not known," said Stanmer.

"Its not being known made no difference. And as for Salvi having been a brute, that is but a way of saying that his wife, and the man whom his wife subsequently married, didn't like him."

Stanmer looked extremely meditative; his eyes were fixed on mine. "Yes, that marriage is hard to get over. It was not becoming."

"Ah," said I, "what a long breath I drew when I heard of it! I remember the place and the hour. It was at a hill-station in India, seven years after I had left Florence. The post brought me some English papers, and in one of them was a letter from Italy, with a lot of so-called 'fashionable intelligence.' There, among various scandals in high life, and other delectable items, I read that the Countess Bianca Salvi, famous for some years as the presiding genius of the most agreeable *salon* in Florence, was about to bestow her hand upon Count Camerino, a distinguished Bolognese. Ah, my dear boy, it was a tremendous escape! I had been ready to marry the woman who was capable of that! But my instinct had warned me, and I had trusted my instinct."

"Instinct's everything," as Falstaff says!" and Stanmer began to laugh. "Did you tell Madame de Salvi that your instinct was against her?"

"No; I told her that she frightened me, shocked me, horrified me."

"That's about the same thing. And what did she say?"

"She asked me what I would have? I called her friendship with Camerino a scandal, and she answered that her husband had been a brute. Besides, no one knew it; therefore it was no scandal. Just *your* argument! I

retorted that this was odious reasoning, and that she had no moral sense. We had a passionate quarrel, and I declared I would never see her again. In the heat of my displeasure I left Florence, and I kept my vow. I never saw her again."

"You couldn't have been much in love with her," said Stanmer.

"I was not—three months after."

"If you had been you would have come back—three days after."

"So doubtless it seems to you. All I can say is that it was the great effort of my life. Being a military man I have had on various occasions to face the enemy. But it was not then I needed my resolution; it was when I left Florence in a postchaise."

Stanmer turned about the room two or three times, and then he said: "I don't understand! I don't understand why she should have told you that Camerino had killed her husband. It could only damage her."

"She was afraid it would damage her more that I should think he was her lover. She wished to say the thing that would most effectually persuade me that he was not her lover—that he could never be. And then she wished to get the credit of being very frank."

"Good heavens, how you must have analysed her!" cried my companion, staring.

"There is nothing so analytistic as disillusionment. But there it is. She married Camerino."

"Yes, I don't like that," said Stanmer. He was silent a while, and then he added—"Perhaps she wouldn't have done so if you had remained."

He has a little innocent way! "Very likely she would have dispensed with the ceremony," I answered, dryly.

"Upon my word," he said, "you have analysed her!"

"You ought to be grateful to me. I have done for you what you seem unable to do for yourself."

"I don't see any Camerino in my case," he said.

"Perhaps among those gentlemen I can find one for you."

"Thank you," he cried; "I'll take care of that myself!" And he went away—satisfied, I hope.

10th.—He's an obstinate little wretch; it irritates me to see him sticking to it. Perhaps he is looking for his Camerino. I shall leave him at any rate to his fate; it is growing insupportably hot.

11th.—I went this evening to bid farewell to the Scarabelli. There was no one there; she was alone in her great dusky drawing-room, which was lighted only by a couple of candles, with the immense windows open over the garden. She was dressed in white; she was deucedly pretty. She asked me of course why I had been so long without coming.

"I think you say that only for form," I answered. "I imagine you know."

"*Chè!* what have I done?"

"Nothing at all. You are too wise for that."

She looked at me a while. "I think you are a little crazy."

"Ah no, I am only too sane. I have too much reason rather than too little."

"You have at any rate what we call a fixed idea."

"There is no harm in that so long as it's a good one."

"But yours is abominable," she declared, with a laugh.

"Of course you can't like me or my ideas. All things considered, you have treated me with wonderful kindness, and I thank you and kiss your hands. I leave Florence to-morrow."

"I won't say I'm sorry!" she said, laughing again. "But I am very glad to have seen you. I always wondered about you. You are a curiosity."

"Yes, you must find me so. A man who can resist your charms! The fact is, I can't. This evening you are enchanting; and it is the first time I have been alone with you."

She gave no heed to this; she turned away. But in a moment she came

back, and stood looking at me, and her beautiful solemn eyes seemed to shine in the dimness of the room.

"How *could* you treat my mother so?" she asked.

"Treat her so?"

"How could you desert the most charming woman in the world?"

"It was not a case of desertion; and if it had been, it seems to me she was consoled."

At this moment there was the sound of a step in the ante-chamber, and I saw that the Countess perceived it to be Stanmer's.

"That wouldn't have happened," she murmured. "My poor mother needed a protector."

Stanmer came in, interrupting our talk, and looking at me, I thought, with a little air of bravado. He must think me, indeed, a tiresome meddlesome bore; and upon my word, turning it all over, I wonder at his docility. After all, he's five-and-twenty—and yet, I *must* add, it *does* irritate me—the way he sticks! He was followed in a moment by two or three of the regular Italians, and I made my visit short.

"Good-bye, Countess," I said; and she gave me her hand in silence. "Do you need a protector?" I added, softly.

She looked at me from head to foot, and then, almost angrily—

"Yes, Signore."

But, to deprecate her anger, I kept her hand an instant, and then bent my venerable head and kissed it. I think I appeased her.

BOLOGNA, 14th.—I left Florence on the 11th, and have been here these three days. Delightful old Italian town—but it lacks the charm of my Florentine secret.

I wrote that last entry five days ago, late at night, after coming back from Casa Salvi. I afterwards fell asleep in my chair; the night was half over when I woke up. Instead of going to bed, I stood a long time at the window, looking out at the river. It was a warm, still night, and the first faint

streaks of sunrise were in the sky. Presently I heard a slow footstep beneath my window, and, looking down, made out, by the aid of a street-lamp, that Stanmer was but just coming home. I called to him to come to my rooms, and, after an interval, he made his appearance.

"I want to bid you good-bye," I said; "I shall depart in the morning. Don't go to the trouble of saying you're sorry. Of course you are not; I must have bullied you immensely."

He made no attempt to say he was sorry, but he said he was very glad to have made my acquaintance.

"Your conversation," he said, with his little innocent air, "has been very suggestive."

"Have you found Camerino?" I asked, smiling.

"I have given up the search."

"Well," I said, "some day when you find that you have made a great mistake, remember I told you so."

He looked for a minute as if he were trying to anticipate that day by the exercise of his reason.

"Has it ever occurred to you that you may have made a great mistake?"

"Oh yes; everything occurs to one sooner or later."

That's what I said to him; but I didn't say that the question, pointed by his candid young countenance, had, for the moment, a greater force than it ever had before.

And then he asked me whether, as things had turned out, I myself had been so especially happy.

PARIS, *December 17th.*—A note from young Stanmer, whom I saw in Florence—a remarkable little note, dated Rome, and worth transcribing:—

"My Dear General,—I have it at heart to tell you that I was married a week ago to the Countess Salvi-Scarabelli. You talked me into a great muddle; but a month after that it was all very clear. Things that involve a risk are like the Christian faith; they must be seen from the inside.—Yours ever, E.S.

"P.S.—A fig for analogies—unless you can find an analogy for my happiness!"

His happiness makes him very clever. I hope it will last!—I mean his cleverness, not his happiness.

LONDON, *April 19th, 1877.*—Last night, at Lady H——'s, I met Edmund Stanmer, who married Bianca Salvi's daughter. I heard the other day that they had come to England. A handsome young fellow, with a fresh, contented face. He reminded me of Florence, which I didn't pretend to forget; but it was rather awkward, for I remember I used to disparage that woman to him. I had a complete theory about her. But he didn't seem at all stiff; on the contrary, he appeared to enjoy our encounter. I asked him if his wife was there. I had to do that.

"Oh, yes, she's in one of the other rooms. Come and make her acquaintance; I want you to know her."

"You forget that I do know her."

"Oh, no, you don't; you never did." And he gave a little significant laugh.

I didn't feel like facing the *ci-devant* Scarabelli at that moment; so I said that I was leaving the house, but that I would do myself the honour of calling upon his wife. We talked for a minute of something else, and then, suddenly, breaking off and looking at me, he laid his hand on my arm. I must do him the justice to say that he looks felicitous.

"Depend upon it, you were wrong!" he said.

"My dear young friend," I answered, "imagine the alacrity with which I concede it."

Something else again was spoken of, but in an instant he repeated his movement.

"Depend upon it, you were wrong."

"I am sure the Countess has forgiven me," I said, "and in that case you ought to bear no grudge. As I have had the honour to say, I will call upon her immediately."

"I was not alluding to my wife,"

he answered. "I was thinking of your own story."

"My own story?"

"So many years ago. Was it not rather a mistake?"

I looked at him a moment; he's positively rosy.

"That's not a question to solve in a London crush."

And I turned away.

22nd.—I haven't yet called on the *ci-devant*. I'm afraid of finding her at home. And that boy's words have been thrumming in my ears—"Depend upon it you were wrong. Wasn't

it rather a mistake?" Was I wrong—*was* it a mistake? Was I too cautious—too suspicious—too logical? Was it really a protector she needed—a man who might have helped her? Would it have been for his benefit to believe in her, and was her fault only that I had forsaken her? Was the poor woman very unhappy? God forgive me, how the questions come crowding in! If I marred her happiness, I certainly didn't make my own. And I might have made it—eh? That's a charming discovery for a man of my age!

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE MIRABEAUS.¹

ANOTHER book out of the apparently inexhaustible stores of French memoirs and materials for history lies before us, and one of the best that has appeared for a good while. The anonymous preface which precedes the work—the author himself having been recently snatched away by an untimely death—inform us that it was the result of twenty years research and study on the part of the lamented M. de Loménie. It is not always that such protracted effort is rewarded by corresponding excellence in the result. Not only has a writer often time to spoil good work in such long elaboration, but such tardiness is apt to imply a certain want of grasp and vigour of mind, a disposition to dwell on trifles, an industry wasted in small things which are by nature incompatible with the higher achievements of authorship. Such an inference would be most erroneous in the present case. M. de Loménie's work is not more distinguished by painstaking industry and accuracy, than by the attractive gifts and graces which go to form a really able writer. In the biographical portion of his work M. de Loménie shows himself a master of narrative, telling his story not only with spirit and effect, but with much insight into character and fine moral discrimination. In the speculative portion he discusses economical and political questions with insight and real weight; while all through the book is diffused an impression of candour, a warm zeal for truth, a conscientious and sober spirit which shrinks from one-sided statements and hasty conclusions. It is impossible in reading the book not to feel a confidence in,

and regard for, the writer. When he delivers a judgment, we may feel satisfied that he has good reasons to support it, and the calm and measured tone in which his opinions are expressed renders them all the more acceptable to thoughtful readers. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this wise moderation is purchased at any cost of animation and directness of remark. M. de Loménie is far removed from *viewiness*. His chaste and well-bred style is such as one might expect (though one does not always get it) from a member of the French Academy. The book is a credit to the author and his country; and its exceptional merit increases the regret that its assured fame will never gladden the heart of the sincere student who toiled over it so long.

The two volumes now published are only a portion of the work planned by M. de Loménie. We are promised two more volumes which will be devoted exclusively to the life of Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau, the famous orator and leader of the popular party at the commencement of the Revolution. The volumes now before us deal with his ancestors and family generally—with the “Riquetti kindred” about whom Mr. Carlyle discoursed with such humoristic force and gusto more than forty years ago. Mr. Carlyle's striking article was avowedly founded on the Memoirs published by M. Lucas de Montigny, the well-known “ *fils adoptif*.” One of the objects of M. de Loménie's book is to supplement and correct the numerous deficiencies and even inaccuracies of those Memoirs, into which the filial zeal of their author had perhaps excusably led him. For instance the high antiquity and nobility of the Mirabeau family, on which so much stress has been laid, turn out

¹ “*Les Mirabeau. Nouvelles Études sur la Société Française au 18^{me} Siècle.*” Par Louis de Loménie. Paris: Dentu.

to be an illusion assisted by no little fabrication. The great demagogue of the Revolution was not only proud of his pedigree, but careless of truth when he spoke of its purity and distinction. "There has never been but one *més-alliance* in our family, and that was with the Medicis." This stalwart piece of boasting the orator ascribes to his father; but there is reason to suppose it is all his own. The fact really is that the Mirabeaus emerge visibly in history for the first time with any clearness only towards the end of the sixteenth century, and then not as ancient nobles but as merchants of Marseilles. The pretended Italian extraction also of the Riquettis, originally Arrighetti of Florence, "cast out of it in some Guelph-Ghibelline quarrel such as were common then and there in the year 1267" (Carlyle), is now as good as proven to be a not very creditable myth, constructed by the Mirabeaus and their pedigree-makers in the seventeenth century. The very name of Riquetti is comparatively modern. As late as the year 1570, when they bought the castle and estate of Mirabeau, they figure in official documents as *Riquet*, a name of vulgar prevalence in Provence, and a familiar diminutive of Henry. The question is unimportant enough. Such a remarkable family as the Mirabeaus can easily dispense with the adventitious ornament of exalted lineage, even if it were genuine, as in this case it is not. But M. de Loménie was quite justified in devoting so much time and trouble to the destruction of a baseless legend, which has given occasion to much weak moralizing on the ancestry of great men.

In these volumes we have portraits more or less complete of six persons, either Mirabeaus or connected with the Mirabeaus by marriage, four men and two women:—(1) Jean Antoine, the famous *col d'argent*, his three sons; (2) the Marquis of Mirabeau, the Friend of Man; (3) the Bailli; (4) Louis Alexander; (5) Françoise

de Castellane, the mother of the Marquis; (6) Marie-Geneviève de Vassan, mother of the Orator, all in their way noteworthy people, and two at least of striking originality. In the ample materials at his command (he had the whole of the rich collection of Mirabeau papers in the possession of the late M. Lucas de Montigny confided to him), M. de Loménie has found abundant means to give us a gallery of full length portraits evidently life-like and veracious. In such degree and form as our space allows, we shall attempt to reproduce an outline of some of these family pictures.

It seems to be generally assumed that the interest attaching to the Mirabeau family is derived from the famous tribune, who terminated his short and rather scandalous career in a dazzling blaze of glory and public lamentation in 1791. In him the "wild blood" of the Riquettis is supposed to have culminated in a final explosion of originality and genius. He is emphatically *the* Mirabeau. His ancestors collateral and direct are only interesting as they lead up to him. Unless I am much mistaken, this current opinion will be considerably reversed by these volumes. The world is doubtless already prepared to concede a high place to the old Marquis, the "crabbed friend of Man," whose "nodosity" and "unwedgeableness" have been sung by Mr. Carlyle in characteristic fashion. But his brother the Bailli, and his father Jean Antoine, are even more striking and fascinating figures, with a fund of modified force and self-contained nobility of nature, to which the more popular and famous members of the family can lay no pretension. M. de Loménie is clearly right in claiming for the Bailli the pre-eminence over all his kindred, as "the finest moral product that ever came out of that impetuous race." A finer nature than that of the Bailli's, lofty, disinterested, strong and simple, yet full of native flavour, would not easily

be found in biography; a really good man who only lacked opportunity to be a great one, as we shall show presently. But his and the Marquis's father, Jean Antoine, is hardly inferior, though in a somewhat different order of gifts. Mr. Carlyle with his quick eye for character has already marked him: "Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought for." He has hitherto been known by a Life of him, supposed to be written by his famous grandson, the orator, which M. de Loménie now discovers to be a diluted and emasculated transcript of a much fuller and richer original by his son, the Marquis. Those who prefer the picturesque and nervous prose of the elder Mirabeau to the smooth and clear but comparatively tame style of his son, will regret that M. de Loménie has not seen fit to publish this interesting piece *in extenso*.

As regards the subject of the Memoir, the famous *Silverstock* himself, it is difficult to feel that he is quite an historical character. There is a suspicious flavour of legend in the accounts we have of him. He is killed, or as good as killed, at the battle of Cassano; he receives twenty-seven wounds in one hour; he has his jugular vein cut in two, and yet he gets quite well again. He treats everybody, from the king downwards, with a rough independence of speech which, under Louis XIV., is a moral phenomenon nearly as marvellous as his surviving mortal wounds is a physical one. It now appears that his biographer, the Marquis, knew little of his father personally, that he left home as a child, and only returned to it twice on short visits; and that his narrative was chiefly founded on the reports and anecdotes current in the army and the provincial society in which his father had moved. Still there is such dramatic propriety about the character, though odd and eccentric it is so conceivable and life-like, that we cannot doubt that there was a large basis of fact on which the narrative rested. It is a pity that we

have not more authentic records of such a fearless, upright, noble-hearted man, who in many ways presents a finer type of character than any of the Mirabeaus, his son the Bailli alone excepted. All his high-handed ways and choleric speeches, for instance, appear of little moment compared to his magnanimous conduct on the collapse of Law's Mississippi Scheme. An *ordonnance* of monstrous iniquity had been issued, making the worthless paper of the bankrupt scheme legal tender for the payment of debts. The brave Silverstock sternly refused to avail himself of such a means of saving the large sum of a hundred thousand crowns which his brother-in-law had invested for him without his authority in Mississippi stock. He would not part with his now valueless coupons. "Somebody at last," he said, "will have to pay in hard cash, and I should be the original cause of his loss." He was getting old, he had a rising family, and it was all his savings which thus disappeared. M. de Loménie is disposed to doubt, as it seems to us with good reason, the rude and ungracious speech he is said to have made to Louis XIV. when introduced by the Duc de Vendôme with words of strong eulogy on his services. "Yes, Sire," replied Mirabeau, according to the story, "and if, leaving active service, I had come up to court and bribed some *catin*, I might have had my promotion and fewer wounds to-day." "I ought to have known you better," said Vendôme afterwards. "For the future I will present you to the enemy, and never to the King." M. de Loménie questions this anecdote on the ground that the Marquis says that his father always had a great veneration for Louis XIV., and that such a speech does not seem compatible even with common respect, which is very true. But we think that a stronger argument against its authenticity may be found in the fact that the reign of *catins* at Versailles had long been over when Silverstock Mirabeau was presented there covered with wounds. It was over even before

he entered the army in 1684. Under the semi-monastic rule of the austere Maintenon and the converted Louis, such expressions would not only have been insolent, but absurdly out of place. There is less reason to doubt the characteristic story of his behaviour to one of Louvois's army-inspectors, who insisted on reporting him *absent* from a review, when he was only a little late on the ground. The major of the regiment urged extenuating circumstances for his junior, but the inspector was inflexible. "Monsieur," said Mirabeau, "I am then truly absent in your opinion?" "Yes, Monsieur." "In that case, this no doubt passes in my absence;" and immediately rains a shower of cuts with his riding-whip on the inspector, leaving him in some difficulty of reconciling fact and theory.

M. de Loménie quotes several details from the Marquis's account of his father, which are omitted in the weaker version made by his son the orator. This rather touching narrative of the last days of the old soldier is omitted by his grandson :—

"My furlough," says the marquis, "was on the point of expiring, and though I could have obtained further leave, he insisted on my departure, and I was thus prevented from doing my duty by him up to the last. But I did not think he was nearly so ill as he was. He soon began to refuse nourishment, and replied always to all entreaties to that effect :— 'All my life long, when I have said No, it has meant no.' In other respects his latter end was passed in great calm and serenity, chatting and even laughing with his confessor, a devout and gentle priest, whom he loved much."

Referring to an early stage of his decline, the Marquis says :—

"A certain select company assembled pretty regularly in his house to pass the evenings with him, and these parties were really a high school of honour, eloquence, dignity, and historical reminiscences. He was not gifted with the happy genius that excels in calling forth the qualities of others, which is as precious as it is rare. His taste would have inclined to a noble and well-seasoned humour, but as that sort of wit easily becomes bitter, an excess to which his family was prone, his principles kept him from it. For the rest, his health

was latterly so precarious that he could not trust himself in a facetious vein, and he preferred discourse which was grave and noble, in which no grace of diction or warmth of eloquence was wanting. Moreover, excepting his sight, which was so diminished that he could scarce find his way about, although no defect appeared in his eyes, he lived up to the end complete in all his faculties; his visage was not changed; his apparel which on another would have seemed common, was sumptuous on him. No man ever had a finer presence, or affected it less. He was so nice in the matter of cleanliness, that even in the country and alone on coming in from a walk he always changed his wig before entering the apartment. Why attempt to paint a man, except with the object of giving a life-like picture? The smallest traits are important in a fine subject."

It is like passing from the twilight of legend to the broad daylight of historical fact, to turn from Mirabeau of the silver collar to the Bailli, his second son. From the abundant letters of his which are still preserved (something like two thousand in number, out of which M. de Loménie makes copious extracts) it is possible to obtain a direct glimpse of a truly human face, as comely and tender as it is strong and honest. The Bailli had talents and knowledge, especially the great talent of ruling men and winning their love at the same time, and extraordinary knowledge, considering the hard and roving sea-life he led during his best years. But his distinction lies in the union of these masculine qualities with a more than womanly sweetness and gentleness of nature, a lofty probity which seems never to give a thought to self-interest, and a delicacy of moral sense quite admirable. M. de Loménie compares him to Molière's Misanthrope, and says he was an Alceste of real life, which seems to us to be hardly doing him justice. He was a chivalrous, heroic, modest man, of sterling worth and warmest affections, free from greedy appetite of every kind, free of vanity, of ambition (a little too free of the last), and regardless of everything but his duty and his own austere sense of rectitude. He was besides a most voluminous writer, though he published nothing. M. de Loménie

fills more than half a page with the mere titles of the memoirs and observations which he addressed to official persons on all kinds of subjects relating to public affairs, especially those which concerned his own branch of them, the naval service. More characteristic still is his private correspondence with his brother, the Marquis, who shares with him the honour, that it reflects on both.

"Among the four thousand letters they exchanged," says M. de Loménie, "there are hardly ten in which, in spite of very often of the most urgent personal matters, we do not meet with long discussions of general questions fitted to interest superior minds. Every moment the two correspondents drop their private affairs, to enlarge on religion, politics, the government, the finances, history, the problem of Good and Evil, progress, liberty, aristocracy, democracy, the state of society, the dangers which threaten it, the reforms which might save it, the question whether it can be saved, the future in store. Then dissertations, often warm and eloquent, frequently fill ten or twelve folio pages."—Vol. i. p. 188.

M. de Loménie remarks, and his quotations abundantly prove the assertion, that the Bailli had, equally with his brother, the odd, picturesque, yet powerful style which excited Mr. Carlyle's admiration; but he thinks that the Bailli, who never wrote with a view to publication, has the advantage—he is less stilted and pedantic. In any case it must be confessed that we have here a very interesting and rare type of man, a man whose width of culture even a Goethe might envy. First, the hard training of a sea life, then the governorship of Guadaloupe, later the command of the Coast Guard during the Seven-years' War; and through all this active career, a literary taste which had familiarised him with the best French and Latin authors, and a speculative turn which leads him to discuss, and shows him to have had settled and well-grounded opinions on all sorts of topics—political, financial, historical—often not at all connected with his profession. Here was a man leading a life similar to that of our

Hawkes and Boscauwens, and possibly as a professional sea-king he was not their equal, though even this is by no means certain, as he was never intrusted with the command of a great fleet in which he might have shown his capacity as an admiral; but for culture and humanity, they cannot suffer a comparison with him. A man of highest courtesy and noblest presence, a scholar and a gentleman in the fullest sense of the words, and a brave mariner of the true sea-breed withal, the Bailli Mirabeau is a fine specimen of the rich endowment of that old French race which has done so much to mar, but far more to make, our modern civilisation.

The Bailli's career as a sea captain was laborious, but not distinguished. The fault was none of his. We know what interest was capable of in the old times in the way of bringing a man forward, and of giving him a chance of showing his quality, even in the English navy. And the English navy was justice itself compared to the French, in all matters of promotion and readiness to give "the tools to him who could handle them." The brave Bailli never was entrusted with more than with the command of sorry little frigates; poor peddling work, such as made Nelson stamp and rage in the early days of his career. Very interesting is it to see him out of health and without a ship, promptly volunteering to take part in the expedition against Minorea, or to post off to Toulon, eager for service in any form, but only to be refused after all. By dint of importunity, however, he succeeded at the last moment in getting a post, as second in command, on board the *Orpheus*, a ship of sixty-four guns. It was one of the vessels most hotly engaged in the battle of Port Mahon, and a letter of the Bailli to his brother, the Marquis, is of especial interest to us, not only as giving a good picture of a zealous officer, but as showing that in the candid opinion of a perfectly impartial and competent witness, the unfortunate Admiral Byng was not quite up to the mark of sea valour,

and that the indignation against him in England was not wholly unjustified :—

“ON BOARD THE ‘ORPHEUS,’

“May 21, 1756.

“We had yesterday, dear brother, an engagement of two hours and a half duration, which would have lasted longer if it had pleased the English. Thanks to the Lord, I have come out of it safe and sound. I am the more thankful, inasmuch as during half an hour there was a prodigious storm of grape and cannister. All the officers have escaped like myself, but the men have suffered a good deal. The enemy has suffered even more. They had the advantage of the wind, and it only lay with the English to make it much hotter for us, as our admiral gave them every encouragement. Our vanguard, to which this ship belongs, was the most engaged. But it may with truth be said that the English have very feebly supported before our men-of-war the pride and insolence they have shown before our merchantmen. On the whole it was an even game, and as they had the wind they could have made the affair more serious. I say even, as they had only one line of battle-ship more than ourselves.”—Vol. i. p. 225.

The old salt comes out in full flavour in this letter. The good Bailli, for all his culture, takes his profession in all seriousness, and is no wise inclined to mince matters with the English. He detests them most cordially, and although he does not reciprocate the crudity of Nelson’s maxim, that one “should hate a Frenchman as one does the devil,” he quietly says, “I have accustomed myself to regard the English as the enemies of the human race, and especially of France.” Yet he has a sort of grudging admiration for us in some respects, and especially approves the constitution of our Admiralty, in which old sailors who knew their business directed naval matters. He was for a short time prisoner in England, in 1747, but was not so much impressed as, with his aristocratic tastes, might have been expected. The nobles, he thinks, are too much dependent on the common people. Military virtue is not sufficiently esteemed, and money too much so, and he shrewdly opines, as early as 1754, that the American colonies will be lost to the mother country in a few years, which was seeing a good twenty years ahead.

But it is during his government of Guadeloupe that the higher nature of the man comes out in its full lustre, his firmness, justice and mercy, his tenderness for others, his severity to himself, his almost Quixotic scorn for gain and even legitimate self-interest. The vice and corruption of colonial society, poisoned as it was by the deadly sin of negro slavery, offered an ample but not a pleasant field for the display of the Bailli’s austere virtue. Like all worthy to command, he receives the responsibility of ruling men with inward anxiety and humble heart-searching. When he made his official entry into the island, and a great crowd assembled to see and scrutinise the Governor, and escort him to the church, where the Apostolic Prefect harangued him on his duties, he was dismayed. “My prayer to God was to preserve me from injustice, and to give me the firmness to repress it. I prayed fervently, and hope I was heard.” In another letter he says :— “I am becoming devout, which must seem to you an odd notion. But do not understand the word in its ordinary sense. I have no taste nor talent for mysticism more than usual, but I feel I never prayed to God with fervour before. I do so out of fear of doing harm, and that fear is so strong that I hope sincerely to be preserved from it.”

The first thing that strikes and shocks him is the frightful moral degradation of the white population, arising from the influence of slavery. Labour being held in contempt as a badge of servitude, the vilest white man thinks more of himself than a peer of France. Idleness and debauchery fill up the time of the colonists. “To make sugar, to flog niggers, to beget bastards, and to get drunk—these are the occupations of the creoles.” Their depravity was such that it blinded them to their own interest, and even French ships refused to come to the island on account of the roguery and bad faith of the inhabitants. Murder was of

daily occurrence, and a black man's life was valued no higher than a dog's. Here was an opportunity for a supreme ruler to show his mettle. And the Bailli seems to have laid about him with a zeal and sternness which would rejoice Mr. Carlyle. "The rogues, and there are plenty here," he says, "tremble, and honest folks rejoice; the poor know that justice will be done them without distinction of persons. The door of their governor, they say, is open to them at all hours, and all the colony is aware that not one of my servants would dare to prevent the least and poorest negro from coming to me and telling his story."

It was an addition to the Governor's difficulties that he was known to be poor, and that his salary was small. He consequently could keep little or no state, and could not contribute to the festivities of the place. But he would receive no presents, and refused not only all illicit gain, but such perquisites as were considered quite honourable. "No monk of La Trappe ever led a harder life than I do. Dispensing justice from morning to night, writing, signing, working,—such is my existence." He says he knows he will be considered a fool for his pains, and owns that *that* hurts his vanity a little, but reflexion will help him to bear it.

Slavery he emphatically condemns, not only on the ground of humanity, about which of course there is no question, but as economically injurious. Thirty-five thousand whites do not produce in fertile Guadaloupe what two thousand would do without slavery. He adds, with prophetic regret, that he deplores the introduction of negroes into Louisiana, and anticipates no good result from the measure. In fact, though the question of emancipation of the slaves never seems to have occurred to him, he has all the sentiments of a thoroughgoing abolitionist, including the customary over-estimate of the qualities of the negro. "I look upon those people as in every respect like ourselves, excepting in

colour. And I even doubt whether slavery does not make us worse than they are." The justice of the last remark cannot be denied. Legree is many degrees inferior to Uncle Tom, but the brain of the white man is superior to that of the negro nevertheless.

It might be supposed that the Bailli had enough on his hands in restraining his white subjects from robbery and murder, and protecting the black population from too gross ill-treatment. But he manages to find time for reading all kinds of books, which he is always beseeching his brother to supply him with, and also to plan a complete code of colonial law, illustrated with notes of his own. He reckons that in six years' time, if health and sight endure, he will know more about the naval policy of France than any one who has yet directed it. This was, however, looking a little too far ahead. For the good Bailli had crotchets which made a man ill-fitted for official life in those days. One of his crotchets was not to suffer dishonesty in any one if he could help it, not even in a superior. As might be supposed, the rogues whom he had made to tremble were not without friends in the world, and before long he began to receive hints from his brother that in influential circles at Versailles it was considered that he had "too much zeal." Too much zeal here being interpreted meant too great antipathy to rogues. It was taken especially ill at head-quarters that he showed no disposition to be on civil terms with a nameless official of high rank, to whom he was partly subordinate, and who wished much to enjoy his (the Bailli's) friendship. The latter replies that he strongly suspects the nameless official of being a rogue; he has yet no proof positive of misconduct, but if he ever meets with any, he declares he will unmask it. The Marquis, for all his "nodosity," feels that one must not quarrel with one's bread-and-butter at this rate, and sends off an appealing letter to

implore his brother to be a little more reasonable, a little more politic. "I beseech, you, dear brother, grease your axles a little, or we shall certainly be upset. In God's name don't be so fierce; you will always have *morgue* enough not to be a time-server." This is quite enough, as M. de Loménie says, to kindle Alceste into a white heat of scornful indignation. "Do I want to be told that ministers can ruin a man whatever his merit? I do not think so much of my abilities as they do, perhaps, and regard the loss of my fortune and promotion as the easiest thing in the world, and indifferent to the state; but luckily it is indifferent to me also, and I shall return to the position of younger son in Provence without the slightest repining, rather than submit to anything which would cause me inward humiliation." And he was as good as his word; he made a determined enemy of the speculator, as he afterwards proved, and found advancement in the service barred by his influence.

"The frank true love of these two brothers is the fairest feature in Mirabeaudoim," says Mr. Carlyle, and he had very imperfect materials on which to found this correct judgment, compared with what we have now. Through fifty years of most varied fortunes, through acute differences of opinion, and family quarrels of the most violent nature, these two brothers with their hot tempers and sharp tongues remained linked to each other by a passionate affection which knows no break, coldness, or distrust. They may disagree, they may disapprove each other's conduct, and then each stands to his guns with a valour becoming the sons of old *col d'argent*. But never a trace of bitterness, alienation, or offence, can be spied. Soft, hushed, loving words conclude every remonstrance, every altercation. With a sob of affection, they fall on each other's breasts with peaceful confidence that their love can never fail. Truly, a love passing the love of woman, and between two such stalwart

self-reliant men, very beautiful and touching. They had found indeed the true secret of lasting affection, in complete and utter unselfishness in all their mutual dealings, or rather in the settled practice of each, to think of the other always in preference to himself. The affectionate *tutoiement* cannot be rendered, but even in the cold second person plural, some of their warmth will no doubt appear. "If I had not been your brother," says the Bailli, "and had only known you by chance, I should have been your friend. I have more confidence in you than in myself, which is not to say that I am always of your opinion." "I declare to you," says the Marquis, "as solemnly as if on the point of death, that since a certain day, somewhat distant now, for then I was stronger than you" (the Bailli was much the larger and more powerful man), "when I gave you a good thrashing, not without some good cuffs in return, from that day and all others ever since, I have never had a matter of which I have concealed from you the smallest particle." And to such words the deeds correspond. Questions of money, the most vulgar and common source of quarrel between relatives, between this singular pair give constant occasion for mutual self-sacrifice and endearment. The Bailli never would allow his elder brother to pay him his *légitime*, or portion of 50,000 francs, to which he was entitled under his father's will; it would be a wrong to the family, he says. The younger brother, who certainly has the advantage in this contest of generosity and self-abnegation, pushes his deference to his senior to a degree which would be affected and suspicious in a man of less transparent candour and sincerity. He leaves it entirely to the Marquis to decide whether he shall get married or not. "If you judge that it is for the good of the family that I should leave offspring, you will know what to do in reference to a certain young lady." But the good Bailli, it must be confessed, had one fault with all his

virtues; he was a confirmed misogynist. So perhaps if his elder forbade marriage, he was in no great danger of sacrificing a tender passion on the altar of fraternal devotion. But then it seems he would readily have got married if his brother had wished it. It is no use in fact trying to find spots in the purity of his disinterestedness. After he had commanded ships, and had been Governor of a West Indian Island, on his return to France he writes to his brother like a lad in his teens: "If you consider that I ought to come to Paris, let me know, and supply me with enough to live upon. If you think it best, I am ready to stay here at Brest, and to live very quietly as regards expense." The Marquis cannot bear this, and replies: "As regards what you say about staying down there, tears came to my eyes in thinking of the greatness, simplicity, and goodness of your heart. When you seriously propose to go and hide yourself in a hole in Brittany, I should be sorry not to put on record that I owe you 15,000 livres. You must come here as soon as you can, and I only wait for you to clear myself out, and you will find all you need."

Among other things, the younger Mirabeau was a Knight of Malta, where he rose to the grade of Bailli, the title by which he is generally known. The Order of the Knights of Malta, degenerate successors of the Knights of Rhodes, and of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, had become in the eighteenth century a ridiculous and somewhat scandalous anachronism. Recruited among the younger sons of nobles' families in all Europe, it had decayed into a collection of extravagant and licentious revellers, who joined it partly from vanity, but more still in expectation of obtaining one or more of the rich benefices, priories, commanderies, &c., which the Order had to give. It was not a company to suit the grave and thoughtful Bailli, and for twenty-four years he never went near the place,

having seen enough of it and its ways in his youth. He liked hard useful work, and was never anxious about the pay it might bring him. But his brother who has him in charge with his own consent, as we have seen, has resolved that this Knighthood of Malta shall produce something of tangible value to the family; that the Bailli by taking the proper steps shall obtain a rich commandery worth many thousand livres a year, that will be a great help to the common finances which are far from prosperous, and threatening to become worse. The proper steps are serious and involve an enormous outlay in ready money, and the return is uncertain in date if not altogether. They consist in this, that the Bailli shall go to Malta and accept the post of General of the Galleys, to which his age and rank entitle him, hold the office the usual time of two years, and then put in his claim which can hardly be refused to an ex-General for one of the superior commanderies. The Marquis's plan is cut and dried; for him the whole scheme lies in a nutshell. He will find the money, the Bailli must go and make his fortune, and there is an end of it. "This is all very fine," the Bailli answers; "but supposing I die before getting the commandery, you will lose your money, and the family will be half ruined through me." He implores his brother to think twice before embarking in so venturesome a scheme. He is quite content to live quietly, without regret or impatience, waiting for a commandery which will come in time to him by mere seniority; he does not care much what happens. As a consummate master of *Entsagen*, detachment, indifference to outward goods of every description, the Bailli has not his equal. For he differs from the religious quietist, who cares for no sublunary thing, by his zeal as an officer, his ardour for reform, his patriotism, his ceaseless energy. However, the Marquis will listen to no objections and the Bailli goes to Malta, where for two years he will have to

spend money like water. As Malta produces nothing, all commodities have to be sent from France. The Marquis looks after everything, and despatches the means and materials of a two years' feasting before his brother gets there. "Linen, furniture, clothes, liveries covered with gold, glass, porcelain, wine, liqueurs, not forgetting the cuffs of Valenciennes lace indispensable to a General of Galleys, and six silver buckets to cool the bottles, all accompanied with enormous provisions for the table," costing in round number something like 150,000 francs, all to disappear in idle pomp and riotous living, very harmful to everybody concerned.

To such a character as the Bailli's, simple, frugal, and detesting show, these two years of revelling at Malta must have been as unpleasant and distasteful as any he ever experienced. To the man of naturally sober and moderate tastes, wasteful extravagance and profusion are perhaps more offensive than parsimony and stinting are to the self-indulgent and luxurious. To be compelled to live with, and constantly entertain, frivolous gormandisers and toppers, must have been, one would think, a trial too heavy to be borne. The Bailli bears it with the quiet stoicism he brings to all things. He does not seem to have been wearied to death, as unconsciously he must have been. He expresses no nausea and disgust at the company he has to keep, at the time he has to waste. At his brother's persuasion he has made a venture, and he waits for the result. He is indeed at times terribly anxious lest the money should be spent in vain. But in the meanwhile he spends his money for a given object, just as a naval officer would spend ammunition to carry a fort. He gives the roisterers more and better wine than they ever had before, and says to them, "As it was only got for you, you shall have it while it lasts." "We do not deserve to have such a general," one of them appreciatingly said. In a word, by

his sumptuosities and punctual payments, the Bailli acquitted himself in his odd position with his usual exactness to universal satisfaction. Only on one point did he risk nearly complete failure, but it was a point on which he would brook no expostulation. His hatred of rogues nearly wrecked him in Malta as it had done in Guadaloupe. The Grand Master Pinto, who was his friend, was also in extreme old age, and his probable, almost certain, successor was the Bailli de Tencin (a near relative of d'Alembert's mother), a man without probity or courage, and altogether offensive to the moral sense. His relations with such a man as the Bailli de Mirabeau might safely be predicted, and they soon became openly hostile. But here was a threatening prospect. If old Pinto died, as in the course of nature he soon must, and Tencin succeeded him, what hope was there for the rich commandery in view of which all this lavish expense had been incurred? None whatever. Still nothing shall make the brave Bailli bend the knee to Baal. "If Providence," he says, "puts me like Job on a dunghill, and ruins my family, nothing shall induce me to give my vote to a man whom I consider unworthy."

Though we may be certain that he would have stood the test, he happily was never put to it. Instead of Pinto, Tencin died, and at once liberated several of the richest commanderies of the Order. After a little delay one of them was given to the good Bailli, who thus secured an income for life of some 50,000 francs a year.

It was just in time. The Marquis de Mirabeau, with his abortive speculations and ruinous lawsuits, from easy circumstances had fallen into a condition akin to poverty. Whether the Bailli, with his now well-filled purse, was ready to help him need not be said. But it presently strikes him that he (the Bailli) may die first, and then what will become of his brother? He soon hits upon an expedient, *viz.*, to make an arrangement with the authori-

ties at Malta, by which on consideration that if he during his life drew only a moiety of his emoluments, the other moiety should devolve on his brother after his own death. An offer so advantageous to the Order would certainly have been accepted, but the Marquis promptly interposes his *veto*. "As regards mutilating yourself for me, my answer is that I want you to be rich; and by my faith, if I ever lose you, I shall not need any thing fifteen days after."

Space fails to say more of this interesting work at present. I have dwelt chiefly on one individual, because he is at once very interesting and little known. But several other characters, whose fortunes are recounted in these pages, are well fitted to attract attention. A third brother, Louis Alexander, whose career was

short and not always creditable, was evidently no commonplace man, and full of the Mirabeau fire and originality. The three women who appear in the book, the two Marquises de Mirabeau, and Madame de Pailly, are interesting figures in very opposite ways, especially the last. Most interesting and original of all, the old Marquis, "the crabbed friend of man," is well worthy of the elaborate study which M. de Loménie has devoted to him. Not only his life, but his works and their connection with some of the most important lines of speculation in the eighteenth century, are discussed with a quiet fulness and mastery which render this book a very valuable addition to the higher literature on that period. Perhaps on a future occasion we may return to the subject.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XLV.

"IT IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT."

A WEEK or so later Saint-Méran went away. Ffrench informed his partner of this fact with a secret hope of its producing upon him a somewhat softening effect. But Haworth received the statement with coolness.

"He'll come back again," he said. "Let him alone for that."

The general impression was that he would return. The opinion most popular in the more humble walks of Broxton society was that he had gone "to get hissen ready an' ha' th' papers drawn up," and that he would appear some fine day with an imposing retinue, settle an enormous fortune upon Miss Ffrench, and, having been united to her with due grandeur and solemnity, would disappear with her to indefinitely "furrin" parts.

There seemed to be little change in Rachel Ffrench's life and manner, however. She began to pay rather more strict attention to her social duties, and consequently went out oftener. This might possibly be attributed to the fact that remaining indoors was somewhat dull. Haworth and Murdoch came no more, and after Saint-Méran's departure a sort of silence seemed to fall upon the house. Ffrench himself felt it when he came in at night, and was naturally restless under it. Perhaps Miss Ffrench felt it too, though she did not say so.

One morning, Janey Briarley, sitting nursing the baby in the doorway of the cottage, glanced upward from her somewhat arduous task to find a tall and graceful figure standing before her in the sun. She had been too busily engaged to hear footsteps, and there had been no sound of carriage-wheels, so the visitor had come upon her entirely unawares.

It cannot be said she received her graciously. Her whilom admiration had been much tempered by sharp dis-

trust very early in her acquaintance with its object.

"Art tha coomin' in?" she asked unceremoniously.

"Yes," said Rachel Ffrench, "I am coming in."

Janey got up and made room for her to pass, and when she had passed, gave her a chair, very much overweighted by the baby as she did so.

"Does tha want to see mother?" she inquired.

"If your mother is busy, you will serve every purpose. The housekeeper told me that Mrs. Dixon was ill, and as I was passing I thought I would come in."

Janey's utter disbelief in this explanation was a sentiment not easily concealed, even by an adept at controlling facial expression, and she was not an adept. But Miss Ffrench was not at all embarrassed by any demonstration of a lack of faith which she might have perceived. When Janey resumed her seat, she broke the silence by an entirely unexpected observation. She touched the baby delicately with the point of her parasol—very delicately indeed.

"I suppose," she remarked, "that this is an extremely handsome child."

This with the air of one inquiring for information.

"Nay, he is na," retorted Janey unrelentingly. "He's good enow, but he nivver wur hurt wi' good looks. None on 'em wur, an' he's fou'est o' th' lot. I should think tha could see that fur thyssen."

"Oh," replied Miss Ffrench, "then I suppose I am wrong. My idea was that at that age children all looked alike."

"Loike him?" drily. "Did tha think as tha did?"

As the young Briarley in question was of a stolid and unornamental type, uncertain of feature, and noticeable chiefly for a large and unusually bald head of phrenological development,

this gave the matter an entirely novel aspect.

"Perhaps," said Miss French, "I scarcely regarded it from that point of view."

Then she changed the subject.

"How," she inquired, "is Mrs. Dixon?"

"She's neyther better nor worse," was the answer, "an' a mort o' trouble."

"That is unfortunate. Who cares for her?"

"Mother. She's th' only one as can do owt wi' her."

"Is there no one else she has a fancy for? Your father, for instance?"

"She conna bide th' soight o' him, an' he's feart to go nigh her. Th' ony man as she iver looked at wur Murdoch."

"I think I remember his saying she had made friends with him. Is she as fond of him now?"

"I dunnot know as I could ca' it bein' fond on him. She is na fond o' noboddy. But she says he's gotten a bit more sense than th' common run."

"It is rather good-natured on his part to come to see her——"

"He does na coom to see her. He has na been nigh th' house fur a month. He's been ill hissen or summat. He's up an' about, but he'd gotten a face loike Death th' last toime I seed him. Happen he's goin' off loike his feyther."

"How is that?"

"Did na tha know," with some impatience, "as he went crazy over summat he wur makin', an' deed 'cause he could na mak' out to finish it? It's th' very thing Murdoch took up hissen an' th' stroikers wur so set ag'in."

"I think I remember. There was a story about the father. Do you—think he is really ill?"

"Murdoch? aye, I do. Mak' less noise, Tummos Henry!" (This to the child.)

"That is a great pity. There," rising from her seat, "is the carriage."

One of her gloves had been lying upon her lap. When she stood up, it dropped. She bent to pick it up, and as she did so something fell tinkling upon the flag floor and rolled under a

table. It was one of her rings. Janey brought it back to her.

"It mun ha' been too large fur thee," she said, "or tha'rt gettin' thin. Seems loike tha'rt a bit different to what tha wur," with a glance at her.

"Never mind that," sharply, as she handed her some money. "Give this to your mother."

And she dropped the ring into her purse instead of putting it on again, and went out to her carriage.

Janey stood and watched her.

"She is a bit thinner, or summat," she remarked, "but she need na moind that. It's genteel enow to be thin, an' I dunnot know as it ud hurt her."

Rachel Ffrench went home, and the same afternoon Murdoch came to her for the last time.

He had not intended to come. In his wildest moments he had never thought of going to her again, but as he passed along the road, intending to spend the afternoon in wandering across the country, he looked up at the windows of the house, and a strange fancy seized upon him. He would go in and ask her the question he had asked himself again and again. It did not seem to him at the time a strange thing to do. It looked wonderfully simple and natural in his strained and unnatural mood. He turned in at the gate with only one feeling—that perhaps she would tell him, and then it would be over. She saw him come up the path, and wondered if the man at the door would remember the charge she had given him. It chanced that he did not remember, or that he was thrown off his guard. She heard feet on the stairs in a few seconds, and almost immediately Murdoch was in the room. What she thought when, being brought thus near to him, she saw and recognised the dreadful change in him, God knows. She supported herself with her hand upon the back of her chair when she rose. There was a look in his face almost wolfish. He would not sit down, and in three minutes broke through the barrier of her effort at controlling him. It was impossible

for her to control him as she might have controlled another man.

"I have only a few words to say," he said. "I have come to ask you a question. I think that is all—only to ask you a question. Will you tell me," he said, "what wrong I have done you?"

She put her other hand on the chair and held it firmly.

"Will you tell me," she said, almost in a whisper, "what wrong I have done you?"

She remained so looking at him and he at her with a terrible helplessness through a moment of dead silence.

She dropped her face upon her hands as she held the chair, and so stood.

He fell back a pace, gazing at her still.

"I have heard of women who fancied themselves injured," he said, "planning to revenge themselves upon the men who had intentionally or unintentionally wounded their pride. I remember such things in books I have read, not in real life, and once or twice the thought has crossed my mind that at some time in the past I might, in my poor ignorance, have presumed—or—blundered in some way to—anger you—and that this has been my punishment. It is only a wild thought, but it was a straw to cling to, and I would rather believe it, wild as it is, than believe that what you have done you did wantonly. Can it be—is it true?"

"No."

But she did not lift her face.

"It is not?"

"No."

"Then it is worse than I thought."

He said the words slowly and clearly, and they were his last. Having said them he went away without a backward glance.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ONCE AGAIN.

In half an hour's time he had left Broxton far behind him. He left the open road and rambled across fields and through lanes. The people in the farm-houses, who knew him,

saw him pass looking straight before him and walking steadily like a man with an end in view.

His mind was full of one purpose—the determination to control himself and keep his brain clear.

"Now," he said, "let me think it over—now let me look at it in cold blood."

The effort he made was something gigantic; it was a matter of physical as well as mental force. He had wavered and been vague long enough. Now the time had come to rouse himself through sheer power of will, or give up the reins and drift with the current a lost man.

At dusk he reached Dillup, and roamed about the streets, half-conscious of his surroundings. The Saturday-night shopping was going on, and squalid women hurrying past him with their baskets on their arms glanced up, wondering at his dark face and preoccupied air.

"He's noan Dillup," they said; one good woman going so far as to add that "she did na loike th' looks on him neyther," with various observations upon the moral character of foreigners in general. He saw nothing of the sensation he created, however. He rambled about erratically until he felt the need of rest and then went into a clean little shop and bought some simple food and ate it, sitting upon the tall stool before the counter, watched by the stout, white-aproned matron in charge.

"Tha looks poorly, mester," she said, as she handed him his change.

He started a little on hearing her voice, but recovered himself readily.

"Oh no," he said. "I'm right enough, I think. I'm an American, and I suppose we are rather a gaunt-looking lot as a rule."

"'Merikin, art tha?" she replied. "Well to be sure! Happen that's it," good-naturedly. "I've allus heerd they wur a poor colour. 'Merikin! Well—sure-ly!"

The fact of his being an American seemed to impress her deeply. She received his thanks (she was not often thanked by her customers) as a mys-

terious though not disagreeable result of his nationality, and as he closed the door after him he heard, as an accompaniment to the tinkling of the shop-bell, her amiably surprised ejaculation again, "A 'Merikin! Well—sure-ly!"

A few miles from Broxton there was a substantial little stone bridge upon which he had often sat. In passing it again and again it had gradually become a sort of resting-place for him. It was at a quiet point of the road, and sitting upon it he had thought out many a problem. When he reached it on his way back he stopped and took his usual seat, looking down into the slow little stream beneath, and resting against the low buttress. He had not come to work out a problem now; he felt that he had worked his problem out in the past six hours.

"It was not worth it," he said. "No—it was not worth it after all."

When he went on his way again he was very tired, and he wondered drearily whether, if when he came near the old miserable stopping-place, he should not falter and feel the fascination strong upon him again. He had an annoying fear of the mere possibility of such a thing. When he saw the light striking slantwise upon the trees it might draw him towards it as it had done so often before—even in spite of his determination and struggles.

Half a mile above the house a great heat ran over him and then a deadly chill, but he went on steadily. There was this for him, that for the first time he could think clearly and not lose himself.

He came nearer to it and nearer, and it grew in brightness. He fancied he had never seen it so bright before. He looked up at it and then away. He was glad that having once looked he could turn away; there had been many a night when he could not. Then he was under the shadow of the trees and knew that his dread had been only a fancy, and that he was a saner man than he had thought. And the light was left behind him and he did not look back, but went on.

When he reached home the house was utterly silent. He entered with his latch-key, and finding all dark went up stairs noiselessly.

The door of his own room was closed, and when he opened it he found darkness there also. He struck a match and turned on the light. For a moment its sudden glare blinded him, and then he turned involuntarily toward the farther corner of the room. Why he did so, he did not know at the time—the movement was the result of an uncontrollable impulse—but after he had looked he knew.

The light shone upon the empty chair in its old place—and upon the table and upon the model standing on it!

He did not utter any exclamation; strangely enough, he did not at first feel any shock or surprise. He advanced towards it slowly. But when at last he stood near it, the shock came. His heart beat as if it would burst.

"What falseness is there in me," he cried, "that I should have *forgotten* it?"

He was stricken with burning shame. He did not ask himself how it was that it stood there in its place. He thought of nothing but the lack in himself which was so deep a humiliation. Everything else was swept away. He sank into the chair and sat staring at it.

"I had forgotten it," he said—"forgotten it."

And then he put out his hand and touched and moved it—and drew it towards him.

About an hour afterwards he was obliged to go down stairs for something he needed. It was to the sitting-room he went, and when he pushed the door open he found a dim light burning and saw that some one was lying upon the sofa. His first thought was that it was his mother who had waited for him, but it was not she—it was Christian Murdoch fast asleep with her face upon her arm.

Her hat and gloves were thrown upon the table, and she still wore a long gray cloak which was stained and

damp about the hem. He saw this as soon as he saw her face, and no sooner saw than he understood.

He went to the sofa and stood a moment looking down at her, and, though he did not speak or stir, she awakened.

She sat up and pushed her cloak aside, and he spoke to her.

"It was you who brought it back," he said.

"Yes," she answered, quietly. "I thought that if you saw it in the old place again, you would remember."

"You did not forget it."

"I had nothing else to think of," was her simple reply.

"I must seem a poor sort of fellow to you," he said wearily. "I am a poor sort of fellow."

"No," she said, "or I should not have thought it worth while to bring it back."

He glanced down at her dress and then up at her face.

"You had better go up stairs to bed," he said. "The dew has made your dress and cloak damp. Thank you for what you have done."

She got up and turned away.

"Good night," she said.

"Good night," he answered, and watched her out of the room.

Then he found what he required and went back to his work; only, more than once as he bent over it, he thought again of the innocent look of her face as it rested upon her arm when she slept.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A FOOTSTEP.

HE went out no more at night. From the moment he laid his hand upon the model again he was safer than he knew. Gradually the old fascination re-asserted itself. There were hours of lassitude and weariness to be borne, and moments of unutterable bitterness and disgust for life, in which he had to fight sharp battles against the poorer side of his nature; but always at the worst there was something which made itself a point to fix thought upon. He could force himself to think of this

when, if he had had no purpose in view, he would have been a lost man. The keen sense of treachery to his own resolve stung him, but it was a spur after all. The strength of the reaction had its physical effect upon him, and sometimes he suddenly found himself weak to exhaustion—so weak that any exertion was impossible, and he was obliged to leave his post at the Works and return home for rest. At such time he lay for hours upon the narrow sofa in the dull little room, as his father had done long before, and wore a look so like him that, one day, his mother coming into the room not knowing he was there, cried out aloud and staggered backward, clutching at her breast.

Her manner towards him softened greatly in these days. It was more what it had been in his boyhood, when she had watched over him with patient and unflinching fondness. Once he awakened to see her standing a few paces from his side, seeming to have been there some moments.

"If—I have seemed hard to you in your trouble," she said, "forgive me."

She spoke without any prelude, and did not seem to expect any answer, turning away and going about her work at once; but he felt that he need feel restless and chilled in her presence no longer.

He did not pursue his task at home, but took the model down to the Works and found a place for it in his little work-cell.

The day he did so he was favoured by a visit from Haworth. It was the first since the rupture between them. Since then they had worked day after day with only the door separating. They had known each other's incomings and outgoings, but had been as far apart as if a world had separated them. Haworth had known more of Murdoch than Murdoch had known of him. No change in him had escaped his eye. He had seen him struggle and reach his climax at last. He had jeered at him as a poor enough fellow with fine, white-livered fancies, and a woman's way of bearing himself. He

had raged at and cursed him, and now and then been lost in wonder at him, but he had never fathomed him from first to last.

But within the last few weeks his mood had changed—slowly, it is true, but it had changed. His bearing had changed too. Murdoch himself gradually awakened to a recognition of this fact, in no small wonder. He was less dogged and aggressive, and showed less ill-will.

That he should appear suddenly, almost in his old way, was a somewhat startling state of affairs, but he crossed the threshold coolly.

He sat down and folded his arms on the table.

"You brought summat down with you this morning," he said. "What was it?"

Murdoch pointed to the wooden case, which stood on a shelf a few feet from him.

"It was that," he answered.

"That!" he repeated. "What! You're at work at it again, are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, look sharp after it, that's all. There's a grudge bore again it."

"I know that," Murdoch answered, "to my cost. I brought it here because I thought it would be safer."

"Aye, it'll be safer. Take my advice and keep it close, and work at it at nights, when th' place is quiet. There's a key as'll let you in." And he flung a key down upon the table.

Murdoch picked it up mechanically. He felt as if he could scarcely be awake. It seemed as if the man must have brought his purpose into the room with him, having thought it over beforehand. His manner by no means disarmed the suspicion.

"It is the favour I should have asked, if I had thought——"

Haworth left his chair.

"There's th' key," he said, abruptly. "Use it. No other chap would get it."

He went back to his own room again, and Murdoch was left to his surprise, which was a strong emotion.

He finished his work for the day and went home, remaining there until night

came on. Then he went back to the Works, having first told Christian of his purpose.

"I am going to the Works," he said. "I may be there all night. Don't wait for me, or feel anxious."

When the great building loomed up before him in the dark, his mind recalled instantly the night he had entered it before, attracted by the light in the window. There was no light about it now but that shut in the lantern he carried. The immensity and dead stillness would have been a trying thing for many a man to encounter, but as he relocked the door and made his way to his den, he thought of them only from one point of view.

"It is the silence of the grave," he said. "A man can concentrate himself upon his work as if there was not a human breath stirring within a mile of him."

Somehow, even his room wore a look which seemed to belong to the silence of night—a look he felt he had not seen before. He marked it with a vague sense of mystery when he set his lantern down upon the table, turning the light only upon the spot on which his work would stand.

Then he took down the case and opened it, and removed the model.

"It will not be forgotten again," he thought aloud. "If it is to be finished, it will be finished here."

Half the night passed before he returned home. When he did so he went to his room and slept heavily until daylight. He had never slept as he slept in these nights—heavy, dreamless sleep, from which, at first, he used to awaken with a start and a perfectly blank sense of loss and dread, but which became, at last, unbroken.

Night after night found him at his labour. It grew upon him; he longed for it through the day; he could not have broken from it if he would.

Once, as he sat at his table, he fancied that he heard a lock click, and afterwards a stealthy footstep. It was a sound so faint and indistinct that

his disbelief in its reality was immediate; but he got up, taking his lantern with him, and went out to look at the entrance passage. It was empty and dark, and the door was shut and locked as he had left it. He went back to his work little disturbed. He had not really expected to find the traces of any presence in the place, but he had felt it best to make the matter safe.

Perhaps the fact that once or twice on other nights the same light, indefinite sound fell upon his ear again, made him feel rather more secure than otherwise. Having examined the place before and with the same result, it troubled him no more. He set it down to some ordinary material cause.

After his first visit Haworth came into his room often. Why he came Murdoch did not understand very clearly. He did not come to talk; sometimes he scarcely spoke at all. He was moody and abstracted. He went about the place wearing a hard and reckless look, utterly unlike any roughness and hardness he had shown before. The hands who had cared the least for his not altogether ill-natured tempests in days gone by, shrank or were restive before him now. He drove all before him or passed through the rooms sullenly. It was plain to see that he was not the man he had been—that he had even lost strength, and was suddenly worn and broken, though neither flesh nor colour had failed him.

Among those who had made a lion of him he was more popular than ever. The fact that he had held out against ill luck when so many had gone down, was constantly quoted. The strikes which had kept up an uneven but prolonged struggle had been the ruin of many a manufacturer who had thought he could battle any storm. "Haworth's" had held its own and weathered the worst.

This was what the county potentates were fond of saying upon all occasions,—particularly when they wanted Haworth to dine with them at their houses. He used to accept their invitations and then go and sit at their dinner-tables with a sardonic

face. His humour, it was remarked with some regret, was often of a sardonic kind. Occasionally he laughed at the wrong time, and his jokes were not always easy to smile under. It was also remarked that Mr. French scarcely seemed comfortable upon these festive occasions. Of late he had not been in the enjoyment of good health. He explained that he suffered from nervous headaches and depression. His refined, well-moulded face had become rather thin and fatigued-looking. He had lost his effusive eloquence. He often sat silent, and started nervously when spoken to, but he did not eschew society at all, always going out upon any state occasion when his partner was to be a feature of the feast. The fact was that once upon such an occasion he had said privately and with some plaintiveness to Haworth—

"I don't think I can go to-night, my dear fellow. I really don't feel quite equal to it."

"Damn you!" said Haworth, dispensing with social codes. "You'll go whether you're up to it or not. We'll keep it up to the end. It'll be over soon enough."

He evinced interest in the model, in his visits to the workroom, which seemed a little singular to Murdoch. He asked questions about it, and more than once repeated his caution concerning its being "kept close."

"I've got it into my head that you'll finish it some of these days," he said once, "if naught happens to it or you."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

FINISHED.

ONE night, Murdoch, on leaving the house, said to Christian—

"Don't expect me until morning. I may not be back until then. I think I shall work all night."

She did not ask him why. For several days she had seen that a singular mood was upon him, that he was restless. Sometimes when he met her eye unexpectedly, he started and coloured and turned away, as if he was a little afraid. She stood upon the step and

watched him until he disappeared in the darkness, and then shut the door and went in to his mother.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he entered his work-room, and shut himself in and brought out the model.

He sat looking at it a moment, and then stretched forth his hand to touch it. Suddenly he drew it back and let it fall heavily upon the table.

"Good God!" he cried. "Did *he* ever feel so near as *this*, and then fail?"

The shock was almost unbearable.

"Are there to be two of us?" he said. "Was not one enough?"

But he put forth his hand again a minute later, though his heart beat like a trip-hammer.

"It rests with me to prove it," he said—"with *me*!"

As he worked, the dead silence about him seemed to become more intense. His own breathing was a distinct sound, light as it was; the accidental dropping of a tool upon the table was a jar upon him; the tolling of the church bell at midnight was unbearable. He even took out his watch and stopped it. But at length he knew neither sound nor stillness; he forgot both.

It had been a dark night, but the morning rose bright and clear. The sun, streaming in at the one window, fell upon the model, pushed far back upon the table, and on Murdoch himself, sitting with his forehead resting upon his hands. He had been sitting thus some time—he did not know how long. He had laid his last tool down before the first streak of pink had struck across the gray sky.

He was tired, and chill with the morning air, but he had not thought of going home yet, or even quite recognised that the night was past. His lantern still burned beside him.

But he was roused at last by a sound in the outer room. The gates had not been unlocked nor the bell rung, but some one had come in.

Haworth the next moment opened the door, and stood in the threshold, looking in on him.

"You've been here all night," he said.

"Yes," Murdoch answered.

He turned a little and pointed to the model, speaking slowly, as if he were but half awake.

"I think," he said, "that it is complete."

He said it with so little appearance of emotion or exultation that Haworth was dumbfounded. He laid a hand on his shoulder and shook him a little.

"Wake up, man!" he said. "You're dazed."

"No," he answered, "not dazed. I've had time to think it over. It has been finished two or three hours."

All at once he burst into a laugh.

"I did not think," he said, "that it would be you I should tell the news to first."

Haworth sat down near him with a dogged face.

"Nay," he replied, "nor me either."

They sat and stared at each other for a moment in silence.

Then Murdoch drew a long, wearied breath.

"But it is done," he said, "nevertheless."

After that he got up and began to make his preparations to go home, while Haworth sat and watched him.

"I shall want to go away," he said. "When I come back I shall know what the result is to be."

"Start to-morrow morning," said Haworth. "And keep close. By the time you come back——"

He stopped, and left his chair, and the bell which called the hands to work began its hurried clanging.

At the door he paused.

"When shall you take it away?" he asked.

"To-night," Murdoch answered. "After dark."

At home he only told them one thing—that in the morning he was going to London and did not know when he should return.

He did not return to the Works during the day, but remained at home trying to rest. But he could not sleep, and the day seemed to lag

heavily. In the afternoon he left the sofa on which he had lain through the morning and went out. He walked slowly through the town and at last turned down the lane which led to the Briarleys' cottage. He felt as if there would be a sort of relief to the tenseness of his mood in a brief interview with Janey. He had often found Janey an excellent antidote to visionary and ill-balanced moods. When he went into the house, Mr. Briarley was seated in Mrs. Dixon's chair unscientifically balancing his latest born upon his knee. His aspect was grave and absorbed; he was heated and dishevelled with violent exertion; the knot of his blue cotton neckerchief had twisted itself under his right ear in a painfully suggestive manner. Under some stress of circumstances he had been suddenly pressed into service, and his mode of placating his offspring was at once unprofessional and productive of frantic excitement.

But the moment he caught sight of Murdoch an alarming change came upon him. His eyes opened to their fullest extent, his jaw fell, and the colour died out of his face. He rose hurriedly, dropped the youngest Briarley into his chair and darted out of the house, in such trepidation that his feet slipped under him when he reached the lower step, and he fell with a loud clatter of wooden clogs, scrambled up again with haste and difficulty, and disappeared at once.

Attracted by the disturbance, Janey darted in from the inner room, barely in time to rescue the deserted young Briarley from certain and dire catastrophe.

"Wheer's he gone?" she demanded with rancour, signifying her paternal parent. "I towld her he wur na fit to be trusted! Wheer's he gone?"

"I don't know," Murdoch answered. "I think he ran away because he saw me. What is the trouble?"

"Nay, dunnot ax me! We canna mak' him out, neyther mother nor me. He's been settin' i' th' house fur three days, as if he wur feart to stir out—

settin' by th' fire an' shakin' his yed' an' cryin' ivvery now and then. An' here's her i' th' back room to wait on. A noice toime this is fur him to pick to go off in. He mowt ha' waited till she wur done wi'."

"So he might," said Murdoch, seriously.

But as conversation naturally could not flourish under the circumstances, he only remained a few minutes and then took his leave.

It seemed that he had not yet done with Mr. Briarley. Passing through the gate, he caught sight of a forlorn figure seated upon the road-side about twenty yards before him. It was a well-known figure, wearing a fustian jacket and a blue neckcloth knotted under the ear. As he approached, Mr. Briarley looked up, keeping his eyes fixed upon him in a despairing gaze. He did not remove his glance at all, in fact, until Murdoch was within ten feet of him when, for some entirely inexplicable reason, he rose hurriedly and passed to the other side of the road, and at a distance of some yards ahead, sat down, and stared wildly at him again. This singular course he pursued until they had reached the end of the lane, where he did not leave his place, but sat and watched Murdoch out of sight.

"I thowt," he said, breathing with extreme shortness, "as he ha' done fur me. It wur a wonder as he did na. If I'd coom nigh him or he'd coom nigh me, they'd ha' swore it wur me as did it an's gone accordin', if luck went ag'in 'em."

Then a sudden panic seemed to seize him. He pulled off his cap, and, holding it in both hands, stared into it, as if indesperate protestation against fate. A large tear fell into the crown, and then another and another.

"I canna help it," he said, in a sepulchral and very loud whisper. "Look out! Look out! Look out!"

And then probably feeling that even in this he might be committing himself fatally, he got up, glanced fearfully about him, and scuttled away.

To be continued.

THE DRAMATISATION OF NOVELS.

THERE can be no doubt that, according to natural law and right reason, an individual should be entitled to the full and proper amount of profit which he can derive from his own creation ; or, in other words, the product of his brain ought to be his own for all legitimate purposes. The property of an author in his literary composition is not only founded in natural justice, but this right has been recognised in all civilized nations by the granting of copyright. It appears, however, according to recent case-law, that whilst the dramatisation of the incidents of a novel or other literary work without the author's consent is an infringement of his copyright in France and the United States of America, it is not so in England, although such work may be dramatised publicly and for profit to the dramatiser, as I will briefly point out from the three important cases on this question. In that of *Reade v. Conquest*,¹ tried before the Court of Common Pleas in 1861, it appears that the plaintiff had published a novel called *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, of which there was a subsisting copyright, and of which he was the duly registered proprietor ; and the defendant, without his consent, had dramatised it, and publicly represented and performed the same as a drama for profit to him, the defendant, on one hundred occasions at the Grecian Theatre. The plaintiff claimed 500% for an infringement of his copyright in this novel by such acts of the defendant ; and on the judgment of the Court being given for the latter, Mr. Justice Williams stated that the plaintiff's copyright was neither infringed by common nor statute law ; and in support of this judgment, among other cases, quoted

that of *Murray v. Elliston*.² In this the tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, by Lord Byron, the copyright of which was owned by Mr. Murray, had been abridged by curtailing the dialogue and soliloquies, and in that form publicly represented for profit by Elliston at Drury Lane Theatre, the play being described in the advertisements as Lord Byron's tragedy. In consequence of this a bill for an injunction was filed, and a case was prepared for the opinion of the Court of Queen's Bench as to whether the plaintiff had a right to maintain an action against the defendant under the circumstances, either according to common or statute law ; when the Court decided that no action would lie. In the case of *Tinsley v. Lacy*,³ the plaintiff moved for an injunction, in 1863, to restrain the defendant from printing, publishing, or selling two dramas adapted from two of Miss Braddon's novels. The plaintiff was the publisher and registered proprietor of the novels in question, *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Aurora Floyd*, which had been very successful, and had passed through many editions a few months after publication. The defendant, as a bookseller, had published and was selling two dramas adapted from these novels, the title of one of which was "*Lady Audley's Secret*, a drama in two acts, adapted from Miss Braddon's popular work of the same title by William E. Suter, Esq. ;" and that of the other, "*Aurora Floyd*, a drama in two acts, adapted from Miss Braddon's popular work of the same title by W. E. Suter, Esq." The plaintiff stated that these dramas respectively contained a great number of passages taken *verbatim*, or

¹ 9, C. P., N. S., 755.

² 5, B. and Ald., 657.

³ 32, L. J. (Ch.), 535.

merely with a colourable alteration, from the novels; that they were an extraction of the principal scenes and situations in the novels, and that, therefore, their publication was an infringement of the plaintiff's copyright. The leading characters in the plays were similar to those in the novels, all the most stirring scenes in the latter were copied *verbatim* in the former, while what was description in the novels appeared word for word as stage directions in the plays. The drama of *Lady Audley's Secret* contained thirty-eight pages, of which about eleven were extracted from the novel *verbatim*; while for the play of *Aurora Floyd*, which consisted of thirty-nine pages, about fourteen pages were taken word for word from the novel. In delivering judgment in this case, Vice-Chancellor Wood said, among other things, that the defendant, "professing to make a work of his own, has taken one quarter at least of his matter bodily out of the plaintiff's publication. This, for the purpose of narration, for the purpose of dramatising, or anything else except printing, he is at liberty to do; but if he chooses to put into print that one quarter which is bodily taken out of some publication which is protected by copyright, he cannot escape from the consequences of so-doing. He reprints a book which he calls his own (I have the book alone to deal with—I have nothing to do with the drama); he reprints in that book to the extent of one quarter of the work, the most stirring passages—what Lord Cottenham describes as 'the vital parts'—of this novel in the identical language in which the original author composed it. No doubt that is an infringement of the Copyright Act, and he cannot protect himself by saying other people have done so before." An injunction was accordingly granted to restrain the sale of the dramas, since that was an infringement of the plaintiff's copyright in the novels, although no proof of actual damages appear to have been given. From this decision it is clear

that if these dramas had not been printed, they could have been performed at theatres for profit to the composer of them without the consent of Mr. Tinsley.

Another case was that of *Toole v. Young*.¹ In this it appears that Mr. Hollingshead, the well-known author, journalist, and theatrical manager, wrote a novel and published the same in *Good Words*, called *Not Above His Business*, which was so arranged that, according to his evidence before the Royal Commission on Copyright, "it could be produced bodily on the stage without the alteration of ten lines." Within a month or two after the novel had appeared in the periodical Mr. Hollingshead himself wrote the drama *Shop*, which was the novel dramatised. The only variation between the two was that the narrative part of the novel was in the drama turned into stage directions, and description of the characters and of the scenes, furniture, and other matters represented. This drama Mr. Hollingshead sold to Mr. Toole, the plaintiff, who undertook to produce it in Edinburgh; Mr. Toole, however, felt doubtful about the matter, and in consequence the play was neither represented, printed nor published. In the meantime, as we learn from Mr. Hollingshead, some person connected with the dramatic profession having heard of the novel, directed a piratical author to the original source, "who turned it, as of course he could do in a few hours, into a one-act drama, and whilst Mr. Toole was hesitating, this piece was produced with great success all over the country." The "piratical author" being ignorant that Mr. Hollingshead had already dramatised his story in the play of *Shop*, entitled his drama *Glory*, and assigned the play to the defendant Young, who represented it at his own theatre. It is needless to say that *Shop* and *Glory*, though drawn from the same source, were essentially different. The case was adjudicated upon by the Court of Queen's Bench

¹ 9, Q. B., 523.

in 1874 (the Chief Justice of that Court having already, in the previous year, nonsuited the plaintiff, with leave to move to enter a verdict for 50*l.*). A rule having been obtained on the ground that there was an infringement of the plaintiff's right, the rule was discharged and judgment given in favour of the defendant. The Court held that, upon the publication of Mr. Hollingshead's novel any person might dramatise it, and that notwithstanding the fact that both plays were founded upon Mr. Hollingshead's story the performance of the drama called *Glory* was not a representation of that called *Shop*, and therefore the plaintiff could not recover penalties from the defendant under sections 1 and 2 of the Act for Amending the Laws relating to Dramatic Literary Property (Wm. IV. c.15). In delivering his judgment against the plaintiff Lord Cockburn mentioned, that "the author of a novel is not protected against having his novel put into the form of a drama by different persons, and it seems to make no difference that he himself has dramatised it. When an author has once given his novel to the world, he cannot take away from other persons the right to dramatise it by himself transforming it into a drama, subject to this, that they must not borrow from his drama, but only from his novel." Mr. Justice Blackburn spoke to the same effect when he said, "If Mr. Hollingshead's drama had been plagiarised, the defendant would have been liable to an action; and in the present case, if Mr. Hollingshead's drama had been produced upon the stage, a jury would have found that Mr. Grattan," meaning the writer of the other drama, "having the means of knowing of Mr. Hollingshead's drama, had, as a matter of fact, plagiarised from it; but Mr. Hollingshead's drama never having been represented, Mr. Grattan did not plagiarise, and therefore the plaintiff is entitled to keep the nonsuit, and the rule must be discharged." Mr. Justice Quain and Mr. Justice

Archibald also concurred in this view.

Now, according to Copinger on the Law of Copyright, the only way in which it appears possible for an author to prevent persons reciting or representing the whole or any part of a book of his composition as a dramatic performance, is to print and publish his work himself in the form of a drama, and thus bring himself within the scope of the dramatic copyright law. An instance of this is furnished in the case of *Vittoria Contarini*, by Mr. Dubourg. With the view of protecting that novel, published in 1876, and couched in almost dramatic form, Mr. Dubourg informed the Copyright Commission that he had printed and published a drama of the same, previously written, but never acted; and upon this he had founded the story; but there were doubts, according to his statement, whether he had lawfully secured himself against the production of a dramatised version of the novel, which in effect was the original drama itself—as a great difference of opinion existed on the point. His efforts, however, to obtain a doubtful protection of his story from dramatisation obliged him to incur the cost of printing and publishing his play, though on account of many alterations that would necessarily be made in the text of the drama during its rehearsal, it would be practically useless. He had therefore been put to the expense of printing and publishing a play not ripe for the press, without being certain that he had in consequence succeeded in protecting his rights in the dramatic form of his idea.

The number of novels and stories dramatised for theatrical representation is very considerable. We are informed, in the evidence given before the Copyright Commission, that it is a very common practice to convert the contents of English novels into plays for stage purposes without the consent of the authors or proprietors of the copyright of such novels, and as such

publications are far more suitable for this purpose than other works, the practice is designated "the Dramatisation of novels." The mode and extent to which novels and stories may be used for the stage varies very considerably. Stories have been prepared, as we have seen, in a form adapted for theatrical representation almost without change; particular parts and passages of novels are sometimes transferred bodily into a drama, the bulk of which consists of original matter; and at other times the plot of a novel is used as the basis of a play, while the dialogue is entirely original. Some important testimony was given before the Copyright Commission by Mr. Hollingshead and Mr. Tom Taylor respecting the injury which novelists have suffered and still sustain from the dramatisation of their novels and stories without their consent; and a paper was submitted upon this point by the former, and published in the appendix to the evidence before the Commission, containing extracts from letters which he had received on this question, and on the advisability of taking legislative steps to prevent the piracy of the contents of novels for dramatic purposes.

The injury which results to novelists from this injustice consists not only in their being deprived of the profit or remuneration which they might otherwise receive from the dramatisation of their literary works; but also in the loss which they frequently suffer from the false impression given of their novels by imperfect dramatic versions of them being produced without their consent. As to the first of these injuries Miss Braddon says—"I have written twenty-four novels; many of these have been dramatised, and a few of the dramatic versions still hold the stage. I have never received the smallest pecuniary advantage from any of these adaptations; nor does the law of copyright in any way assist me to protect what appears to be a valuable portion of my copyright, namely, the exclusive right to drama-

tise my own creation." Mr. Watts Phillips also says—"Amos Clark was founded on a novel of mine. A thief the other day informed me he had as much right to give *his* version of *my* story as I had, *by the law*." Nearly every one of my stories has been dramatised, captured, and conveyed to the cave of Adullam and elsewhere—not a farthing given to me. Only when I took up some of my situations (situations created by me), and worked them into a piece, I was told 'they had been done before.'"

As a literary work may be made ridiculous, and its entire grace, merit, and beauty very greatly injured, if not destroyed, by dramatisation, the piracy of the contents of novels for stage purposes has had a very injurious effect, not only on the pockets, but upon the reputation of the authors of them. Mr. Tom Taylor very properly stated that "the value of the author's work in his eyes, and it may be in those of the public, depends upon it not being made ridiculous; and he has a right to protect himself against the injury to his work, the injury to his market, and the injury to his reputation, which would follow from unauthorised or unskilful dramatisation. . . . It is the object of the copyright law to protect an author from having his rights infringed in any way; and being made ridiculous is such an infringement, as it seems to me." Mrs. Lewes—George Eliot—is entirely opposed to the dramatisation of her works, as she believes that the qualities which give them their principal value are not those qualities which could be made known in a theatrical representation; and therefore she refuses altogether to permit her novels to be dramatised. When the late Charles Dickens had published three-fourths of a novel in a periodical form, a dramatist at the Surrey theatre took the liberty of completing the novel in his own way as a new play, three months before Mr. Dickens had himself published the completion. It appears, from a letter in the *Times*

from the lady known as "Ouida," respecting a play based on a novel of hers entitled *Strathmore*, that she was abused for faults in the play which did not exist in her novel. Mr. Wilkie Collins is evidently very indignant at the dramatisation of one of his works, from which he himself refused to compose a play, considering it unfit for theatrical purposes; and what he states about this audacity is likely to add much to the sense of the injustice suffered by novelists from the pirating of their works for dramas. Mr. Collins says, "*My Poor Miss Finch* has been dramatised (without asking my permission) by some obscure idiot in the country. I have been asked to dramatise it, and I have refused, because my experience tells me that the book is eminently unfit for stage purposes. What I refuse to do with my own work another man (unknown in literature) is perfectly free to do against my will, and (if he can get his rubbish played) to the prejudice of my novel and my reputation."

Now there surely can be no doubt in the opinion of all just and honourable men, that it is a mean and shabby act to dramatise the literary work of another without his consent, and as there will probably always be persons who,

if not prohibited by law, will resort to this disreputable practice, legislation is required to prevent them from doing so.

According to extracts from letters to Mr. Hollingshead, which were read to the Copyright Commission several of our novelists and others are in favour of such an amendment of the copyright law as will prevent the unauthorized dramatisation of novels. It was suggested to the Commission, in the interests of the public, that a term of three or five years, or even more, should be allowed to the author, within which he should have the entire right to dramatise his novel, and that then it should be open to any person to dramatise the same. It did not however appear to the Commissioners that the public benefit in having a novel represented on the stage, was sufficient to outweigh the inconvenience of making the right of dramatising its incidents uniform with other copyright; and they were therefore of opinion that the right of dramatising a novel or other work should be reserved to the author, co-extensive with his copyright in the same. It is to be hoped that at some early date a statute will be passed to give effect to this recommendation.

JAMES NEVILLE PORTER.

HYMN

FOR ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY, JUNE 24TH.

WHO shall be the last great Seer
 That the world goes forth to hear?
 What shall be his warning cry
 When the day of doom draws nigh?
 Whence shall come the magic power
 That in man's supremest hour
 Smooths the rough and rugged road
 For the highway of our God?

Few and short the words he speaks;
 Plain and straight the goal he seeks;
 Round his path shall never shine
 Festal pomp nor wondrous sign:
 Lonely course and hopeless fight,
 Rising doubt and dwindling light,—
 Such the lot of him whose name
 Burns with more than prophet's flame.

"Change the heart and soul and mind,
 Dark for bright and hard for kind;
 Wash you clean from stains of earth,
 Leap into a second birth;
 People, soldier, scribe, and priest,
 Each from thrall of self released,
 Live a life sincere and true,
 For your King is close in view."

Thus appeared the heaven-sent man;
 Foremost in the battle's van,
 Herald of an unseen Light,
 Martyr for the simple right.
 May we learn, on this his day,
 That in Duty's homely way
 Bravely, firmly, humbly trod,
 Man can best prepare for God.

A. P. STANLEY.

BURNS'S UNPUBLISHED COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

V

I RETURN to the Common-place Book, page 33, the first eight lines of which were dedicated to Mrs. Dr. Hunter, London.

To Mr. Graham, of Fintry, On being appointed to my Excise Division.

I call no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a Bard that feigns :
"Friend of my life!" my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The Gift still dearer, as the Giver You.—

Thou orb of Day ! Thou other Paler Light !
And all ye many-sparkling Stars of Night !
If aught that Giver from my mind efface ;
If I that Giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;
Then roll, to me, along your wandering
spheres,
Only to number out A VILLAIN'S YEARS !

I lay my hand upon my swelling breast
And grateful would—but cannot speak the
rest.—

This poem is printed by Currie, iv. 401, with the title, To Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintry, on receiving a Favor. The last two lines are omitted. Mr. Scott Douglas (Pater-son's edition, vol. ii. 244) says :—

"The original MS. of the text with post-mark of date (10th August, 1789), is in the possession of James T. Gibson-Craig, Esq., Edinburgh, which contains the concluding couplet, omitted by Currie, and which does not usually form a part of the text of this poem."

As we see from page 17 of the Common-place Book, the favour was requested on September 8th, 1788. Mr. Scott Douglas has collated Currie with a MS. in the British Museum in the poet's handwriting. All his variations are found in the Common-place Book, except that Currie gives 'seek you the proofs,' where Mr. Scott Douglas gives 'seek not,' the Common-place Book giving 'seek you.' Mr. Scott Douglas calls the poem a sonnet.

The reader will remember (*supra*) that before March 9th of the year before Clarinda had called Burns "a villain," and the bitter and ungenerous epithet from one who had once been very dear still rankled in his sensitive heart.

This poem is followed immediately by—

Page 34.

Song Tune, Ewe bughts Marion.

Printed Vol. 4, pa. 12.

1

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old ¹ Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic ² roar ?

2

O sweet grows the lime & the orange,
And the apple on the pine,
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.—

3

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I've ³ sworn by the Heavens to be true :
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

4

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily white hand :
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand !—

5

We hae plighted our truth, ⁴ my Mary,
In mutual affection to join :
And curst be the cause that shall part us !
The hour and the moment o' time !

Currie may have printed these verses from Burns's letter to Thomson which he gives. He adds a note :—

"This song Mr. Thomson has not adopted in his collection. It deserves however to be preserved." Burns writes to Thomson, "In my very early years" (it was only six years before, when Burns was twenty-seven, but by 1792, when he was thirty-three, he was probably feeling prematurely old) "when I was

¹ Currie, 'auld' for 'old.'

² Currie, 'Atlantic's' for 'Atlantic.'

³ Currie, 'I hae' for 'I've.'

⁴ Currie, 'troth' for 'truth.'

thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. It is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merit of *Ewe-bughts*; but it will fill up this page. You must know, that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them, their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their *race*."

The song which Burns thus refers to as 'the legend of my heart' does not appear in the Common-place Book till after August 10, 1789, more than three years after it was written.

Can Burns be using "a little mystification"? Can this song, and all of those directly referring to Highland Mary, with the possible exception of 'My Highland Lassie O,' which he is said on not very certain evidence to have sent to her, and which her parents are believed to have taught their grandchildren, really date from the present period of Burns's life? By that time the wounds of his heart, which were too fresh to coin into words, had been cicatrised, and the 'tender shade' of Mary as he saw her on that memorable Sabbath-day, seemed to permit him to utter his feelings in 'My Mary in Heaven' and 'Ye banks and braes.' Till Mr. Scott Douglas investigated the dates (vol. iv., pp. 120-130), most editors of Burns had concurred in fixing the time of the episode of Highland Mary somewhere about 1784. There is now no question that it was in 1786. There is no proof that Burns ever dreamt of going to the West Indies till the fact that Jean Armour was with child to him and that her parents were furious, drove the friendless and poverty-stricken young man to think banishment his only refuge. At that time he was twenty-seven, and his own words, "in very early life, before I was known at all in the world,"¹ are perfectly appropriate,

for even the Kilmarnock edition (31st July, 1786) was not yet published when Burns parted from Highland Mary.

Mary Campbell was a nurserymaid in Gavin Hamilton's family in Mauchline. The date of Burns's first acquaintance with Jean Armour is fixed by her own statements to Robert Chambers. Burns came to Mossgiel at Whitsunday, 1784, and the annual Mauchline 'races,' — which were 'coming on apace' on April 20th, 1786, — were no doubt over before Whitsunday. Burns, however, may have attended them from Lochlea, five miles away, and the story of his collie dog following him, as it would naturally do on an excursion like that from Lochlea to Mauchline, makes 1784 as possible a date as 1785. Jean first met Burns at the 'penny dance' at the races either of 1784 or 1785, but they were not then partners. Some amusement seems to have been created by Burns's collie dog tracking his footsteps through the room, and he was heard to remark to his partner that "he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did." A few weeks afterwards, probably after he had come to Mossgiel in 1784, Jean was washing clothes at the public green when Burns passed with his collie, and she greeted him with the question, 'Have you nofa'n in wi' a lass yet to like you as weel as your dog?' Soon after, their intimacy began. Jean's father's house was just behind Johnnie Doo's inn, the 'Whitefoord Arms,' where Burns often attended as president of a Bachelor's Club, and they may have 'forgathered' not unfrequently. In my opinion the question whether the lovers' acquaintance began in 1784 or 1785 is decided by the poems. 'My Davie and my Jean' are mentioned in the epistle to Davie, brother poet, the principal part of which Gilbert Burns thinks he heard Robert repeat in 1784. The MS. is dated January, 1785 (Paterson's edition, i. 88). Burns himself puts January after the poem in the Kilmarnock edition, and January,

¹ Note to 'My Highland Lassie O,' in the Glenriddell MSS. The poem was first published in *Johnson's Museum*, vol. ii., the preface of which is dated March 1, 1783.

1785, on the copy he sent to Mr. Aiken. Mr. Scott Douglas conjectures that the poem which was presented to Aiken in 1786 was not then finished, and did not contain the three closing verses dedicated to Jean (iv. 129, 130). But these verses do not give the impression of an awkward appendix. They are in their natural place, and seem no after-thought. It is very unlikely besides that Burns should have spent a year at Mossgiel before making the acquaintance of the prettiest and most charming of the six 'proper young belles,' 'the pride of the place and the neighbourhood a.'

From a remarkable letter to Mr. Arnot of Dalquatswood, first published in Paterson's edition, iv. 115, it seems to me likely that their intercourse may have been interrupted by her friends about the close of the year 1785. When the consequences became certain (letter to Richmond, February 17), Lockhart tells us that 'the announcement of Miss Armour's condition staggered him like a blow.' He saw nothing for it but to fly the country at once (letter to James Smith, Mauchline, Paterson's edition, iv. 108, date not given). At the end of this note he adds, "If you see Jean, tell her I will meet her, so help me God, in my hour of need." The lovers met accordingly, and in spite of what he had said in the letter to Smith—"Against two things I am fixed as fate—staying at home; and owning her conjugally"—he agreed, probably at Jean's entreaty, to give her a writing "making an honest woman of her," constituting an irregular marriage according to Scotch law, and legitimising her unborn children. Jean had doubtless acted without the consent of her friends. Gilbert Burns tells us that when old Mr. Armour—a well-to-do master mason—first learned the position of affairs; "he was in the greatest distress and fainted away." Mrs. Armour seems to have been as thoroughly hostile to Burns as her husband (Burns to Richmond, 30th July, 1786). Under the pres-

sure of her friends, poor Jean at last consented to allow the two names to be erased from the document proving her irregular marriage, by Mr. Aiken, writer in Ayr, an intimate friend of Burns, whom he almost thought of disowning for his share in the transaction. This was on April 13th, and it was in a letter on April 14th to Mr. Ballantine, giving him the news of the erasure, that the poet first changed his signature from Burness to Burns, which he used ever afterwards. Aiken, the Armours, and Burns were all probably under the impression that the written evidence of an irregular marriage having been destroyed, the marriage itself was annulled. The parish minister, "Daddy Auld," or "Apostle Auld," who sided, no doubt, heartily with the Armours, insisted that Burns should mount the 'stool of repentance.' Before marching off to occupy that bad eminence, Burns writes:—

"9th July, 1786," that "the priest, I am informed, will give me a certificate as a single man, if I comply with the rules of the Church, which for that very reason I intend to do."

To make this public confession of his fault was to clinch the denial of the marriage, the fact of which was certainly known to the Armours, Burns, and Aiken, and probably to the minister. Jean and her family insisted on her occupying the place of penitence by his side.

"The minister," Burns says, iv. p. 135, "would not allow it, which bred a great trouble, I assure you, and I am blamed as the cause of it, though I am sure I am innocent; but I am very much pleased, for all that, not to have had her company. I do this," he says, "to get a certificate as a bachelor, which Mr. Auld has promised me. I am now fixed to go for the West Indies in October."

It was during this eventful period that the episode of Highland Mary occurred. From the beginning of 1786, till after the middle of February, Burns was apparently under the heaviest displeasure of Jean's friends; and from the 13th of April onwards he certainly looked upon

himself as being as much a bachelor as he had been before he gave Jean the writing in February, the marriage which he had consented to as a reparation to her having been annulled by her act. He was deeply wounded, and called her perjured and ingrate. If it was begun before 13th April, as seems likely from his expression, "a pretty long trial of mutual attachment" before 14th May, when the lovers parted for ever, there is no reason to doubt that the episode of Highland Mary was interrupted during the brief period when he was really Jean Armour's lawful but unknown husband. Burns's first resolution 'not to own Jean conjugally' was probably influenced by the secret love which had grown up in his heart for the sweet and innocent girl whose parents were not, like Jean's, in a station to despise him. But after his secret contract of marriage, which had lasted two months, had been broken off, Burns writes in the letter to Mr. Ballantine—14th April, 1786:—

"Would you believe it? Though I had not a hope nor even a wish to make her mine after her conduct, yet when he" ('old Mr. Armour, who prevailed with Aiken to mutilate that unhappy paper yesterday') "told me the names were cut out of the paper, my heart died within me, and he cut my veins with the news. Perdition seize her falsehood!—ROBT. BURNS."

It is in April, 1786—apparently from internal evidence only—that Mr. Scott Douglas dates the letter to Mr. Arnot (iv. p. 115), inclosing a subscription list (printed April 14th). He says there—

"I have lost, sir, that dearest earthly treasure, that greatest blessing here below, that last, best gift which completed Adam's happiness in the garden of bliss. I have lost—I have lost—my trembling hand refuses its office—the frighted ink recoils up the quill—tell it not in Gath—I have lost—a—a—a wife!

"Fairest of God's creation, last and best!
'Now art thou lost.'

"There is a pretty large portion of Bedlam in the composition of a poet at any time, but on this occasion," he goes on to say, "I was nine parts and nine tenths out of ten, stark, staring mad."

The state of his mind, which he pictures in this letter in very rhapsodical language, is explained seriously enough, and no doubt with perfect accuracy, in the three passionate poems—The Lament, "Occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a Friend's" (his own) "Amour"—"Despondency, an Ode"—and "To Ruin," all published in the Kilmarnock edition, the first complete copy of which was issued on July 31st. His feeling to Jean is expressed with equal truth and tenderness in the fifth verse of The Lament—

Oh! can she bear so base a heart
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas, life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

That 'lovely gem' the Daisy was sent to his friend Kennedy a week after the mutilation of 'the lines,' and it is impossible not to read through the last four verses the pitiful story which was tearing at his heart-strings.

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd,
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

The third verse no doubt refers to his father.

These were his feelings immediately after the blow fell, but he tells his

correspondent Arnot—probably late in April, but certainly after the 14th—

“A storm naturally overblows itself. My spent passions gradually sank into a lurid calm, and by degrees I have subsided into the time-settled sorrow of the sable widower, who, wiping away the decent tears, lifts up his grief-worn eyes to look—for another wife—

“Such is the state of man : to-day he buds
His tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And nips his root, and then he falls as I do.”

“Such, sir, has been this fatal era of my life—And it came to pass, that when I looked for sweet, behold bitter ; and for light, behold darkness.” He adds, “by and by, I intend to earth among the mountains of Jamaica.”

It was within ‘a little month’ (13th April—14th May) from the crisis which had separated him from his Jean after she and her friends had flung aside the arm she had asked him to lend her for her life’s support, that he and Highland Mary met by the winding Ayr,

To live one day of parting love.

What Mary knew of his story it is vain to conjecture. His little daughter by Bess Paton had been living with Burns’s mother and sisters during the two years the family had been in Mossgiel, and Mary must have known the fact. The open rupture between him and Jean Armour and Jean Armour’s family, stretching probably from the beginning of the year, must have been familiar to everybody in his own station in life in or near the little country village. In the end of March, Jean had been sent out of the way to stay with friends in Paisley, from which she did not return till June 9th. The reason was probably as clear to the women of Mauchline as the explanation of Gretchen’s frailty to the gossips at the well. Whatever was known or told to her on that Sunday, which was in fact a last farewell, Robert Burns and Mary Campbell pledged each other’s hearts on the Banks of the Ayr. There is not a shadow

of reason for disturbing the picture which Cromek first painted of their parting vows and the Bibles interchanged by the lovers across running water, with oaths registered for all future time in that which Burns gave Mary.

“After a pretty long trial,” says Burns, “of the most ardent reciprocal affection we met, by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, when we spent a day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even learn of her illness.”

The passage from Hamilton Paul’s Memoir, in his edition of 1819, is too charming to be omitted :—

“The scenery of the Ayr from Sorn to the ancient burgh at its mouth, though it may be equalled in grandeur, is scarcely anywhere surpassed in beauty. To trace its meanders, to wander around its green woods, to lean over its precipitous and rocky banks, to explore its coves, to survey its Gothic towers, and to admire its modern edifices, is not only highly delightful but truly inspiring. Let the traveller from Ayr to Mauchline pause at the spot where the Nail disembogues itself into the Ayr, let him take his station near the neat little cottage on the sloping green at the side of the wood, and let him cast his eyes across the stream where the trees recede from one another and form a vista on the grey rocks which, mantled over with laughing shrubs, wild roses, heath, and honeysuckle, project from the opposite side, and we tell him that *there or thereabout*, Burns took the last farewell of his ‘sweet Highland Mary.’ The ‘Castle of Montgomery,’ which with its ‘banks and braes and streams around,’ forms a distinguished accessory of that distressingly tender ballad, is Coilsfield, one of the seats of the Earls of Eglington.”

It was probably to make assurance that he was now a single man doubly sure that Burns submitted to the public rebuke on July 9th which was to enable the ‘minister’ to give him a certificate as a bachelor. That exposure, and the birth of Burns’s twin children by Jean Armour on September 3rd, on the very day when he was listening to the sermon of ‘the Calf’ and making its

unfortunate preacher immortal, may have shaken Mary Campbell's intention or induced her friends to dissuade her from going to the West Indies with him, for the present at least, as his wife.

All through the summer the bitterness between the Armours and Burns increased. On 12th June he writes of Jean to his friend Brice with great tenderness, praying—

"May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and perjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her; and may His grace be with her and bless her in all her future life! . . . And now for a grand cure; the ship is on her way home that is to take me out to Jamaica, and then farewell, dear old Scotland! and farewell, dear, ungrateful Jean! for never, never will I see you more."

Before 9th July he had waited on Jean on her return from Paisley, but "the mother forbade me the house, nor did Jean show that penitence that might have been expected." On July 22nd he transferred all his effects in Scotland by a legal instrument to his brother Gilbert in behalf of his 'sweet wee Bettie,' and to disappoint the Armours, who meant to seize the expected proceeds of his Kilmarnock edition for the support of their daughter's unborn child. On 30th July he writes that—

"Within three weeks at farthest" he has orders to go aboard the *Nancy*, Captain Smith, from Clyde for Jamaica, but he tells his correspondent Richmond that "except for himself and Smith this is a secret about Mauchline."

He adds that—

"Armour has got a warrant to throw me in jail till I find security for an enormous sum. This they keep an entire secret, but I got it by a channel they little dream of; and I am wandering from one friend's house to another."

His book appeared on 31st July. On August 16th he expects to call on his friend Kennedy at Dumfries House, "and take a kind, very probably a last adieu, before I go for Jamaica; and I expect orders to repair to Greenock every day." On the 14th August his plans are deranged—the people to whom he is engaged won't send him with Smith, "but a vessel sails from Greenock the 1st of September, right

for the place of my destination." On the 19th he sends another farewell to another friend. For some reason he did not sail on the 1st. He writes on the 8th September:—"I believe all hopes of staying at home will be abortive," but promises a visit at Kilmarnock for about the 15th. On the 26th he writes to his cousin at Montrose:—"My departure is uncertain, but I do not think it will be till after harvest," and promises a visit, unless he is on a shorter allowance of time than he expects. Shortly after—I conjecture a week or ten days after the 6th October, which in the letter he calls 't'other day,' when he had settled accounts with his first printer, Wilson of Kilmarnock,—he writes to his friend Aiken:—

"I have been feeling all the various rotations and movements within, respecting the Excise. There are many things plead strongly against it;" including "the consequences of my follies, which may perhaps make it impracticable for me to stay at home."

He adds—

"All these reasons urge me to go abroad, and to all these reasons I have only one answer—the feelings of a father. This, in the present mood I am in, overbalances everything that can be laid in the scale against it."

His Kilmarnock edition had been practically sold out by the end of August, and the 20th he obtained from it would have made it easy for him to have carried out his idea of going to Jamaica without apprenticing himself to his future master to pay for his passage, as he seems at one time to have intended. But after that to Aiken, his letters suddenly drop all mention of the subject. Two things probably determined the change—the death of his betrothed wife, with, or perhaps without whom he was to have sailed 'across the Atlantic roar,' and, as he mentions in his Autobiography, Dr. Blacklock's letter dated September 4th, but not handed to Burns till somewhere not far from the end of the month. To show this I must ask my readers' attention to a brief discussion of the dates.

We owe the only trustworthy information about Mary to the industry of Robert Chambers. She was a nurse-maid to Gavin Hamilton's son Alexander, born in July, 1785, and she saw him through several stages of infancy before leaving his house. Her father was a sailor in a revenue cutter, stationed at Campbeltown, near the southern end of Cantire. She had spent some of her early years at Loch Ranza, in the family of the Rev. David Campbell, a relation of her mother's. She left Burns on May 14th, no doubt for Campbeltown, where she spent the summer. It is believed that she had letters from him, and the two songs, "My Highland Lassie, O," and "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary," are likely enough to have been sent to her there. Her mother's cousin was a Mrs. Macpherson, in Greenock. Her brother was to be apprenticed to Mr. Macpherson, who was a ship-carpenter, and in the autumn Mary accompanied him to Greenock. Before leaving home she had agreed to take a place in Glasgow at Martinmas, so that she had then given up the idea of sailing with Burns, though she may have been still willing to marry him before he left Scotland. After his apprentice supper, her brother became ill, and Mary nursed him and caught a fever, which hurried her in a few days to the grave. Before the boy sickened, Macpherson had 'agreed' to purchase a *lair* in the kirkyard, and it is likely enough that the purchase of the *lair*, which is registered on October 12th, 1786, may have been completed between her death and her funeral. It was almost certainly concluded before the funeral, and a mere agreement to purchase is not likely to have been completed by a superstitious Highlander while the boy or Mary was lying ill, and the issue uncertain. I think the evidence of the burial *lair* points to Mary's death as somewhere about October 12th.

The story of the immortal verses "To Mary in Heaven," was given by

Mrs. Burns to Mr. McDiarmid. Burns had spent one day in the usual work of harvest, apparently in excellent spirits.

"But as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance; but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in,"

—when he called for his desk and wrote out the poem at once nearly as it now stands. Robert Chambers argues elaborately, vol. iii. Appendix, that the date must have been about the 20th October, 1789. Clearly, in spite of the opening verse, Burns *imagined* the beautiful planet which burned upon his "heart of pain," ushering in the next morning, and dying out in the dawn. On 21st September the sun set at six, and Venus forty-four minutes later. On the 21st October the sun set at 4.53, and Venus sixty-three minutes later, and the moon was four days old and within eight diameters of Venus. On the 12th of October, in the west, Professor Piazz Smyth obligingly informs me, after the sun went down, Venus ought to have been seen, being almost at greatest elongation East of Sun, but she was so far down South of the Sun, that she could hardly have been very bright. The moon was then close to its third quarter, crossing the meridian high up at 4 A.M., but having maximum North Declination, it might be seen in the latitude of Edinburgh, rising in the North East at 7 o'clock in the evening. In October Mars was rather too close to the Sun to be visible, except in a telescope. Jupiter was rising in the North East about 6.30 P.M., and afterwards ascended high in the sky, crossing the meridian at 2 A.M. On October 12th, therefore, Jupiter and

the Moon were both visible in the North East after seven, so that there was a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon' on the 12th as well as on the 21st October. I have not been able to ascertain anything about the frost that had set in, but a touch of frost about that time would be very natural in Scotland. Robert Chambers states, that though Mrs. Burns says "that the frost had set in," yet on his date, the thermometer stood at 59° at Edinburgh at 8 p.m. The night of the 21st was a sultry rather than a frosty October night, and the earlier date of the 12th is far more consistent with a letter on the 21st September, from Sanquhar, which is close to Burns's farm, saying that "while much was cut, very little was yet got in, owing to the bad weather." If much was cut at Sanquhar three weeks before, Monday evening the 12th of October was most likely towards the end of harvest.

If Mary died on 12th October, 1786, Burns no doubt heard of it in Ayrshire by the 14th, for her attachment—indeed her promise—must have been well known to her family. Burns's letter to Aiken, in which he first mentions the Excise, and first seems a little unsettled about the West Indies scheme, may perfectly well be dated after the 14th, without inconsistency with the description of October 6th as 't'other day.' Had he staid at home, Mary might of course have been willing to share his fortunes, but there is no evidence that she ever knew of any change in his intention to emigrate, or that there was any change in it, till the sudden news of her death. Mrs. Begg—his sister—remembers that—

"After the work of the season was over"—and she had, as usual, taken to the *big wheel*, in which either her mother or one of her sisters was assisting her—"Robert and Gilbert being also present, a letter for the former was handed in. He went to the window to open and read it, and she was struck by the look of agony which was the consequence. He went out without uttering a syllable."

Any one who turns to the letter to Aiken will see, I think, that it bears
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the visible seal of thoughts of unwonted gravity, such as a blow like the loss of his secretly-betrothed wife could not fail to bring. On October 14th, his children, whose smiling and helpless infancy made it seem cowardice to desert them, were nearly six weeks old, and his little boy lived in his own family and was daily before his eyes.

If my theory be correct, it seems probable that the song 'Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,' though copied out in the Common-place Book in 1789, was written and probably sent, like 'My Highland Lassie O,' to the living Mary in 1786, who was probably a fairly-educated girl. No poet so absolutely dependent on the spontaneity of his inspiration as Burns was, would have dramatised the sort of song he might have written naturally three years before. When he wrote of Mary after her death, the shadow of his grief is heavy on his heart, and his lyre is tuned to the most mournful and melting music.

The mysterious West Highland journey stands in curious connection with the memory of Highland Mary. Burns was in Mauchline on the 18th of June, 1787, and back in Mossiel on the 7th of July. He had his favourite mare, Jenny Geddes, with him, so that he was independent of conveyances. He told no one where he was going or what he meant to do. He was at Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, on June 28th—on his way back from Inverary. He was on Loch Lomond side on the 29th and at Dumbarton on the 30th. I conjecture that he may have ridden down to Ayr and crossed over to Campbeltown with Jenny Geddes in some of the numerous packets plying between two ports not more than forty miles apart. At Campbeltown he might see Mary Campbell's father and mother; and might then easily ride in two days along the wild and beautiful west coast of Cantire, having

before him spread
The deep outstretched and vast.
—*Elegy*, line 54.

and cross over to Inverary, where both the inn and the castle were full of guests with 'more money and less brains.' Two days brought him to Dumbarton, two more would easily take him to Greenock, and one or two more would bring himself and Jenny Geddes back to Mossgiel. In all likelihood it was a pilgrimage sacred to the fresh and touching memory of Mary Campbell, undertaken in the hope of gleaning a few withered leaves of her tender remembrance of him, and with the intention of seeing the friends who had loved her and the grave where she lay. Mary's mother spoke afterwards of a visit he had paid her some time after her daughter's death.

I believe Burns's narrative to be perfectly accurate. In accordance with it I suppose the lovers to have changed their first intention and agreed some time between May and October that she should wait for him, either as his betrothed or as his married wife, till he could send for her to the home he hoped to create in the charmed lands of 'the lime and the orange.'

A year after, on 14th June, 1787, an early acquaintance of his, Mr. John Hutchinson, who had gone to reside in the West Indies, wrote to Burns from St. Ann's, Jamaica—

"I received yours wherein you acquaint me you were engaged with Mr. Douglas, Port Antonio, for three years, at thirty pound Sts a year; and am happy that some unexpected accident intervened to prevent your sailing with the vessel, as I have great reason to think Mr. Douglas's employ would by no means have answered your expectations."

This poem is followed by the famous elegy.

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ELEGY ON CAPTⁿ. MATTHEW HENDERSON—
A Gentleman, who held the Patent for his
immediately
Honors [^] from Almighty God!

Printed Vol. 3. pa. 306.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew was a bright man;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless

But now his radiant course is run
For Matthew's course was bright:
His soul was like the glorious Sun,
A matchless Heavenly light!

O Death, thy tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie,
Haur! thee hame to his black smidie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie,
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! He's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, woods and wilds¹ shall
mourn,

Wi' a' their birth;
For whunstone man to grieve wad scorn,
For poor, plain WORTH.—

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns
That proudly cock your cresting cairns;
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,
Where Echo slumbers;
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers.—

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Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens;
Ye hazelly² shaws, and breerie² dens;
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens
Frae lin to lin.—

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea³;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers³;
Ye roses on your thorny tree
The first o' flowers.—

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head;
At even, when beams their fragrance shed
I th' rustling gale;
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.—

Mourn, ye wee sangsters⁴ o' the wood;
Ye grouse⁴ that crop the heather bud;
Ye curlews skirlin⁴ thro' a clud;
Ye whistlin pliver⁴;
And mourn, ye birrin⁴ pairrick brood,
He's gane for ever.—

¹ Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

² 'Hazly' and 'briery' instead of 'hazelly' and 'breerie.'

³ 'Lee' and 'bow'rs' for 'lea' and 'bowers.'

⁴ Burns prints 'songsters' for 'sangsters,' 'grouse' for 'grous,' 'calling' for 'skirlin,' 'plover' for 'pliver,' and 'whirring' for 'birrin.'

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
 Ye deuk¹ and drake, with airy wheels
 Circling the lake ;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rowt¹ for his sake.—

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Mourn, clamouring² craiks at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flowering³ claver gay ;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
 Whom² we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,³
 In some auld tree, or alder³ tower,
 What time the moon wi' silent glow
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,
 Till waukrife morn.—

O rivers, forests,⁴ hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my rustic⁴ strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ;
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Must⁴ ever flow !

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year ;
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
 Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flowery⁵ tresses shear,
 For him that's dead.—

Thou Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear :
 Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare,
 The worth we've lost.—

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Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light ;
 Mourn, Empress of the silent night ;
 And you, ye twinklin starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn ;
 For thro' your orbs he's taen his flight
 Ne'er to return.—

O Henderson !⁶ the Man ! the Brother !
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever !
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound !
 Like thee where shall I find another,
 The world around !

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great
 In a' the tinsel trash of State !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait
 Thou Man of WORTH
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth !

THE EPITAPH.—

Stop, Passenger ! my story's brief
 And truth I shall relate, man ;
 I tell nae common tale of grief,
 For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
 Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man
 A look of pity hither cast,
 For Matthew was a poor man.—

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If thou a noble sodger art,
 That passest by this grave, man
 There moulders here a gallant heart,
 For Matthew was a brave man.—

If thou on men, their warks¹ and ways,
 Can'st throw uncommon light, man ;
 Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
 For Matthew was a bright man.—

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
 Wouldst¹ life itself resign, man ;
 Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
 For Matthew was a kind man.—

If thou art staunch, without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man ;
 This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
 For Matthew was a true man.—

If thou hast wit, and fun and fire,
 And ne'er gude wine did fear, man
 This was thy billie, dam and sire
 For Matthew was a queer man.—

If ony whiggish, whingin sot
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
 May dool and sorrow be his lot,
 For Matthew was a rare Man !

Burns printed the elegy in the edition of 1793 (I note the variations from the reprint in 1797), giving M—— H—— instead of Matthew Henderson. The italics and capitals as printed are occasionally different from those in the Common-place Book.

Burns sent this poem in a letter to Mr. Robert Cleghorn, farmer, Saughton Mains, near Edinburgh, on July 23rd, 1790. He says—

“You know Matthew Henderson. At the time of his death” (Nov. 1788) “I composed

¹ ‘Works’ for ‘warks,’ ‘wad’ for ‘would’s’t.’

¹ ‘Duck’ for ‘deuk,’ and ‘Rain’ for ‘Rowt.’

² ‘Clam’ring’ for ‘clamouring,’ ‘flow’ring’ for ‘flowering,’ and ‘wham’ for ‘whom.’

³ ‘Bow’r’ for ‘bower,’ and ‘eldritch’ for ‘aulder.’

⁴ ‘Forrests’ for ‘forests,’ ‘canty’ for ‘rustic,’ and ‘maun’ for ‘must.’

⁵ ‘Flow’ry for ‘flowery.’

⁶ H for Henderson.

an elegiac stanza or two, as he was a man I much regarded; but something came in my way, so that the design of an elegy to his memory I gave up. Meeting with the fragment the other day, among some old waste papers, I tried to finish the piece, and have this moment put the last hand to it. This I am going to write you is the first fair copy of it. Let me know how you like it."

Mr. Scott Douglas gives the variations in this version, and that of the edition of 1793. Burns prefixed to the poem the motto of Hamlet's question to Horatio, "'Should the poor be flattered?'" — Shakspeare." The variation noted in the second stanza is the same as that in the *Common-place Book*. The others agree substantially with those I have given, but Burns seems first to have written,

Wimplin down the glens

At toddlin leisure

Or o'er the linns, wi' hasty steps

Flinging your treasure.

The two closing verses of the elegy and the epitaph are absent from the version sent to Mr. Cleghorn.

On August 2nd, 1790, Burns sent another copy to Mr. McMurdo of Drumlanrig, in which he says, "You knew Henderson—I have not flattered his memory." Mr. Scott Douglas conjectures that the expression refers to the motto from Shakspeare. Allan Cunningham had this copy in his possession. It seems to have been substantially the same as that sent to Mr. Cleghorn, but to have been completed by the two last stanzas of the elegy and by the epitaph. In both this and another MSS. copy he had seen belonging to Mrs. Stewart of Afton, the motto beginning,—

But now his radiant course is run,

"formed the last verse of the epitaph and closed the subject very beautifully." The version in the *Common-place Book* is obviously later than either, being nearer the version published by the poet himself in 1793.

Burns also sent a copy to Dr. Moore in 1791. Dr. Moore did not like the elegy, though he admired the epitaph, and he advised his correspondent, "to use the modern English," as he had

"shown his powers in Scottish sufficiently."

After the most industrious research very little is known of Matthew Henderson. In the subscription-list of the Edinburgh edition we find "Matthew Henderson, Esq., four copies." Allan Cunningham says that

"Mrs. Burns had only heard of his name, and Mr. McMurdo remembered him as an agreeable and worthy man, but knew nothing of his lineage." Sir Thomas Wallace told Allan Cunningham that he was "intimate with Henderson, and much attached to him, as all who knew him were. During the stay of Burns in Edinburgh, the captain lived in High Street, and dined regularly at Fortune's tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club, which was composed of all who inclined to the witty and the joyous."

"With his family," says Sir Thomas, "I was not acquainted, but he was a gentleman of true principles and probity, and for abilities, goodness of heart, gentleness of nature, sprightly wit and sparkling humour would have been an honour to any family in the land."

It seems that he was the owner of a small property at the head of Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh, where he lived and died on 21st November, 1788. He was interred in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, and the entry in the burial registers is "Captain Matthew Henderson of Tunnockside; buried 27th November, 1788: Place of Interment, 6 D paces South Pitcairlie's tomb—Old A"(ge).

The last insertion in the *Common-place Book* appears after p. 40, and fills up the void between it and p. 59. It seems to have been a draft of the original letter, for there is no date to it—though it is endorsed on the back in a clerkly hand, "Epitaph on Robert Ferguson, the poet with the letter that accompanied it, xx. I." The letter is written on the whole side of the page opposite 40, and is as follows:—

"To the Honorable the Bailies¹ of the Canongate, Edinburgh,

Gentlemen,

I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Ferguson, the so justly cele-

¹ 'Baillies for Bailies.'

for ages to come
brated Poet, a man whose talents [^] will
do honor for ages to come, to our Cal-
in your churchyard

donian name, lie [^] among the ignoble
Dead unnoticed and unknown in your
Churchyard.—Some memorial to direct
the steps of the Lovers of Scottish
Song, when they wish to shed a grate-
ful tear over the "Narrow house" of
the Bard who is now no more, is surely
tribute

a debt due to Ferguson's memory: [^]
tribute

debt I wish to have the honor of pay-
ing.—I petition you then, Gentlemen,

^{your}
for permit me for [^] a permission ¹
to allow to lay a simple stone over his
revered ashes, to remain an unalien-
able property to his deathless fame.—

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your very humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS."

Note in the hand of the annotator—Liberty
was granted and he erected the stone which is
to be seen there.

Currie gives the minute of Sederunt
of the managers of the Kirkyard, from
which we learn that Burns's letter
was dated February 6th, 1787. The
minute says "of which letter the
tenor was as follows."

The epitaph as sent in to the Bailies
is given on the back of the letter facing
p. 59 of the Common-place Book. It
is as follows:—

Epitaph

Here lies the remains of Robert Ferguson,
Poet. He was born 5th Sept. 1751, and
died 16th Oct. 1774.

No pageant bearings ² here nor pompous lay,
"No story'd urn nor animated bust;"
This simple stone directs old ² Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her ² Poet's dust.

¹ 'To permit me' for 'your permission.'

² The Minute gives 'sculptured marble' in-
stead of 'pageant bearings,' 'storied' for
'story'd,' 'pale' for 'old,' and 'the' for
'her.'

She mourns, sweet, tuneful youth, thy hapless
fate,
Tho' all the pow'rs of song thy fancy fir'd,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in State,
And thankless starv'd what they so much
admird.

This humble tribute with a tear he gives,
A brother Bard, he can no more bestow;
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives
A nobler monument than Art can show.

Whether Burns himself made the
alterations on the single stanza which
appears on the stone, it is impossible
to say. The managers suppressed the
two last stanzas—probably as at once
a reflection on persons of wealth and
social position scarcely decorous from
a comparatively young man, and as
an assumption of the name 'A brother
Bard,' which Burns was hardly entitled
to take till the verdict of Edinburgh
had confirmed the impressions of
Kilmarnock.

The Common-place Book closes with
this touching epitaph for the grave of
a poet who had he survived would only
have been eight years senior to Burns,
and who was cut off at twenty-three.
There is little wonder that the verses
of the boy poet should have thrilled
to the heart of one who had so much
in common with him as Burns, and
whose hapless fate was so mournful a
presage of his own. There are innu-
merable anticipations in Fergusson of
the forms into which Burns threw
many of his own poems.

Had the managers of the Kirkyard
allowed the second verse of the epitaph
to appear, one wonders whether the
Wealth and Luxury of Edinburgh and
Scottish society would have tamely
endured to see another object of their
barren admiration drift down the
stream of poverty and neglect till
his own failings brought him to an
end almost as tragical as "poor Bob
Ferguson's." It is probable that they
would, for "the thing that hath been it
is that which shall be, and that which
is done is that which shall be done, and
there is no new thing under the sun."

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE yellow sunshine did not continue to vex Emmie's eyes through the journey. About noon the sky clouded over, and when they entered London a soft drizzle of rain was falling, making the wet flags and sooty trees of the squares they drove through dismally familiar. It might as well have been a November as a May afternoon for anything they saw, except when a basket of dank primroses poised on the drenched bonnet of a flower-girl was obtruded into the cab window. Yet the sense of familiarity was lost in a growing awe as the distance from Saville Street lessened.

Dr. Urquhart had met them at the station, and his black dress and the little sentences he let fall during the drive brought the facts of her father's death and that this was his funeral day home to Emmie in a way they had hardly come before. She began to realise fully that there would be a face and figure less in the familiar house she was approaching, a face she had been used to see there all her life on which her eyes would never fall again; and it shocked her to hear Dr. Urquhart speaking of this absence as of something to which every one at home had already grown accustomed.

"Aubrey," he said, "had come from school and was to have a fortnight's holiday before he went back again, and Mrs. West had promised to take tea down stairs that evening. Miss Moore, too, was returning from Zurich and might arrive to-morrow. Mildred had written on her own responsibility to beg her to come home; nobody quite knew why, since she certainly would not be wanted now. The worst time was over, Dr. Urquhart said he ventured

to hope. It had been a very sad time, but the house would brighten up and every one feel better when once Miss West was in her right place among them all again."

Emmie turned her head away rather petulantly when Dr. Urquhart said this. She meant, oh yes, she meant to get back into her old place, her right place, and do the best she could for them all, but he need not have said it with that smile of satisfaction lurking under his grave manner. It was not his place, she thought with a little unreasonable anger, to hold up before her all the efforts she would have to make and must begin to make in another quarter of an hour. He need not have told her at this overwhelming moment that they all expected so much from her.

The hearse and the two carriages that were to follow it were already standing before the door in Saville Street when the cab drove up, and the house was pervaded by the dreary bustle and solemn fuss that houses of mourning (even humble ones) cannot escape at such times.

Sir Francis felt greatly shocked when he perceived that the coffin was actually on its way down stairs as they entered the hall. It could not be helped. The afternoon was wearing away and the undertaker's men were in a hurry and did not see why more time than was absolutely necessary should be given to such a poor show as this. Sir Francis would have drawn Emmie hastily into the dining-room to save her as much of the sad encounter as possible, but she gently resisted his intention.

"Let me," she pleaded, "let me go to meet it at the foot of the stairs. You know it is all of him I shall have seen and I should like to say good-bye. I

will not hinder the men more than a minute."

Casabianca and the Gentle Lamb had been out that morning and spent the last sixpence of Mr. Anstice's magnificent tip in buying at a little shop near, a dusty wreath of *immortelles* with "*Requiescat in Pace*" worked in black among the yellow flowers to put upon the coffin. Emmie took two or three faded blossoms out of her bosom and laid them in the centre of the wreath.

"Papa," she whispered, leaning her forehead against the black pall as if she were whispering to the still form inside, "I will give them to you. I will not keep them to look at and cry over. I never gave you anything I cared about very much before, but with these to take away with you you will understand that I am glad you are resting, and that I will try to think of nothing but comforting mamma and working for the younger ones now you are gone—of nothing else."

Mildred was waiting on the landing to seize upon Emmie as she came up, and she carried her straight to her mother's room. Mrs. West gave a cry of joy and held out her arms, and for a little while at least Emmie did succeed in forgetting everything else in the caresses and tender talk that followed. Certainly no one wanted her so much as these, no one else needed her greatly. The thought had a sting of pain in it just now, but that would pass, and by and by she should find in it the comfort and rest it surely ought to give her.

"Mother," Dr. Urquhart said that evening when all the bustle was over, and they were shut up in the drawing-room together; "well, mother, how do you think she is looking?"

"Very tired and out of heart, poor child."

"Yes, yes, that one expects; but mother, did you see that she was wearing the Cairngorm brooch to-day? I caught a glimpse of it when we were driving in the cab; and when she came

in to say good-night to you I made sure you must have seen it."

"Yes, I saw it."

"Well" (a little impatiently) "well, mother?"

"Oh, I understand what you are wanting me to say, Graham, but you shall not frighten me; I don't see how there can be a doubt about it, on such a journey. She is very much changed."

"Sweeter than ever—that's all."

"No, it is not all; you had better let me say out my thought. Yes, she struck me as very much changed. She went away a child and she has come back a woman, and, Graham, my dear son, that does not happen in four months of a girl's life for nothing. Something has happened to alter her, to make her grow up all at once, and you have had nothing to do with it."

"How do you know that, mother? You are more observing than I in most cases, I allow, but perhaps in this one my own experience of the past four months may teach me something. Are absence and suspense nothing to change one and make one grow rapidly older? Do you suppose that I have not been suffering? No, I am not imagining that she cares as I do; but even a little of what I have gone through lately would be enough to change any one. May it not be that?"

Mrs. Urquhart shook her head.

"If you ask me I must tell you the truth, and I don't think it is *that*. I don't believe she wears my brooch to-day because I gave it her, or because it has anything to do with you. She had forgotten that she had it on while she was talking to us."

"And you think some one else—"

"Nay, I did not say so; and now I wish I had held my tongue for tonight. We shall have time enough to judge before anything need be changed. You have quite decided that we take on the house for ourselves, and when it is ours they can fix a time for removal at their leisure; we shall be in no hurry to turn them out."

"Turn them out! mother!!"

"Don't glare at me, Graham, as if I had said something preposterous. You can't imagine that I who have gone through it all myself would be hard on a widow and orphans. Mrs. West, poor thing, would be welcome to live in this house all the rest of her life as far as I am concerned, but she and her children must have their choice. The hardest thing of all sometimes is to force on helpless people obligations that they are perhaps wanting to escape from. You would not like Emmie to be driven into a corner and be obliged to take *you* whether she is ready for it or not, to put a roof over her mother's and her brothers' and sister's heads?"

"Mother, you drive me wild with such a suggestion."

"It is a very obvious one, however, my dear Graham, and must occur to every one directly you begin to talk of the whole family living on here permanently in your house. I only made it to show you the folly of rushing upon rash acts of generosity. If you want to be of real service, and to win Emmie round, you must let things take their natural course for a while, and wait patiently."

"Wait, and let the some one else you hint at win her from me. I had no idea you could be so unreasonable, mother; and all the while I am certain you are misjudging her, and that she put on the brooch to show—" but his voice grew shaky and he stopped.

"I wish we had not begun to talk to-night," said Mrs. Urquhart, penitently. "It has been a trying day, and we are both over-excited, and I'm sorry to say, Graham, quite a pile of notes and letters have accumulated on your desk since morning. You had better go and look them over and calm yourself. As I said before, we have plenty of time. The question of moving will hardly suggest itself till the end of the quarter; we can let everything stand over till then, at all events."

Stand over! Dr. Urquhart walked off to his writing-table and his letters,

convinced, as he had never felt before, that his mother was indeed getting old, and losing the power of estimating the great events of life reasonably. She could plunge such a sword as that in his heart; could hint that Emmie's heart was preoccupied, and that at best she might be won round to take him as a *pis aller*, and she could then take up her knitting and advise him to go away and calm himself.

"Evidently," he thought bitterly, "it was not a matter of life or death to her; it would not make her world come to an end, if Emmie West slipped out of their lives altogether. She had even forgotten that such things ever were matters of life or death, on which all the world worth living for hung."

As Dr. Urquhart broke open his notes, and read complaints and summonses from his patients to come and cure them, he doubted for the first time in his life of the dignity of a profession whose aim was to enable human creatures to live long enough to arrive at such a miserable state of apathy.

The effort of writing answers and planning the next day's work did him good, however, and so far mollified his feelings towards his mother, that when he came out from behind his curtain, he was glad to see her still sitting by the fire. His confidence had all died out now, and given place to a burning indignation against the individual, a worthless idler, no doubt, who had been playing with Emmie's heart, and spoiling it for him, while he had been working so hard to deserve her, and he wanted to have his faith in himself and her restored by another argument.

Mrs. Urquhart had waited for a last word, but her conscience would not let it be a concession to hope about Emmie.

"My dear Graham," she began, pointing to a page of her open Bible, "will you just look and see if the date written against that verse is in your father's handwriting? Ah, yes, I thought so. We were reading here on the day of

the last of those funerals before you were born, which emptied our house of all our little ones; and he marked it that I might remember. It's the answer of the Father in the parable to the eldest son, 'All that I have is thine.' I was in a very rebellious mood that night, not so much on my own account as on his, for he, I thought, deserved blessings if any one did. He had been always diligent in the Father's service, and was he to have nothing of his own while other people, mere squanderers, had presents every day, calves and kids and mirth with their friends? I broke out with this to him, and he just pointed to that 'all,' and asked me if I did not think that *all* was better than a part. Gifts, something for one's self, are all very well for a time, he said, but still they are only a portion of the Father's wealth, and we do not give portions to those who are nearest us. The higher lot is surely to be let into possession of the 'all,' and have it, as the Father has it, in all. Not single gifts, but the root of joy, as it dwells in the Father, and so to be 'always with Him' whatever happens. Yes, Graham, I know it is difficult to see things that way. One does not get into the first class in the school of the kingdom all at once, and for a long time the single gifts seem far the sweetest. Even the eldest son here, you see, did not understand what it was his Father had given him, but he was the eldest son, and he could not be robbed of his birthright, and allowed to be satisfied with a little instead of all. I don't say one can help grudging sometimes; but if we could get rightly into our minds that success in getting what one wants is not always a mark of the highest favour — that there is something we can enter into beyond gifts — we should be less tempted to be angry when things go against our will. Don't you think so?"

Graham did not answer; his mother did not expect him to speak. It was not his way to let himself be drawn into talk of this kind. She was quite con-

tent that he stood behind her in silence for a few minutes, and that when she got up to go to bed, he took the book from her, and said—

"I think I will look at that date in my father's handwriting once more, if you don't mind leaving it with me for to-night."

CHAPTER XXX.

SUSPENSE.

It is a common remark that the people who get the most pity are not the chief sufferers; and it might be added as a parallel truism, that the pity when it is bestowed is seldom given for what the sufferers know to be their most pressing cause of sorrow. Our bitterest tears, our worst moments of pain are so often given to complaints that have too much bare-faced self-love in them to be presented before our critical fellow-creatures, or to be recognised quite nakedly by our own minds, even while we allow them in secret to draw tears of gall from our eyes.

During the weeks that followed her father's funeral, it often troubled Emmie's conscience that she got credit for finer feelings than she deserved; and that the people about her would set down her silence and quietness and inability to share the outbursts of returning cheerfulness that soon came to the other young ones to the score of a deeper sorrow for the common loss, than her brothers and sister felt.

Mildred, who had been grave and sad enough at first, was capable of being quite elated before the end of the week, over a legacy of old blank books (invaluable for scribbling her compositions) which Mary Anne turned out of one of her father's drawers. Even Harry gradually fell into his old ways, ran up stairs two steps at a time on the afternoon when he brought home the welcome news of his appointment as clerk in a new firm, to which Dr. Urquhart had introduced him, hummed a tune when he shouldered

Katherine Moore's box, to carry it to Air Throne for the last time, and had a wrestling match with Casabianca on the evening before the latter went back to school. By degrees the old noises crept back into the silent house. The buzz and the hum of active life began again with only one or two notes wanting, notes which, however, to some ears in the house made all the difference between dissonance and music in the tune wherewith Time was playing out those early summer days.

Dr. Urquhart was one of the dissatisfied people, though he had apparently less cause to complain than anybody else, for the sounds he had hungered for during the last three months were in the house again, and met his ears as frequently as ever. He used to put down his pen two or three times in the evening, as had been his wont, to listen for Emmie's footsteps on the stairs, or her voice hushing Sidney and the Gentle Lamb when the school-room door opened below, and the old uproar again threatened to invade the drawing-room. No one could say that Emmie was not as nimble as ever in running up and down on everybody's errands, or that she neglected her post among the younger ones of the family in the evening; and yet when the sounds he had listened for ceased, Dr. Urquhart turned to his work with an impatient sigh, instead of the satisfied smile that used to provoke his mother. There was a semi-tone wanting that spoiled all the music to him—a spring of hope in the footsteps, a happy ring in the voice—and the absence of these made his sense ache. Perhaps only a lover who had taken it into his head to measure his own hopes by such symptoms as these, could have detected their absence, for Mrs. West was well content with her daughter's state of spirits, and believed that Emmie had brought as much sunshine back into the house as could be expected, or was desirable, under the circumstances.

Emmie herself hoped fervently that people would soon leave off taking any particular notice of her, as nothing ever made her feel so much ashamed of herself as those looks of commiseration for a wrong cause. She was quite grateful to her mother for not observing the red rims round her eyes in the mornings, and she comforted herself with the belief that no one in the family, except perhaps Mildie, was at all aware of the fits of restlessness that seized her about post time, and forced her to rush out into the hall and search the contents of the letter-box for a direction in Alma's handwriting, or for that possible reply to her Paris letter, whose chances of coming late, or early, or never at all, she blamed herself for calculating so incessantly.

When Sir Francis Rivers came, as he did for a hasty minute once or twice a week, to ask after Mrs. West and talk over business with Harry, Emmie was nervous about the sound of her own voice when she spoke to him. She quite hated the sharp, forced notes her ear detected in it whenever she brought out an inquiry after the travellers in the Basses Alpes; though, as she told herself, it would have been positively unnatural if she had shown no curiosity, and she had carefully considered every word beforehand, so that it should be no more and no less eager than became the occasion. She tried not to fancy that her uncle hurried over his answers, and put her off with merely vague news; and yet more and more, as time passed on, a conviction grew upon her that for some reason or other, Sir Francis did not like to talk about his wife's and daughter's doings just then, and that a kind of embarrassment came over him whenever the topic was brought up. Was it embarrassment, or was it only caution that laid a weight on his usually careless speech?

Emmie, who watched his face as closely as she dared, could not quite make this out. He smiled sometimes

to himself, and his eyes twinkled, but, to Emmie's ear there was a doubtful, nay, an ashamed sound in the tattoo which he generally beat loud with the fingers of one hand on the knuckles of the other, as he cut short his replies.

"Ah, yes, yes, it has been a successful journey. Your aunt writes in much improved spirits. "And Alma?"

"Alma does not write. It is your aunt who tells all the news there is to tell this time. I suppose I shall hear from Alma herself by and by." Or later, "Yes, they are quite well. They have gone on to Geneva, I heard this morning."

"So soon," said Emmie, in a breathless voice. "Then they have paid Madame de Florimel a very short visit at Château Arnaud. She invited us—my aunt, I mean, for a month."

"Well, I can't quite make it out. Perhaps your aunt found it lonely up there in the mountains, or perhaps she and Madame de Florimel did not quite hit it off—two old ladies shut up together in an old castle on a rock, what could they do but come to blows. At all events, your aunt took the travelling carriage on to Geneva, and I think, all things considered, she and Alma had better stay there for the present till matters arrange themselves a little."

Emmie left off asking questions after that; but one day, a week later, Mrs. West—who had come down stairs to talk over Dr. Urquhart's offer about the house with Sir Francis and Harry—detained Sir Francis when the business discussion was over to ask after her sister's health, and in talking to her he grew more communicative than he had been before. Emmie felt thankful, more thankful than any one ever knew, that she was standing with her back to the speakers so that no one could see how she looked while that conversation went on; and above all, she congratulated herself on the chance which brought Katherine Moore into the room with a letter she wanted Harry to post just as Sir Francis rose to take leave, for

it was his two or three last sentences that overpowered her most nearly, and obliged her for a single second to put her hand on the chimney-piece to still her trembling.

"Oh, by the way," he began, turning back from the door at which Katherine was entering, "I meant to tell you that I parted with a friend of Emmie's who desired to be remembered to her, or something of that kind, just at your door. I would not let him come in, as I had really only one spare half-hour to settle this business in, or he could have given you full particulars of the mountain journey, for he was with them all the time. Emmie will guess whom I mean—young Anstice. I had not seen him since his return to England till to-day. He hurried off at once to Scotland to Mrs. Anstice, and he has been very busy ever since bringing the poor woman back to Leigh, and arranging about her son's funeral, for the body was washed ashore five or six days after the accident. What accident, do you say? Why, have not you heard? Ah! I beg your pardon, how should you have heard; it would hardly interest you just now, but to us—as an old friend of Frank's—but I had better keep to the point. Young Anstice, whom Emmie knows, has lately come into possession of an earldom and a large property by the death of a cousin. The news reached him while he was travelling with my wife and Alma, and was, of course, a great surprise to them all. The poor young fellow who was drowned was quite a lad. We knew him a little; he was at Constance's wedding; but it is the present Lord Anstice who was always a favourite with our young folks."

Emmie took her hand from the chimney-piece and steadied herself. If people would always for the future call him *that*, she need not be afraid of hearing him spoken of. She could bear to hear that name very well. It seemed to put La Roquette and their six weeks' intimacy very far away

indeed, and even to give back to her remembrance unproved, the Wynyard Anstice whom no one would henceforth think or speak about in the old familiar way. She could have nothing to do with this new personage, or be tempted even to dream of disputing him with Alma. It was all over now, of course, and that little bit of his life at La Roquette when he was only Madame's relation, and could talk of the mountain farm as a great inheritance, would be wiped out of everybody's thoughts but hers, and might be her possession still.

"Mr. Anstice. I remember him," Mrs. West was now saying, in a tone of gentle indifference. "We saw him several times last winter, and he seemed to take quite a liking to dear Aubrey. I am sure I am very glad he has come into a great fortune."

Sir Francis suddenly remembered that he was in a hurry, and bustled out of the room with a hasty apology for brushing past Katherine Moore who had paused in her talk with Harry West at the first mention of Mr. Anstice's name, and who now stood transfixed in the doorway, too much occupied with some thought of her own to notice his impatience. Emmie need not have been afraid of her own agitation being observed by any one, for it was Katherine's white face and startled expression that attracted Harry's and Mildie's wondering eyes towards her. She made an effort in a minute to recover herself, and boldly spoke out the thought she felt sure must have occurred to their minds as well as to her own.

"Anstice is a family name," she said, considerably; "two or three families of cousins might well bear it. There is really no reason to suppose that the young nobleman whose death in Scotland Sir Francis has just mentioned has ever been seen by any of us. Christabel's acquaintance and mine must be an altogether different person. I really don't know why I thought about him just then."

"It's easily found out," said Harry.

"As you please," Katherine answered. "One naturally feels more interest in a person one has seen even once or twice than in a total stranger; and that Mr. Anstice was certainly kind in inquiring frequently for me after my accident, and seems also to have shown some attention to Christabel while I was away. As the notion has occurred to us all, I think I should like you to find out the truth about it, and to let me know if you can."

The proud guarded tone was assumed rather to spare herself than in any way to deceive them. From the first hour of her return to Saville Street, in compliance with Mildred's telegram, Katherine guessed that it had been on Christabel's behalf rather than on their own, that the young Wests had wished for her presence in the house, and she felt sure that their uneasiness was founded on observations of facts to which she was a stranger; but miserable as had been the suspense of the last fortnight, Katherine had not yet brought herself to the pass of seeking information about Christabel's doings or feelings from any one but herself. She felt so sure each morning when she got up that the anticipated burst of confidence which would restore their sundered souls to each other must come before another sunset, that she let the time slip by day after day, unable to take a step that would make the hour of reconciliation less perfect when it came. "How," she asked herself, "would she succeed in comforting Christabel when she turned to her in an abandonment of renewed confidence, if she had to confess that she had allowed any stranger to interfere between them during the terrible eclipse of trust and love into which somehow or other they had wandered?"

There was no one in the house on whom the sense of change pressed so crushingly as on Katherine; but till within the last day or two she had been trying to struggle against it, as in a half-sleep one struggles to throw off an oppressive nightmare. Could

it be anything but a frightful nightmare dream that she and Christabel had met again after their first separation, and were no longer the same to each other as they had been; could not get near to each other for some indefinite, but yet impenetrable barrier, that every moment of the day and night kept them asunder? For some time after her return, Katherine fought bravely to keep this conviction out. She met Christabel's wandering looks with cheerful confident smiles. "I am here," she seemed always by every look and gesture to answer to the strange yearning in Christabel's eyes. "I am here; what are you waiting for? Let us begin our happy life together again!" She could not help a little impatience, a little angry disappointment creeping in when, in spite of her presence and her watchful kindness, the wistful look grew and grew, and intensified to agony as the days passed on, till Christabel's whole soul seemed to have gone out in yearning expectation towards something unknown, leaving for Katherine only a dead blank. Katherine's pride as well as her love was wounded at last, but alarmed pride was another safeguard to silence, another barrier against letting any one know what she suffered. If Christabel could not trust her, she would be none the less a faithful guardian to keep the trouble, whatever it might be, from being pryed upon by any less sympathising eyes than her own. The letter she had just brought down stairs was addressed to her friend Miss Douglas, at Zurich, and contained a resignation of her post as her secretary, giving as her reason that she found it impossible to persuade her sister to accompany her to Switzerland, and that she could not leave her alone just now when their old place of shelter was being broken up.

It had cost Katherine a sore struggle to write this letter. The half hour given to its composition was perhaps the darkest and bitterest of her whole life—the time when the sense of defeat and failure entered into her very soul

and flooded it with dark waters of doubt and discouragement. And amid all the solid causes for regret arising from this decision, the thought that she was for the first time in her life writing an important letter without having talked out the matter confidentially with her sister, kept recurring, as after all, the chief sorrow, the crowning point of desolation. She was sacrificing all her hopes in life to a whim of her sister's, and Christabel had not even taken the trouble to understand what she was doing—could not be brought to give her mind long enough to see the injury her selfishness would inflict on the person she professed to love above all things. Katherine had made an appeal to her only that morning, and had tried to rouse her by showing her the folly of lingering in London till Miss Douglas had been driven to engage another secretary, or, if her patience held out, till their slender funds were exhausted and it was no longer in their power to choose what they would do.

For a little while Katherine thought that Christabel was for once listening and being affected by her words. A shade of colour and emotion came into her face, which, with the exception of the hungry eyes, seemed lately to have stiffened into the semblance of a stone mask. She lifted her head, and every now and then her lips moved as if she were going to speak—yes, surely to speak out—to pour forth all the pent-up confidence at last. Surely she is touched at the thought of Katherine's anxiety—frightened, perhaps, as it dawns upon her that her obstinacy has risked so much that is of life or death moment to her sister. Gradually the regular noiseless motion of her lips and the turn of her head dispelled these hopes, and Katherine discovered that Christabel was not listening to a word she said. She was counting the gradually approaching sounds of the postman's knocks in his progress down the street. It was in proportion as this sound came nearer and nearer that colour and emotion

grew into her face. The interest she was showing had nothing whatever to do with Katherine's pleadings. When the postman reached the next door but one, while tears of indignation were starting to Katherine's eyes, Christabel put up her hand to feel for something she wore under her dress, and a faint dreamy smile flitted across her face, the shadow of one of her old smiles, never seen now, but when she was listening for the postman. Katherine turned away at the sight to wipe her own burning tears, and did not observe how instantly the smile faded and how the hungry eyes darkened and grew for a moment wild with agony when there was a longer pause than usual and the next knock came on a door lower down in the street. That watching of all the London postal deliveries had now gone on increasing daily in intensity for three weeks, and it bewildered and scandalised Katherine too much to allow her to feel very compassionate towards the constantly-recurring disappointment. She thought she could not have remained dumbly expectant, letting all other interests and aims in life fall away from her for any love, for any personal desire whatsoever. It was such a contradiction to all their past hopes, such a downfall. If, after all, a woman like Christabel could be turned away from the aims in life she had set before herself by an idle fancy, by some poor unreal sentiment, then perhaps the battle she had thrown herself into was not worth fighting, and she need not so very bitterly regret the fate that obliged her to confess herself defeated at the very outset.

It was in this mood she had written to Miss Douglas, and it returned upon her with fresh force when she got back to Air Throne, and, finding it empty, sat down at Christabel's easel to finish the drawing of a wall-paper pattern, which had been left untouched so long that an active Air Throne spider had spun a web from corner to corner of the drawing-board. Very melancholy thoughts possessed

her as her fingers half mechanically deepened the faintly outlined curves and leaves of the pattern, and she was forced to pause every now and then in her work because the gathering mists in her eyes hindered her from seeing clearly. Sometimes it was a bright recollection of Air Throne as it had looked last year that nearly overcame her, and sometimes a dreary vision of the future challenged her to face it and say if it was not to that or something like that they were surely drifting. She saw herself toiling on without the high hopes that had hitherto given her such an untiring appetite for work. She saw Christabel indifferent and pre-occupied, falling further and further away from her under some alien, nay, perhaps degrading influence; she saw them both sinking into great straits of poverty till their lives became like the lives of so many solitary working-women, a dire daily struggle for the means of living, and for nothing beyond that—they who had set out so proudly.

Katherine allowed her hands to fall idly into her lap, feeling too spiritless even for the mechanical task she had set herself, till she heard Christabel's steps reascending the attic stairs, and then she again took up her pencil and began to draw. It might perhaps, she thought, rouse Christabel to some sense of shame for her long idleness, if on coming into the room she saw the easel drawn into its old place by the window again, and her sister employed in finishing her neglected work. For a moment Katherine hoped that her little device was successful, for Christabel walked straight up to the easel and, standing behind her, put a hand on her shoulder. Evidently preparing to speak, but anxious not to be looked at while she begins the long-delayed communication; at last it is coming then—at last she will break the long silence. Something has moved her, and she will explain her strange conduct and throw herself on her sister's indulgence at last.

"Katherine, did you hear anything when you came down stairs about—about—Mr. Anstice?" Cristabel's dry lips murmured in a hoarse whisper close to Katherine's ear. "They were talking about him just now, as I passed the down stairs sitting room—Harry and Mildred—for I heard his name, and they cannot know anything about him more than I do. You must go down and find out for me what they are saying. They have no right to have heard anything about him when I have not. It cannot concern them, you know."

"Nor us," said Katherine, coldly, "as far as I understand; it has never been our habit to trouble ourselves about common acquaintance who do not seek us. We have other work on our hands, and I should be ashamed of asking such a question of Harry and Mildie."

She was half vexed with herself for answering so coldly; but the question, coming just when she had hoped for something else, had been a great disappointment, and in resuming her work she had suddenly discovered that the pattern traced on the board was composed of an endless interlacing of four letters—C and M and R and A—now disposed so as to outline two hands joined at the finger-tips, and now a double flower, and now two hearts enclosed in a lily-cup. The discovery did not dispose her to listen calmly to questions about Raphael Anstice just then; and when, after a few moments' silence, Christabel stooped down imploringly and touched Katherine's cheek with her hot lips, in the first voluntary caress she had offered since her return, Katherine turned away her face irresponsible. With those intertwined letters before her eyes, revealing, as she felt they did, much in her sister's life of which she had been kept in ignorance, the caress seemed a Judas kiss—a kiss of betrayal. A faint moan, such as a wounded animal struck by a careless hand might have given, fell on Katherine's ear and grieved without melting

her. The suffering seemed so exaggerated, as well as so misapplied, while there were plenty of nearer troubles to grieve over which Christabel was bringing on herself, that she could not pity it as perhaps it deserved to be pitied. She felt like a block of ice, and had an instinct that the delayed confidence had better not come at this moment, for she could be cruel towards a confession of love-folly to-day.

Finding no response, Christabel turned from the easel and began to pace up and down the room. Katherine's rejection of her caress startled her. During the past anxious days, while hour by hour she had been expecting news of her husband, and finding instead a strange baffling silence growing round her, Katherine's presence in the house had given her a certain comfort, and it had not occurred to her as a very important matter that her own conduct should remain unexplained so long. She was only waiting, and at any moment the necessity for silence might end. He would come back to her, or the answer she was expecting to her letters would be put into her hands, and would sanction her sharing the joy it would give her with Katherine. Intense, overwhelming anxiety had blotted out her remorse for her conduct to her sister, and she had been turning in her agony to thoughts of the old love as the one solid bit of ground left for her existence to rest upon. The action that denied her the touch of Katherine's cheek was as the crumbling of the universe round her—a crack of doom. She could not get her thoughts coherently enough even to complain or remonstrate aloud. Katherine would not kiss her; Katherine, like everything else, was vanishing from her into the darkness thickening round her hour by hour. Was it Air Throne in which she was walking—was that her easel at which Katherine sat with the drawing upon it, she began to trace, surely not so long ago, when *he* stood by, applauding her devices?

Whenever Christabel's back was

turned, Katherine looked up wistfully from her work and watched her till she reached the end of the room, but she avoided seeing her face, and looked down on the board whenever Christabel's eyes were on her. It was one of those terrible duels of silence which people who love each other very much fight sometimes to the infinite wounding of their own souls. If they speak, they know they must utter words of reproach that can never afterwards be forgotten—for what reproach is so keen as the reproach of intimate love—or throw themselves with entire abandonment on each other's hearts. Unready for either course, a dumb, awful suffering holds them in suspense, building up a wall between them that each moment seems more insurmountable. If it had not been for those intertwined C-Ms, and R-As before her eyes, Katherine would have given in, but the sight of them as they revealed themselves again and again in every curve of the pattern she was tracing, steeled her heart and warned her away from speech. Contempt for the infatuation that had found pleasure in expressing itself so aimlessly, would have forced itself out if she had allowed words to come.

It grew too dark to draw while the cruel silence lasted, and Katherine, glad to escape what was becoming intolerable, pushed away the easel, and, taking down her bonnet and cloak from the wall, got ready to go out. She had long had it in her mind to visit David MacVie, whom she had not seen since her return, and now a half-formed resolution to take him into her confidence and consult him about her fears, gave a new interest to her project. Christabel stood still and watched Katherine's preparations in a frightened silence. To her highly-wrought mood it seemed that if Katherine went out without speaking to her, it would be a sign that she was irrevocably offended and would never love her again as she used to do. She had no doubt discovered all her deceit and weakness, and found it quite con-

temptible, quite unpardonable, as perhaps he too did when, in absence, he saw it in its true colours. When Katherine's hand was on the door, she started forward, and laid hold of her dress to keep her back.

"Don't go!" she cried. "Oh, Katherine, I want you. It is getting dark; I want you to stay at home."

The voice sounded sharp and fretful, like the voice of a spoilt child, and Katherine felt really annoyed, and for the first time ashamed of her sister.

"I have been waiting for nearly an hour for you to begin to speak to me," she said, coldly, "and now I really must go out, and you had better keep what you have got to say till I come back, when we shall both be in a better mood for it, perhaps. It is absolutely necessary for one of us to work. If you won't rouse yourself and attend to the ordinary affairs of life I must."

Christabel stood for a moment looking intently in Katherine's face, and then throwing the dress she held from her with a gesture which Katherine took for anger, but which was in reality despair, she turned her back upon her, flung herself in the chair by the easel and hid her face. She had read contempt in Katherine's eyes, and she felt all was over for her. If Katherine despised her; if the love that had hitherto been indulgence itself to her, condemned her, then there was indeed nothing more to hope from any one else.

Katherine lingered a while, and then went out. She had been used to say that it was quite impossible for herself and Christabel to quarrel, and this old boast came back with a sharp sting into her mind during her solitary walk. She felt, that to people who loved each other as they two had loved, small beginnings of discord, a rejected kiss, or a delayed confidence, were more deadly injuries to affection than taunts and reproaches where the bond had been less perfect. Could such things, between such lovers as they, having once occurred, be ever so

completely forgotten—as that the former fearless trust could be restored. Remorse soon drove out the short-lived anger, yet Katherine did not hasten back to the house. On the contrary, she lengthened out the small pieces of business she had determined on carrying through, and when she reached David's shop, long after dark, and found him out, she asked permission to wait in the little back sitting-room till his return. It was a new thing to her to linger abroad, because she dreaded what awaited her at home, and a reluctance to go back unprepared for what she might have to hear, grew upon her, as she sat listening to the clocks in the little room Christabel used to describe so gaily a year ago. She felt half afraid that Christabel might take her long absence for a sign of resentment. Yet she could not make up her mind to go away without giving herself the chance of hearing something from David that would enlighten her perplexities.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHRISTABEL.

CHRISTABEL did not uncover her face for long after Katherine left the room. She heard the door close behind her, and listening to her footsteps along the passage and down the creaking attic stairs, each step hurt her as if it had been made upon her heart; and her heart responded to it with a dull throb of yearning after something that was receding from her to a great, great distance. She had said to herself, when she covered her eyes, that she would never meet that look of contempt in Katherine's again—never, it would kill her. Since the dawn of self-consciousness she had been used to think of herself in accordance with Katherine's thought of her, to see herself clothed in Katherine's love and good opinion; and now contempt from her seemed to make life impossible. Before the echo of Katherine's last footstep had died on her ear, she had

settled it with herself that she would not see her sister again till she could come with her husband by her side, to tell the whole truth and plead for forgiveness. He would explain and excuse their conduct to Katherine, for had he not conquered her own scruples? and was it not his business now to defend her? The long suspense and intense concentration of all her thoughts on one subject had weakened Christabel's brain; so that she could no longer think clearly, or understand the real difficulties of her position. All other considerations receded into the background before dismay at the bewildering spell of silence that seemed to have fallen upon her from the moment she returned to Saville Street—a happy bride, as she had believed herself then—parted only for a little while from her husband.

For the first week after her return, the letters sent to the address her husband had given her, were happy trustful letters, full of details of all that was happening in the West family, interspersed here and there with more personal matters, with deeper thoughts, and tenderer fancies, than she perhaps would have found courage to speak if her husband had been by her side. It was very strange and sweet to her to be opening up to him these innermost recesses of her heart and mind, which no one but Katherine had ever looked into before, and which some latent fear of meeting an irresponsible look had closed from him hitherto. Her three weeks' husband had a right to know everything about her now, and these mind-revelations so absorbed Christabel for a day or two, and so fully occupied all the time that was not needed by the Wests in their trouble, that her longing for answers to her letters did not go beyond a very bearable pain. She knew that both her letters and her husband's replies passed through an intermediate hand, and in the hurry of their parting, she had forgotten to inquire how long their transmission would take.

For a little while she had stilled her

disappointment each day by picturing the rich feast that would come by and by. But when once she began to realize the strangeness of the long silence, her anxiety for news became almost maddening. Hour by hour, minute by minute, she felt as if another atom was added to the load of dread suspense, another grain of sand thrown down on the heap of accumulated silent hours, that put the hope of ever hearing further away, and seemed to build a wall of helplessness about her. The task of writing her own daily letter, that had begun by being such a delight, changed gradually to the worst torture of all. She had made every appeal she could think of, urged every plea, implored for a word—an angry word even, rather than silence—and it had been like crying out into thick darkness, and getting back not even an echo of her own passionate entreaties. A sense of humiliation came with the repetition of this urgency. It was the first time in her life that she had begged for a word from any one, and nothing but the maddening of suspense could have brought her to plead so long as she did for notice that was withheld. At last her letters dwindled down to a word or two each day which changed in tone as, at the moment of writing, hope or dread or short-lived resentment had the upper hand in her tempest-tossed soul. And now for three days she had not written at all. A numbness, the result of intense suffering, was stealing over her, and for three days she had been flattering herself that if she kept quite quiet, if she left off questioning even with herself, or accusing her husband of unkindness in her thoughts, the explanation she was hungering for would come as the reward of her patience. They had spoken together about patient Grizell once, when she was drawing some illustrations for a volume of Chaucer's poems, and they had had an argument about the rightfulness of the wife's yielding so much to her husband's will, he having all the while (as she knew) the question of her yielding to his wish

for concealment uppermost in his mind. It had apparently been a playful word struggle, but each knew that thoughts of deepest import to them both underlay their argument, and in the end she had yielded. Perhaps with a too reluctant acquiescence to satisfy him, she thought now, and he was trying her further, preparing her, in the fashion in which Grizell was prepared, for that joyful revelation, at which he had been so fond of hinting mysteriously while they were together.

For three days Christabel had been trying to put her agony to sleep with this fancy, and when Katherine talked about their removal to Zurich, her words sounded quite idle and meaningless. She could not give her mind to such a question when perhaps the postman on his road down the street held in his hand the glad reprieve that would be the end of all care. If her husband had said to himself that he would wait to write till she had left off urging him, surely, he would think the patience of three days enough proof of submission. He never waited three days she remembered when she used to urge upon him not to call too often in Saville Street: and oh, how grateful he had once been to her for acknowledging that she had found the time long when they had missed each other on two successive mornings in her walk to her work.

The shock she received from hearing the name of Anstice spoken in mysterious tones down stairs, and from Katherine's manner of receiving her first attempt at confidence startled her from this dreaming to a sudden realization of the true facts of the case. When once she had admitted the possibility of putting an end to the suspense herself, she could not bear to let the thought go again. If he accused her when they met of taking it upon herself too soon to act against his wishes, she could make him understand what an eternity the three weeks' suspension of all intercourse had been to her. She could go back and recount to him each day's history, and show

the wound which the striking of every hour in it had made in her heart. The project that occurred to her as most likely to relieve her anxiety quickly, was to make a journey to the little northern town to which she had been told to send her letters, and to inquire at the address given her there as to whether such letters had been received and sent on, and whether any answers awaited her. She knew the place, for she had spent a day and night there with her husband, and it was at that time that he had nearly told her his secret. She forced herself now to recall the stages of their homeward journey, and calculated the probable expense of a railway ticket; and then she took out from the drawer of her writing-desk the little purse she had used on her journey. Fortunatus's purse, which her husband had filled for the last time when they parted, and she emptied the coins it contained into her lap to see if there was enough for her purpose. Yes, there was enough—more than enough. She was richer than she thought, for she had put away the purse on the evening of her return without examining it, and had not had the heart to look at it since. As she put the money back again, she calculated that she might even go on to Scotland if her first attempt at getting news failed. Yet it could not quite fail. She must surely on the spot to which her letters had gone, gather some tidings to account for the delay. Merely to question a person who was in direct communication with him, and could be made to answer her with a living voice and thus break the horrible spell of silence, seemed just then to Christabel motive enough for the journey. At the worst, it was escape from Katherine's eyes, from the agony of counting the postman's knocks through another day, while Katherine watched her coldly, and thought contemptuously of her folly.

The prospect of immediate action comforted her so much that she was able to write a coherent note to her sister, telling her where she was going,

and promising further explanation of her conduct in a day or two. And then she put up a few clothes in a hand-bag and got herself ready for the journey. She shut the attic windows while busy about her preparations, to keep out the sound of the late postman's knocks on the neighbouring street doors, for she was determined not to prepare another disappointment for herself now when all suspense would so soon be over; but just as she was leaving her room, the sound to which her ears had become abnormally sensitive, reached her. Her heart gave a great bound as usual, and she was obliged to lean against the door-post for an instant, once more startled into concentrating her entire being into an act of strained attention, into feeling as if her whole body had become a throbbing, listening ear. This time the sounds came in the succession she had imagined so often, that she could hardly believe in their reality now. A loud knock at their door; steps in the hall of some one coming to search the letter-box; a lengthened rustle as if some larger packet than usual were abstracted: and then quick footfalls mounting the stairs higher and higher—past the Land of Beulah—past Emmie's bed-room door—on to the creaking attic staircase. It was Mildie who was coming up, and Christabel, reassured and courageous, now went forward to meet her.

"Here," she said, cheerfully, "Here is the letter you have been expecting so long. See what a thick one to make up for the long delay. I am very glad it has come, for I began to think that a craze for expecting letters that were never coming had got into the house. Here is yours, at all events."

Mildie had the consideration to run away when she had fulfilled her errand, and Christabel walked back to Air-throne with the thick packet in her hand. It was too dark in the passage to read the address on the cover, and she was not in any hurry; only one person in the world would send her a thick letter like this. She was glad

to take a minute or two to rest her mind in the sweet certainty of relief, of actually holding what she had longed for in her hand, before the intense moment came of opening the cover, seeing the familiar hand-writing, and devouring his very words.

The light from the window only showed her the Thorpe Leigh postmark and an unknown hand on the cover; that she expected, for she had understood the letters were to pass through an intermediate hand, and this budget must contain the accumulation of all he had written during the past long weeks, detained in some one's careless custody. Would that some one's neglect ever be pardoned when her husband knew what it had cost her? that it had even made her now and then for a moment or two doubt his love? Christabel could afford to call it a moment or two, and to smile pityingly at herself as she lighted the lamp, and then settled herself by the table to enjoy her feast.

A number of letters fell out as she tore off the cover. She picked up one, and then another, and threw them down in a terrible sense of bewilderment. They were her own letters: some of them had evidently been read, but the greater part remained in sealed covers. When she had glanced through the first to find some mark or written word that might throw light on the mystery, she tore off the unbroken envelopes and drew forth still other and other sheets, scattering them about and searching wildly for some writing not her own, for a page that did not return her tender or entreating words mockingly to her strained eye-balls. At last she found a sheet written only on one side, in a clear, round hand, which made the words easy to decipher, while their meaning floated over her brain in a thick cloud of utter bewilderment, part of a puzzle to which as yet Christabel had found no clue.

"The lady who has been in the habit of writing to the late Lord Anstice under the name of Ralph Anstice, Esq., is requested not to send

any more letters to the Lodge, Thorpe Leigh. The inclosed, most of which reached Thorpe Leigh after the news of his lordship's lamented death had been received there, came into our hands a few days ago, and the writer is assured that so much only of their contents has been examined as was necessary for their safe return into her possession. If Miss Moore wishes for further information on any point connected with Lord Anstice's decease, or has any communication to make to his solicitors, she is to communicate with the address in London given above. A newspaper containing an account of Lord Anstice's death, and one with a notice of his interment in the mausoleum at Thorpe Leigh, will be forwarded per next post."

Christabel read this letter twice through, and then sprang to her feet again; the thought which had been prominent in her mind before she received this packet, recurred vividly. She would not accept *this* as the end of her anxiety; it was all some wild mistake, a plot to keep her and her letters from him. He could not be dead. He who had left her so full of life and strength three weeks ago. He could not be dead without her knowing it, or if—for the terrible thought knocked loud at the door of conviction, and tried hard to force itself into her mind—if he were dead—what was there left for her to do but to go and die with him? She was wasting her time there. Katherine would come back and stop her. Christabel felt as if her only chance of escape from madness lay in instant action, in giving herself a loophole for hope by saying that there was something to be ascertained yet, that this ghastly explanation which had come, could not be the true one. She would fight against believing it to the last.

She left the letters on the table and the lamp burning. Katherine might read and discover all now if she pleased, and she hurried out of the house, meeting no one on the stairs but Sidney, who remembered afterwards

that he had been startled by her white face and the gesture with which she had put him away when he tried to speak to her. The wind blowing in her face, for it was a fresh night, brought for the moment a wonderful sense of relief and returning vigour. She felt as if, in escaping from the house, she was leaving the misery of the last three weeks with this crowning agony behind her. She was going to find out the truth for herself, and there must be some alleviation in it for her, something more of him, than that blank horror which had been thrust into her face so suddenly to-night. She should see the people who knew all about him face to face, and make them tell her something else. The way she took on her walk to the railway-station was so full of recollections of him, brought back so many pictures of him strong and young and full of child-like gaiety, that every step furnished her with fresh arguments against believing him dead.

He the Lord Antisce who lay buried already in some distant mausoleum! She could almost have laughed aloud at the thought, while she walked past the lamp-post where they had talked of their first meeting, and exchanged their first look of love, she and her young artist lover. She hurried on through the dark railway-arch—so full of recollections of him—but she was obliged to pause for breath at the foot of the steps that led to the railway-station above, and as she stood still for a minute looking down the vista of the long street where they had walked together on Christmas-eve, the tinkling of a tambourine and the sound of a voice singing in the square below, reached her. Yes, there was a child dancing and singing under the trees of the square garden, just as on that evening, only now it was a little Italian boy with active bare feet and elf-locks, who sent the foreign words of a gay little song through the summer English air, giving an aspect of remoteness, so it seemed to Christabel's highly-wrought mood, to the old familiar street.

Would people dance and sing if he were dead? Christabel thought she would tell him all about this evening scene when they met; how she had stood forlornly wondering and comparing it with that other time, and how dreary and visionary it had seemed without him. Perhaps she would make a picture of it, as she had done of that other singing scene, while he stood by looking over her shoulder.

She heard when she entered the station that the night mail to the north would start in a few minutes, and she had only just time to secure a ticket and hurry on to the platform before the whistle sounded. The next minute she found herself shut into a first-class carriage, and luckily, as she thought at first, alone.

The rapid motion of the train bearing her onwards to the attainment of her object brought a sense of satisfaction at first. It sustained her for an hour or so, till London streets were left far behind, and they had emerged out of smoke and noise and squalid suburban buildings, among quiet green fields and hedgerows, and distant prospects of solitary homesteads where the summer twilight lay muffling all things in soft grey repose, a dewy dimness, that minute by minute, as the scenes flew rapidly past, deepened into the darkness of a moonless night. The thickening shadows fell with a terror and chill over Christabel's excitement, calming her down, but as if with a heavy oppressive hand laid upon her, to crush out life and hope. As the night and the solitude deepened, and the silence intensified round her, she felt as if successive veils of illusion were stripped from her mind, leaving her face to face with herself, as she had never stood before in all her life.

The bright fancies that had been her companions from childhood, and which had seemed far more real than herself or any outward objects, looked back at her for a moment with farewell yearning faces, letting her know that she was exiled from their world for ever. They had all merged them-

selves into a golden, glowing atmosphere surrounding one shape, and with the going down of that sun, they too would vanish for ever, leaving her alone, alone in the alien world of bitter hard fact; let down into bare existence to face herself there, amid terrible crushing realities, a shrinking naked self, stricken helplessly through and through with cold and despair. Katherine's love alienated and turned into contempt by conduct she could no longer explain or defend; her husband dead without having acknowledged her; herself—her life given away and lost—for bit by bit the various events and circumstances that she had seen hitherto under false halos of feeling or fancy, arranged themselves with pitiless significance, and she understood clearly what she had done, and what had happened to her. The letter which she had read twice came back with no cloud over its meaning now, no possibility of escaping the terrible certainty it brought.

She found it as impossible now to doubt that her husband was dead, as it had been impossible to believe it an hour before. She began even to think that she had known it all along, and that the utter silence and blankness that had surrounded her during the last three weeks, could not have been felt by her if he had been in the world anywhere, even keeping silence towards her. His heart would have responded to her heart; there would have been a vibration of the cords if he had been anywhere within mortal reach; nothing but his death could have made her so utterly lonely and cold. And he had gone too without leaving a word for her.—“Miss Moore”—the name in the clear hand-writing came before her eyes again as if it had been written in fire. There had been no word about her then on his death-bed, nothing to break the dead blank, the silence which had become already intolerable. She should never know if she had offended him by any word in her letters, never know if by chance there had been a thought of love for her in his mind when he died; never,

unless she could follow into the blank silence into which he had gone, and perhaps find him there, and ask him, standing face to face with him once more.

Christabel feebly wrenched herself away from the growing dangerous fascination of that thought, and tried to turn her mind to something else. What had she done in coming here? Where would she find herself, when the train stopped in the early morning? What was she travelling towards? A grave, a closed grave, a mausoleum guarded in some stately park where she should be denied a right to enter. That was all there was left to her,—a grave she could not establish her right to weep over, no, not with Katherine. She might tell her long story, but who would believe it now, perhaps not even Katherine? Had she not lost herself, and in reaching out towards a new happiness, fallen through into nothingness, nameless, and fameless, cut off from all that held her to life? The dark hours of the night passed while thoughts of this nature surged through Christabel's brain, billows and great waves of trouble going over her head, and she raised no cry for help to any Power above. She let herself drift before the dark bitter waters knowing that they were bearing her on to a purpose, to a dark descent that lay near, and which the longer she allowed herself to contemplate its proximity, grew more fascinating as promising, at least an end, a solution of all difficulties.

The first faint streak of dawn that crept chill and pale into a rainy sky, pierced her with a fresh dart of pain, stinging her into quicker thought and urgency of resolution. It must be done in the dark, if it was done at all. A step out into the dark would be so much easier, and then there would be an hour or two for the crushed body to lie still, wherever it might fall, and grow stiff and cold before stranger eyes came to look at it, or stranger hands to touch it. Christabel had never feared pain or discomfort in her life,

and that part did not trouble her. She had been used to live half out of her body in a world of dreams, unconscious of many things that would have been painful to others; and bodily suffering, the momentary bodily suffering of such a swift death, had no terror for her just then. Katherine would be sorry, but she would go back to Zurich unfettered, to the friend who valued her and sympathised with her aims; and in successful work and gratified ambition forget this summer's sorrow sooner perhaps than if *she* lived on a dead weight and perpetual reminder of failure. For herself—in another moment she should know where *he* was, and what he felt about her now. It was the only swift way of getting at a knowledge which seemed to Christabel to sum up all desire—whether he loved her yet, and how it was that he had kept silence to her at the last, and not called her, as surely he might have done, to come after him.

She moved close to the window and let down the glass. There was just light enough now to see that the train was passing between high grassy embankments, from the top of which came a faint scent of new mown hay and dying flowers. A quiet enough resting-place where she might lie perhaps unseen and untouched for hours. She turned the door handle and found it yield to her touch, and then just as she was about to take a step forward—for she intended no haste, only to walk out into the faint morning—she heard or thought she heard a voice calling her—Christabel! Christabel! It was so loud and clear, that she turned round and seeing no one, only the empty carriage, showing its emptiness clearly in the growing light, she sank back into the seat she had left, trembling from head to foot, and startled out of her dreadful purpose into another state of consciousness. Christabel! The sound came to her again, but now it was a soft whisper as of some one speaking in her ear tenderly and imploringly. The tones carried her back years and years, till

she felt as if she had got quite away from the lonely self that had so frightened her, and was again a little child called to stand by her mother's side. She felt as if she were leaning against that mother's knee, and listening to some words she had not thought about for long years, but which came back to her now as an oft-repeated saying of her mother's to her,—“Christabel, beautiful for Christ.” She could not remember whether her mother had thought her name meant this; or whether she had been in the habit of telling her it was this she meant her to be when she gave her the name Christabel,—“beautiful for Christ.” And she had not thought of it in all these years. Was it true? Was there Some One—above and beneath all—who cared for her, and was so with her every moment, underlying all her life, that the utter loneliness, the bare selfhood which had terrified her a little while ago, was only another of her illusions, an unreality which was now being stripped off, to show her at last the true secret of life which she had missed in all her dreams? The dawn kept creeping on, making visible swiftly-changing pictures of rain-gemmed grass blades, and dripping trees, and cattle in distant meadows standing up to greet the daylight, and birds stirring and piping to each other in the wet hedgerows. The morning had come, weeping and sad, but full of life and patient, still, sweetness. The night was passed and with it the dark temptation to which Christabel had so nearly yielded. She had no vivid sense of escape, and as yet no conscious remorse; she lay back in the seat not caring even to shut the door though the rain came in and drenched her dress. The power of thinking and feeling vividly seemed to have gone from her, and for a time she felt nothing but the sense of a loving presence all around her, and a glad conviction that the isolation which had almost driven her mad was all a mistake: a greater unreality than any of her former fancies. They indeed were shadows, but there was

something, some one, beyond the seen, where she, even she, a vain dreamer who had missed her way, could be at home. She need not get out of the body to seek it, for it was here.

Gradually the light as it grew stronger seemed to gather itself into a form, a face that bent over her—her mother's face—Katherine's—*his*—for a little while the likeness changed from one to another, looking at her always with eyes of love; but at last it resolved itself into a grander image, whose face, while it had a likeness to all that she had ever loved or dreamed of as beautiful or desirable, far transcended all her thoughts. All perception of outward things faded, as her inward eyes were intent on this vision, and as she went on looking, a sense of familiarity, of old and new acquaintance, blended in it and grew upon her. Not her mother, not Katherine, not him, not any one of the dream creations she had imaginatively loved for their beauty and nobleness, but a familiar Friend nevertheless, closer than any of them, who had been with her, unheeded all the time, supplying the root of her life.

"Did you not know me, my child?" the lips and eyes that were all love seemed to say to her. "You have thought the thoughts that I inspired. You have spoken my words; you set forth to fight on my side in the battle against evil, and yet you forgot me, and have often gone near to deny me, while I was standing by your side and giving you the strength to speak and think; a love which you took to be your own. Look at me now, and see if I am not better than the images that have hid me from you so far."

And then Christabel, yielding to a guiding impulse, followed herself in vision backwards through the years of her life, and behind all its struggles, prompting all its higher yearnings, she saw this love on which she had turned her back, but which had been drawing her all the time. And as she looked, the loving voice said to her softly from time to time—

"Ah, if you had only known, if you

had looked at me, how I could have helped you; how strong, how wise you might have been. You could have afforded to wait patiently for the human love, if you had known what arms were around you, and that it was on everlasting love that your life was built up."

The daylight grew stronger and stronger, and the roadside stations began to show signs of activity. Faces appeared at the carriage windows when the train stopped, and voices of this world, speaking on common topics, pierced through Christabel's vision, and brought her back to a recollection of where she was, and to the necessity of rousing herself to meet the urgent calls of the day. For a new day had begun for her, as well as for the rest of the world.

A guard came to shut the carriage door on the first stoppage after day-break, and cast an inquiring look on Christabel's white face and rain-drenched garments. And when the train waited for an hour soon afterwards, he appeared again, benevolently bringing her a cup of coffee, and asked to see her ticket.

Thus put upon the defensive, Christabel made a great effort to collect her thoughts; her eye fell on the name of the station at which they were waiting, and it appealed to her memory, and helped to steady her mind and bring her to decide on a plan of action. She recollected that she had stopped at this town on her former journey, and that it was only a few stations from the village to which she had taken her ticket; and when the guard returned for the coffee-cup at the end of an hour, she was able to question him. She ascertained that the early train stopped at the junction three miles from Thorpe Leigh, and that there was usually an omnibus to meet it.

The man seemed relieved to find her willing to talk, and at the name Thorpe Leigh grew communicative.

"Was the lady going to the Great House?" he asked, with a glance at Christabel's dress, that chanced to be a black one.

No doubt she knew all that had happened there lately. It was just a fortnight since there had been a grand funeral train at the junction she was going to get out at. Sent to meet the body of the poor young lord, drowned in Scotland, that had travelled by the up night mail from the north, to be buried in the mausoleum at Leigh. A great show it was, and plenty of mourning coaches to follow the hearse, but most of them were empty. There was no one left in the place—no relation, that was to say, to follow the corpse to the grave. It had been a great deal talked of in those parts.

Did he know the place? Christabel asked, encouraged by the interest in his face. Had he ever seen the—the gentleman whose dead body had been brought to the junction?

Well, not often; he did not know him to speak to, the man told her, but he was a native of these parts, and a cousin of his had lived in the Great House in the old lord's time, and kept the village inn at Thorpe Leigh now, a pleasant quiet little place, where folks went sometimes for their health in summer. The young lord himself was fond of stopping there, and used to tell his cousin that he felt it more home-like than the big house. Oh yes, he was well liked by those who knew him, and there were plenty of the poorer sort who were very sorry to hear of his death; but there was not any one to be called a mourner at the funeral, not any one belonging to him. It was the agent and the lawyers that had managed it all.

Luckily the guard's spare time came to an end here, before Christabel's self-control completely failed her; but when she was alone again, the picture of the stately lonely funeral did for her what her own personal sorrow had failed to do; it touched the pathetic side of her thoughts, and unsealed the fountain of tears, and she was able, for the first time since her trouble began, to weep freely. She felt weak as a child when the passion of tears

had exhausted itself, but the excitement of brain was relieved, and she could think calmly.

The one place that had any attraction for her now was this little inn at Thorpe Leigh, that he had called home-like, in whose neighbourhood they had spent a long summer's day together, and where he had nearly disclosed his secret to her. There she might hear news of him; if not of his last days, at least anecdotes of the times when he had not been all hers, which would give her a possession in them which she had often longed for. From thence she could at all events remedy the omission that had struck her just now as so pathetic; she could stand a real mourner, and weep at his grave. In taking her ticket from her purse, where she had placed it the evening before, she discovered a store of bank notes, that must have been folded away by her husband in an inside pocket on the day of their parting, and which she now perceived, with some grieved surprise, must have been designed to last her through a much longer separation than she had anticipated at the time. This discovery at all events made the gratification of her present wish easy, and determined her to write and beg Katherine to join her at Thorpe Leigh for a few weeks.

Further than that, Christabel did not feel at all disposed to look just then. Indeed, when she left the train at the junction, and got into the omnibus that was to take her to the village, nothing but the interest of recognising the scene of her last walk with her husband could have kept her up under the suffering that increased upon her as the hours passed. When she arrived at her destination, she was glad to use the plea of health-seeking, which the guard had suggested, to account for her visit to the place; for she felt so ill that her one object was to escape to her room unquestioned, and reserve the little strength that remained, to write a letter to summon Katherine to come to her.

To be continued.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY FOR WOMEN :

A REMONSTRANCE.

WHILE we are waiting and hoping for an alteration of the political laws regarding the position of women, why should we not look a little at the social laws which they themselves choose to assist in upholding, and which they might easily alter without any troublesome discussions in the House? for the alteration of these would be on the whole quite as great a boon to themselves in their daily lives, as the various other schemes of emancipation at present so much in favour. The first idea to be got rid of is, that there is any real difference in the position of a married and an unmarried woman; and I may as well observe that by women I mean persons of twenty-one years old and upwards. A woman of that age should be absolutely free; and her right to take her own course in the world should no more depend on marriage than a man's does. The ideas prevalent in society—that an unmarried woman must not go out alone, must not see her men friends unless some older or married woman is present, and heaps of little absurd regulations of that sort, are not only foolish, but cruel and degrading. Cruel, because they prevent young women from enjoying their lives when they have most energy for enjoyment, and because they make them feel the difference between themselves and their married contemporaries so much, that they are often induced to marry the first man that asks them merely to acquire the individuality that ought to belong as rightfully to womanhood as to manhood; degrading, because they assume that a young woman has neither sense nor modesty enough to ensure her being treated with respect. Those who have studied the subject affirm that celibacy

is bad for both men and women. If so, what course can be more irrational than that of putting all sorts of everyday vexations into the lives of young women in matters of personal liberty, in spite of the well-known fact that one in every three must remain single? Instead of encouraging them to occupy and amuse themselves in every way that is not wicked, so that the evils complained of may be as far as possible neutralised, what one sees is a sort of waiting attitude assumed by parents and friends, by whom, at the same time, a girl is taken about as much as possible, so that she is almost driven into thinking she ought to marry any one who asks her, and, if she cannot, is made to feel that she is somehow a failure. Do people consider what it must be to be brought up with a special aim and object, and yet one which cannot be openly and avowedly pursued like a trade or business, and then to fail? What could be more crushing? And yet how many women are made to grow up with the knowledge that their one end in life is to get married as soon as possible. Hence, to a certain extent, the business—for one can call it nothing else—that dress becomes with women. Some, of course, really have a natural craving for decking themselves out, and it may give an interest to an empty mind, but with a vast number it is an acquired taste. A girl who does not care about dress has to pretend to do so, if she does not wish to be sent to Coventry by her friends; and what with the number of restrictions imposed upon girls, it is not astonishing that at last they get really interested in the one thing considered a natural womanly taste, until

it would seem that the chief use of the female form was to show off the work of human hands ; and then people say that this, that, and the other would not do for ladies on account of their dress, as if their ridiculous and uncomfortable way of dressing was as much part of themselves as their limbs !

Women should endeavour to cultivate a greater degree of *esprit de corps*, so that those who do not marry might reap what advantages there are in remaining single. If they insisted on having the freedom that is rightfully theirs, they would find they had a good many advantages over the married, in spite of all assertions to the contrary ; and it is not at all certain that many of the evils set down to celibacy may not be due to the unsatisfactory position which unmarried women are obliged to take in social life, and the remedy for which lies very much in their own hands. In this too the supineness of married women of all ages is much to be condemned, since, if they chose, they could exercise an untold influence for good in the position of the unmarried. That the right of parents over their children ceases when they are grown up, is usually acknowledged in the case of sons, and that the same rule should be recognised in that of daughters would be a great step in advance ; as great really as the alteration of the laws relating to married women ; since women accustomed to entire personal freedom would probably look carefully before they entered into marriage, to see that they were not likely to be losers in any way.

Without actually going so far as to call women slaves, one can see in the working of their minds much that is the result of unjust restrictions on their liberty. No one so harsh as a slave in judging the faults of fellow slaves, and who is it makes the life of a woman who has made a false step a burden to her but those of her own sex, with little or no discrimination between such a case and that of a

really abandoned life ? partly, perhaps, with a view that those whose respect they wish to earn may see how impossible it would be for them ever to have done such a thing. How difficult also it is to arouse them to a sense of their own position ; and as long as an evil does not personally affect them, how little they will take a wide view, or see that a thing when just and right ought to be supported for its own sake ! Justice indeed is the faculty in which women are most deficient ; and the evil effects of this are very apparent in the way they manage children while they are young enough to be under their entire control. I will only refer to the way in which a child is often made to give up a toy without any thought as to actual proprietorship, and also to the manner in which nurses and governesses are allowed to exercise a discretion over toys and books merely from caprice, and without regard to ownership, thereby confusing ideas of justice at the very outset of life.

Boys soon attain their own liberty, and rapidly acquire a knowledge of the wrong done to another in depriving him of it, from the feeling that they would not like it themselves—a feeling at the bottom of all human justice and morality. By having money (which is property) given them absolutely as their own, boys also acquire a feeling regarding the rights of property, which grows up with them, and is very clearly reflected in the laws made by men for men. But with girls these things are confused ; they have little liberty and less experience in property, and the laws, though often undeniably unjust to them, are so in many cases from there being no one able and willing to interfere in their favour, rather than from intentionally unjust legislation on the part of men. Indeed, if women, and especially women of the educated classes, could but unite to say how wrong they thought such laws, there is hardly a man who would attempt to oppose their

alteration. Now undoubtedly, the first move in this direction is that women should be considered free agents at the outset.

Parents are often much to blame in this state of things, because instead of trying so to educate their daughters that they shall be capable of shaping their own lives, they bring them up to consider that the more they are guided by others the better; and if they do not marry they are supposed not to have any rights or opinions until their parents either die or become so old as to allow the reins to fall from their hands. But if women were brought up to feel that they and they only were responsible for their actions as men are, it would be much better for them in every way; and the object of all education should be to fit them to govern themselves, and not, as at present, to be governed by others. In answer to such views as these it is often said that if the individuality and liberty of women were recognised they would acquire tastes which, in the event of their marrying, would result in their children being neglected. How, it is difficult to see; since on the present system a mother can be out morning, noon, and night in society if she likes, and what more could she do? If her interests were more rational they could hardly be more absorbing, and the knowledge that she was looked on, not as a clothes-peg or forbidden fruit, but as a rational, responsible being, would probably be in every way an advantage.

Herbert Spencer remarks, in his *Studies of Sociology*, that "French schoolmasters coming to this country are surprised to find how much better boys behave when less governed," and, without doubt, the same good moral effect would follow the sense of personal responsibility for words and actions among women, a sense which, under the present idiotic system of what are called "Chaperones," is to a great extent superseded. When the country was in an unsettled con-

dition, before the days of policemen, and of outward law and order, it was natural that a young woman should not go out alone, as there was then real danger to be feared; but what do we suppose we are guarding girls from now at dinner-parties at each other's houses? or even at dances? If a girl does not want to dance with a man, she herself has to make her way out of it, not her chaperone, who is possibly, moreover, younger than herself. In America such a thing is never thought of, and no immorality of any sort is found to arise from the want of it. Indeed, this is probably one of the principal reasons why the system is kept up in this country, since to call a thing American is often enough to make people condemn it here. But that is hardly a reason for continuing a silly and vexatious custom, and one known to be such by many of those who obey it. Mothers must live their lives in a truly thoughtless manner, if, by the time their children are grown to womanhood, they are not fully conscious of their own incompetency to judge always rightly, even for themselves; still less absolutely to control the life of a fellow-creature. Young people would often be willing to talk things over and listen to advice if they were aware that no attempt would be made to enforce it, and thus might have the benefit of older persons' experience, if on consideration they found it worth having. But common sense and right-mindedness do not invariably come with age, and some quite young people are more fit to guide themselves than their parents ever could or would be. Suppose a young woman wishes to take up nursing as a profession, or to go into a sisterhood, it is common to hear her friends remark that she has no business to do so; that it is her duty to stop at home with her parents. Now before the world says this, it ought to give some reason to prove that any such duty is more incumbent on daughters than on sons. Whoever

heard any one say that a young man should even refrain from travelling abroad for a few years for such a reason, much less give up entering a profession? Many parents seem to consider the life-long devotion of their daughters, and the continual surrender of cherished wishes and tastes, as a mere matter of course, and, in fact, evidently see hardly any sacrifice in it. This is surely very hard and very unreasonable. That children should show the utmost respect, affection, and consideration for their parents, and that it should be a pleasure to please them, is so obviously right that it need not be touched upon here; and an anxious attention to the fancies and wishes of the old in the minor matters of life is only the natural expression of the affection and good feeling of a child. But that is a very different thing from spoiling a young life by sacrificing it to an old one, while the victim is not even acknowledged to have anything to complain of.

Mothers should remember more than they do that grown-up women, whether married or single, have a right to their own lives; and that if properly brought up their children ought to be wiser and cleverer than themselves, or else that their education has been a failure; and those who are educating their children on any system which has not this object in view are doing so on a wrong principle. The very last object people should have in this matter is to see a second edition of themselves in their children. Their aim should be to give them minds capable of thinking and judging for themselves; which will never be done till the individuality of every woman is recognised in a very different way from what it is a present. As time goes on, the proportion of women who will be able to marry among the upper classes will probably be smaller than it now is, if the present social habits and customs continue. Girls who at the death of their parents

will have some two or three hundred a year, instead of being taught while young how to be content with that sum, remain in their father's house, sharing in the large expenditure of the family, and in the hope and expectation that they should marry an eldest son if possible, or at any rate some man with a much larger income than their own. Now as the number of girls with very little property of their own is naturally much beyond that of men with incomes which they would consider enough to live comfortably on, the girls almost insensibly try to appear to be whatever they think will be most acceptable to the men they meet, instead of displaying their real characters—and this is not a good basis for a life-long companionship.

If, on the contrary, people were actuated by feelings of justice with regard to their daughters, they ought to give them the same allowance when they come of age that they are prepared to do on their marriage; and if they prefer to live with their parents, let the cost of keeping them be deducted. By this means young women would not be in the senseless position with regard to the value and meaning of money and an income that too many are in. If parents cannot afford to give their daughters enough to live upon, they surely ought to feel as much ashamed of bringing them up without an occupation by which they may gain a livelihood, as they would feel at pursuing such a course with their sons. That they should say, "It does not matter, since they are sure to marry," is really what few who have thought about the subject would like to remark; for marriage as a means of livelihood has been called by a very ugly name; and however we may dislike it, it is perfectly true. As long as nearly forty per cent¹ of the upper classes of

¹ The actual percentage of women who cannot marry is said to be 30 per cent, but as among the lower classes every man almost

women are in excess of the men, so long will selection of husbands be out of the question; but if girls were allowed to have an independent position, and were not looked on as the property of their families, then those who did not happen to meet a man whom they cared to marry, would remain single instead of marrying one unsuited to them, merely to acquire a sort of partial liberty. Work of any kind is not degrading; and even work that brings a woman into contact with those below her in the social scale would be a smaller source of unhappiness than an objectless existence for the best half of a life, followed by a descent from a position of affluence such as many are accustomed to in their father's house, to one of poverty, after habits of idleness have been formed rendering work of any sort an impossibility. That fathers and mothers should like to have their daughters round them when they are grown up, making the house pleasant and lively, is natural and obvious. That, however, does not prevent its being the acme of selfishness, and a great wrong to the daughters, unless the parents can afford to leave their children in a position like that to which they have been accustomed—and unless the daughters themselves should prefer to remain at home. People should be much more alive than they are to the fact that their children are their fellow-creatures and equals, and have a right to follow their own course in life, and that the only life a person has a right to plan out is his or her own. In olden times there was, as I have already remarked, a certain *quid pro quo* in parents keeping their daughters at home; for what with wars and the lawless state of the country, they were much safer and better off in the house of their male relatives than they could have been elsewhere, and in return it was fair that

marries, it brings it to a much higher rate among the upper, and this article concerns them only.

they should observe the rules which such relatives made for them. Nowadays the same obedience is exacted, but nothing offered in return, since the life and property of every one is safe and respected, and it is therefore a monstrous piece of tyranny that one whole class of the community should be kept under the power of another. And that it does no good is palpable, since it is certain that young women whose parents have died, and who go on living by themselves, are in no way more likely to misconduct themselves than those kept in subjection by the strictest of parents.

Another point well worthy of remark is the manner in which people treat their female servants. It is an understood thing that no maid-servant ever goes out without special permission, the idea evidently being that if they did so they would cease to be respectable. The absurdity of such a course is so apparent that one wonders that it can have been carried on so long, and that people do not consider that by making domestic service disagreeable, they only get a class of servants who are unable to obtain any more congenial occupation. When the servants' work is done, and they are certain of not being wanted for a time, they ought to be able to go out if they please—very young girls perhaps excepted, as some go to service when almost children—since a woman who cannot be trusted to go out for an hour or two is certainly not a fit inmate for any respectable house. Householders have surely no more right than other employers to interfere with the disposal of their workpeople's spare time, and so far from the moral effect being good, it has precisely the opposite result, since it produces a craving for change and excitement, a certain amount of which is inherent in human nature; and by closing the legitimate outlets for this, they are compelled to seek it in other ways not by any means so desirable. The argument that

employers have a right to regulate all their servants do, because they live in their house, does not meet the case, for no one who has men-servants would refuse to give them an hour or two in the day for going out, though they must know perfectly well that the time is invariably spent in smoking and drinking, if not in betting as well.

When will the world begin to see that the talk about protecting women is literally talk and nothing more? One of the favourite arguments against the Women's Suffrage is that they would perhaps be present at very rough and unpleasant scenes. Till it has been tried, who can tell whether, if women were present, much of the roughness and unpleasantness might not disappear? At any rate it would be better to make laws for the preservation of order, or to enforce the law already existing, which enacts that an election is void where the electors are unable to come to the poll from intimidation. If we are so anxious to protect the weak, let us see that assaults on women, and more particularly on children, are punished in a manner more adequate to the injury inflicted, and that a girl be considered a child until she is at least sixteen. Let us see that a woman's property is hers absolutely, whether married or single, and that a mother's right to her children is equal to a father's. Let us take care that all such professions as doctors, lawyers, &c., are open to all, since if they are unfit for women, they will fail in them, and no harm can be done; but do not let us try and exalt ourselves at the expense of others, in the belief that we are protecting them, for that is persecution, not protection.

One would almost suppose that parents and employers were of opinion that women had no sense of morality of their own at all, from the way they try to restrain their liberties. Cannot women at any rate see what they are doing by not joining to put down such restraints? And what is really at the

bottom of them? Far from a just or complimentary estimate of women as a body; and I am not at all sure that the way in which women are expected to be more punctual and careful in their religious duties than men, does not contain a covert insult also. Let them think it over.

The idea that women are the property of their male relations is an invariable rule among savage nations, and though to a certain extent in civilized countries they are recognised by law as free, a sort of survival of the old savage feeling still seems to cling to people's minds on this subject; but it cannot be defended on any proper logical grounds, and if women would but unite to show that they feel it wrong and shameful in every way, it would probably soon die out. It is no use to wait till all this is put before them by men; women themselves are in a great measure to blame for the present state of things; and to get a different view taken of their position lies very much in their own hands, and is probably the first step towards less unjust laws about them. Women are far too much afraid of what others may say or think. They do not like to go to a theatre or concert alone, in case people should think it odd; but if every one did it there would be nothing odd about it. They will hardly go out to walk by themselves in London, in case any one should speak to them, which is not very likely if they are quietly dressed and don't stare at every one they meet;—and here also, if all did it, the danger would be still further lessened.

Women should see that the more boldly the respectable part of society comes forward the more the vicious portion will be driven into a corner! Indeed it is not vice that the majority are afraid of, because they don't care what their men friends do, nor what life a woman really leads as long as her husband says nothing.

Surely it is time that these wearying vexations were given up. They put

those who have their living to make at a great disadvantage, they debar those who are better off from many innocent recreations, and they make the very rich even more frivolous and idle than they would otherwise be. All women should combine to do boldly what suits them; should not allow themselves to be put to inconvenience without any good reason; and should see that much in the present system of their lives shows a great want of self-respect. Above all they should not be afraid of shadows, since that which is morally right and good cannot be unfit to be practised.

How can men be expected to aid heartily in removing the political disabilities of women while they themselves, by their mode of treating their daughters and each other, appear to show that they consider them unfit to have the smallest particle of personal liberty? Let them see the thing in this its true light. Let women begin by showing the world that they at least consider themselves and each other rational beings, and not "perpetual infants," and then they may, with even greater force than at present, demand the just rights given by property and citizenship.

FLORENCE W. HARBERTON.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

I.

I HAVE been engaged for ten years in teaching history at one of our great universities. The period has been critical in our academical development. The studies of Cambridge have in this time become more wide and various than ever before, and among other new disciplines that of history has acquired influence and organisation. Not only do many students now devote almost their whole time to this study, struggling for historical honours with the ambition which twenty years ago no subjects but mathematics and classics could inspire, but—what interests me still more—there has formed itself among the graduates, and in the teaching class of the University, a group of specialists, small as yet, but full of ardour, and steadily increasing in number, whose lives are devoted to historical study in the most comprehensive sense of the word. They move in no rut, and are cramped by no limitations; they wrestle freely with the question—What is the object of history, and what is its method? How ought it to be studied, and how ought it to be taught?

These papers will present some of the more general views about the study and teaching of history which have been reached by one of these specialists. They will have at once a scientific and an educational bearing. They will be

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addressed in the first instance neither to the general reader nor to the pure scientific theorist, but rather to those engaged in the higher education—those who inquire practically what place history is to fill in our national culture, and how the teaching of it as already established in schools and universities, and also in literature, may be made more reasonable and more useful.

Two broad movements are now observable in the historical world. One aims at making history accessible and readable, the other aims at giving it the exactness of a science. I can most easily explain my own view by making some observations upon these two movements in turn. Let us look first at the great effort that has been made to popularise history and bring it within the reach of all the world. We have all heard how the romances of Walter Scott brought history home to people who would never have looked into the ponderous volumes of professed historians, and many of us confess to ourselves that there are large historical periods which would be utterly unknown to us but for some story either of the great romancer or one of his innumerable imitators. Writers, as well as readers, of history were awakened by Scott to what seemed to them the new discovery that the great personages of history were after all men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves. Hence in all later

historical literature there is visible the effort to make history more personal, more dramatic than it had been before. We can hardly read the interesting *Life of Lord Macaulay* without perceiving that the most popular historical work of modern times owes its origin in a great measure to the *Waverley Novels*. Macaulay grew up in a world of novels; his conversation with his sisters was so steeped in reminiscences of the novels they had read together as to be unintelligible to those who wanted the clue. His youth and early manhood witnessed the appearance of the *Waverley Novels* themselves. Year after year he saw history made the fashion by this fascinating pen, and historical persons, Louis XI. or the Stuart kings, made as *real*—for this is the phrase we commonly use—as only imaginary persons, Achilles or Lear or Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe, had ever been to the majority of mankind before. Macaulay tells us himself that in his rambles about the streets of London his brain was commonly busy in composing imaginary conversations among historical persons; these conversations, he says, were like those in the *Waverley Novels*. Thus trained, he became naturally possessed by the idea which is expressed over and over again in his essays, and which at last he realised with such wonderful success, the idea that it was quite possible to make history as interesting as romance. There is perhaps something a little odd, when we think of it, in the notion that what is real may, by proper skill in the handling, be brought home to us as much as if it were imaginary. Novelists had before been praised for the magic skill with which they had made fiction look like truth. In a bookish age there was room for a magician who should reverse this feat, and charm mankind equally by making truth look like fiction.

Macaulay is only the most famous of a large group of writers who have been possessed with the same idea.

As Scott founded the historical romance, he may be said to have founded the romantic history. And to this day it is an established popular opinion that this is the true way of writing history, only that few writers have genius enough for it. The characters, it is thought, should start into life at the historian's touch. His descriptions, it is thought, cannot be too vivid, nor his narrative too exciting. As the object of a book is to be read, it is clear, so runs the popular argument, that the best book is that which is most readable. It is inconceivable to the popular mind that a man should write a book which it is difficult to read, when he might have written a delightful and fascinating one. A historical work therefore written in these days, if it is only as interesting as histories used to be before the days of Scott and Macaulay, or if it is at all difficult to read, is popularly regarded as missing its mark. It is taken for granted that the writer meant it to be like a romance, only he wanted imagination; of course he did not mean it to be tough reading, only he was stupid, and had not the talent of explaining things clearly. In like manner I have observed that many teachers of history take it for granted that the problem before them is how to present history in a form which shall be attractive to their pupils, how to appeal to their imaginations. They say that they find some parts of history leave their pupils cold, but others visibly take hold of them, fix their attention, kindle the eye, and make the breath come quick; and they infer, as a matter of course, that these interesting parts should be selected for teaching, and the uninteresting parts passed over.

Now this popular opinion is plausible enough, particularly when we consider how history first began, and what its object was for many ages supposed and assumed to be. Is it not the function of Clio to keep alive the memory of famous deeds? and is she

not a Muse? Evidently then she must speak to the great world, and with the sound of a trumpet. It is not her part to plod along the ground in creeping prose; her sphere is the open sky, and she moves upon the wings of poetry. There is much reason in this; and it is most right and desirable that there should always be historians of the type of Macaulay. Noble deeds should be told in splendid language; great events should pass before us in swelling and stately narrative. Nay, even the historical romance perhaps has its place, though that is more doubtful. The element of falsity that will creep in where pleasure, rather than truth, is the object, is here admitted too freely; in critical times like these the mature taste rebels against flights of imagination which in Shakspeare's time, when all history was but a proud tradition, were natural. But boys and girls at any rate need not be grudged their historical romance, and one would pity the boy that had not read *Ivanhoe*, in spite of its historical blunders.

On the other hand it must be urged against this kind of history that very few subjects or periods are worthy of it. Once or twice there have appeared glorious characters whose perfection no eloquence can exaggerate; once or twice national events have arranged themselves like a drama, or risen to the elevation of an epic poem. But the average of history is not like this; it is indeed much more ordinary and monotonous than is commonly supposed. The serious student of history has to submit to a disenchantment like that which the experience of life brings to the imaginative youth. As life is not much like romance, so history when it is studied in original documents looks very unlike the conventional representation of it which historians have accustomed us to. It is much more uniform and ruled by routine; there is less in it both of virtue and vice, of extraordinary wisdom or insane folly, than is

supposed. You are at first disposed to ask yourself what can be the use of mastering a mass of detail at once so intricate and so dull; you do not recognise there the splendid things, nor yet the interesting things, which historians profess to have discovered. Where they saw an act of heroic virtue, you find only an ordinary piece of official routine; the crime which they denounced in tragic tones turns out, when you understand the point of view of the accused person, to have been a perfectly natural action. And where some great event has happened, a nation gloriously emancipated, or falling ignominiously, you do not find the proportion you expected between the events themselves, and the actors in them. This man, whom posterity execrates as the author of a nation's ruin, turns out to have been a very respectable and intelligent person; that admired liberator or worshipped triumphator you find to have been wholly uninteresting. In short you find the maxim that "historical personages were men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves" to be for most practical purposes untrue.

What is perhaps more annoying still, you find that on many of the questions which it would be most interesting to decide, no conclusion whatever is attainable. In the way of making history as interesting as romance, there is not only the obstacle that the persons and events very often turn out on examination to have been actually uninteresting, but also another obstacle. The romancer is never troubled by want of knowledge; he knows everything, all the family relations, all the intimate thoughts of his personages. Whatever the reader wants to know, he can tell him; he can supply whatever is necessary to create a complete and satisfying impression on the reader's imagination. But the historian knows very little. Of the real facts, of the lives of his personages, only a

contemptibly small fragment has been preserved. No doubt, if his imagination be strong, he will piece together the information he has, and instinctively shape for himself some theory which will combine them all; but if his judgment be as strong as his imagination, he will hold very cheap these conjectural combinations, and will steadfastly bear in mind that, as a historian, he is concerned with facts, and not with possibilities.

I cannot but think that the splendid success of Macaulay and some others in making history interesting has done a mischief which it is now very difficult to repair. It has spoiled the public taste, and in the natural course this corruption has reacted upon the writers of history. It has given currency to a notion that the seriousness of the old historic style is as much out of date as the old stage-coach. In a sense this is true; no one would complain of Macaulay for laughing as he does at "the dignity of history," if he had in view only the solemn diplomatic airs of the old school, and the etiquette which forbade them to use plain words, or speak of plain things. But an impression has been produced that he has laid down a royal road to historical knowledge, and it is therefore necessary to say once again that there are no royal roads to knowledge. We must all of us know well enough of what heavy stuff history is made; acts of parliament, budgets and taxation, currency, labyrinthine details of legislation and administration; topics, in short, which become the most tiresome in the world as soon as they have passed from the order of the day. Nevertheless we imagine that since Macaulay's time it has become possible to deal with all these ponderous matters in a satisfactory manner, and yet never inflict on the reader the most passing sensation of effort or fatigue. He shall be put in possession of all that he can need to know, and yet be troubled with no tiresome statistics or bewildering

details. To him, by some magic, parliamentary debates shall be always lively, officials always men of strongly-marked, interesting character. There shall be nothing to remind him of the blue-book or the law-book, nothing common or prosaic; but he shall sit as in a theatre and gaze at splendid scenery and costume. He shall never be called upon to study or to judge, but only to imagine and enjoy. His reflexions, as he reads, shall be precisely those of the novel-reader; he shall ask—Is this character well drawn? is it really amusing? is the interest of the story well sustained, and does it rise properly towards the close? The final result is that to the general public no distinction remains between history and fiction. That the history is true and well-authenticated, that the proper authorities have been consulted as a matter of course, they make no doubt. All such matters they leave to the historian, whom they assume to understand his business, and they feel particularly obliged to him for not troubling them with details about them. History in short is deprived of any, even the most distant association with science, and takes up its place definitively as a department of *belles lettres*.

Now it is very difficult for the historian to resist the corrupting influence of such a public opinion, especially where he is not able to appeal from public opinion to the opinion of the learned. There are cases where he can do this, and others where he cannot. Mr. Grote, for instance, could take his own austere course in tranquillity, for the judgment on his work lay entirely in the hands of the learned. But in other cases such an appeal is scarcely possible. For there are whole periods of history which, in England at least, it is no one's special business to study and understand. On the French Revolution, for instance, there may be individuals who are deeply informed, but there is no class of specialists answering to those who,

in Greek and Roman history, are always prepared to pass an authoritative judgment on new works. Here on the whole the learned circles will be as little able to form an opinion as the general public. They will know whether a book amuses them, whether they find they can read it through, but beyond this nothing. Accordingly, in these periods, uneducated opinion reigns supreme, and dictates how history shall be written. And confiding in Macaulay's principle, that history may be made as interesting as romance, it imperiously demands an interesting plot that shall keep curiosity always awake, characters well marked and skilfully contrasted, an easy flow of narrative, making the knottiest matters of legislation and finance as easy as the A B C, and most of all a reasonable number of amusing anecdotes. It does not trouble itself to consider that the truth of history may possibly not admit of all this. Macaulay is thought to have settled that question, and to have shown that everything in history is interesting and romantic if you have only the eye to see it. Henceforth every official gentleman must be a hero, and every romantic popular legend is to be regarded, not as an exaggeration, but as either true, or falling short of the truth. The imagination will submit to no more disappointments; everything henceforth shall be vivid, interesting, delightful. Henceforth, if the historian finds it his painful duty to break idols, to sweep away gorgeous illusions, and restore the prosaic truth in all its tiresome dryness and intricacy where poetry had reigned before, he is far enough from being praised for conscientiousness, or pronounced to have done the proper work of a historian, who is a servant of truth. On the contrary, he is thought to be a dull fellow, and to want the magic pen of Macaulay.

This means in plain words that the public want, and insist upon having, falsehood in history rather than truth.

For what is this literary magic, when it is analysed? There are, no doubt, different varieties of it. It may produce tawdry and vulgar pictures, or noble and delicate ones. But it is essentially the gift of the poet or ballad-singer, and when applied to historical facts its natural effect is to transform them into fables. Where the reality was exceptional and glorious it is no doubt natural that such an idealised version of it should come into existence, and we can even imagine that such a rendering may convey the reality to the popular mind better than an exact chronicle would. But this is only so in one case out of a hundred. To require that history in general should be subjected to this literary magic is simply to insist that it shall be adulterated, corrupted, falsified. The magic so used becomes indeed a black art. Made a mere servant of popular wilfulness, it goes to work in a vulgar mechanical manner, and simply practises a certain number of easy literary tricks. The trick of an exciting style is in fact a very easy one. Some one said to Goethe, "Your business, poet, is to touch a feeling heart!" But the poet's answer was unexpected. "*Ah those feeling hearts!*" said Goethe, "*any bungler can touch them!*" And, indeed, however it may be in poetry, to make history interesting and exciting you have only to follow a few simple rules. All that is necessary is systematic exaggeration and occasional falsification. Public affairs naturally proceed, and ought to proceed, in a manner not at all romantic. They are governed, and ought to be governed, by a ponderous routine, by a close adherence to precedent in action, and to conventional phraseology in speech, which is most wearisome to read of. Let the historian then boldly alter all this. Let him dress up state papers and diplomatic notes in poetic diction. Let him exhibit grave statesmen as animated by the wild passions of Othello and Lear. Let him produce

them before us, not sitting before papers at a desk, but posing and declaiming with majestic gesture. Men love, we know, to hear of virtue and vice, particularly in extreme degrees. Let all the personages then be recognisably good or bad, and let the good people be covered with incessant panegyric, and the bad ones assailed with continual lofty denunciations. By simple devices like these, familiar to every one who can use a pen, and demanding no genius at all, the reader's attention may be kept constantly awake. It will be necessary at the same time carefully to omit whatever is at all intricate and difficult to follow, however important it may be. Nor must the reader be perplexed with proofs; it is results that are amusing, not processes. Still less can he be left uncertain about anything, and in order that his imagination may be well filled out and satiated, all gaps in the story must be closed with conjecture, or if good evidence is wanting bad evidence must be made to serve the turn. In this way it is not only possible, but most easy to make history exceedingly like romance, and in precisely the same degree unlike history. But then at the expense of truth it is not desirable. Romantic or readable histories may diffuse a certain knowledge of historical names, characters, and scenes, but can any one think that they convey solid instruction? Nay, what is instructive in history is precisely that which it is difficult to read, that which cannot be understood without an effort, and this is what the readable history omits. Meanwhile, what it counts upon for its charm is of the nature of adulteration. It derives a false brilliancy from those unreal, sentimental, high-flown fancies which, when they are introduced into the politics of our own time, instantly excite suspicion and contempt.

But if it should be granted, as perhaps it must, that we cannot quite dispense with what are called readable histories, it is quite another question

whether there is not a kind of history wholly different from this which does not aim, even by the most legitimate methods, at instructing the million. History may originally have been created to satisfy a popular craving, and to give immortality to great deeds. But it does not follow that this is the only, or the principal object of history now. In fact, the old primitive half-poetic sort of history has long ago suffered transformation; it had given place to another kind, dissimilar both in object and style, when Macaulay, taking a step rather backward than forward, re-introduced it among us. This other kind of history is not poetic but scientific, at least in its general aim and tendency. Its aim is not to give pleasure or confer fame, but to throw light on the course of human affairs. It collects and carefully verifies facts in order to draw conclusions from them. These conclusions were for a long time vague enough, and at best rather practical than scientific; they were adapted rather to afford a useful help to the politician than material to the philosophic speculator. But as in other departments of knowledge, as the fund of facts accumulated, and scientific method became more easy to handle, the prospect opened of turning useful knowledge into actual science, and the phrases, philosophy of history, science of history, &c., came more and more into use. We have here the other movement I spoke of, which is directly opposite to that of which I have taken Macaulay as the representative. That tended to make history popular and to diffuse it, but this has a manifest tendency to withdraw it altogether from general literature and shut it up in the schools. If in Macaulay's hands history resembled a romance, and seemed almost to strive to become a ballad, this other view, if it could be entirely realised, would turn history into a technical scientific treatise, repulsive, and perhaps wholly unintelligible, to the public. It so

happened that this tendency also found a conspicuous representative among us. Mr. Buckle succeeded in flashing it upon the public mind in such a way that an idea not in itself popular, was at once popularly understood, and his book made a greater hit than had been made by any history since Macaulay's.

It was well that the two tendencies should be brought into sharp contrast, and that it should be understood how radically hostile they are to each other. In our older school this hostility is latent; the historians of the eighteenth century never seem to know clearly whether they are philosophers or poets, whether they want to discover laws, or to excite feelings. Gibbon always speaks of himself as "the philosopher," yet the perpetual bombast of his style shows that his mind was not in a purely scientific frame. He reminds us of those early philosophers who propounded their systems in hexameter verse. But now that the two sorts of history are clearly distinguished, every historian should make up his mind whether he means to write poetry or prose. Does he want to solve problems and throw light on general laws, or does he want to fill the ears of men with a glorious tale? If he elects the former course he must understand that he renounces the large universal audience, and that he has no title to the rich, coloured, fascinating style. For it is not generally by fascinating books that the scientific knowledge of the world is augmented. Anxious care in the weighing of evidence, full statement of evidence that the reader may be in a position to judge for himself, conscientious precision and discrimination that nothing may be overstated—how is all this to be reconciled with the qualities that make the charm of a popular book? The books accordingly which have advanced science most have had scarcely any readers outside the schools. Newton's *Principia* has never, that I hear, been a favourite

with the public. Even the *Wealth of Nations*, though it has often and justly been called interesting, would have no charm for a mind which had not already become interested in economic phenomena. And in history itself we may be sure that those works which are most pervaded with exact investigation, such as Niebuhr, Thirlwall, and Grote, would never have been widely read if our classical system of education had not prepared an audience for them.

I need hardly say that it is as a department of science rather than as a branch of poetry that we study history at Cambridge. It is indeed only in this shape that history can be included among the studies of a university. The modern historian works at the same task as Aristotle in his *Politics*, as Hobbes, Locke, and Montesquieu. But what the old speculators attempted with very small material, having before them only a scanty collection of historical facts, and these sadly unsifted and lost in a mass of legend and exaggeration, is undertaken in this age with better hope, because we have the benefit of the critical labours of many generations of scholars, and of the general improvement of scientific methods. And the ultimate goal towards which we press stands very visibly before us. We believe that the multitude of loose opinions about matters social and political which have been already formed, mainly by reasonings of a historical character, loose notions about liberty, about the province of government, about legislation and finance, about the stages of national and universal development, the relation of politics to religion, civilisation, and culture, and many similar subjects, may be made by further historical study greatly more precise and authoritative. On many of these questions we perceive already a good degree of agreement among thoughtful men. We believe that this *consensus* may be made much more complete, so that in time we may

possess a body of doctrine similar to that which has been already formed in political economy. This body of doctrine at last, reduced to formal propositions, may be introduced into education, at least to the extent that political economy has been. And thus on a large number of questions of the greatest importance, definite principles generally acknowledged, may take the place of rhetorical commonplaces recklessly flung about by party orators; and these definite principles may be held so firmly by all educated men that the denial or ignorance of them may be accounted a mark of incompetence.

I have named Mr. Buckle as the writer who first succeeded in bringing home this view of history to the public mind, and have professed myself to concur with him in regarding history as concerned with general laws. But so much agreement is consistent with a great deal of disagreement. And I can define my own position very conveniently by stating—not so much my opinion about history, as how the field of work I mark off for myself in history differs from that covered by Mr. Buckle's book. That book had indeed somewhat more success with the public than with students. It was much talked of, and opened a new view to the public, but it had perhaps no great effect on the course of speculation. It is not now very often referred to. But besides this it had the peculiarity that it scarcely dealt at all with political matter. History has always been for the most part concerned with *states*, their rise, development and organisation, and it might be expected therefore that the science of history would be principally concerned with *states*. This accordingly was the character of the old Greek attempts to form a science of history. They consisted partly of investigations into the abstract idea and definition of the state, partly of classifications of the states then open to observation. Similar in the main was the course of modern speculation in the seventeenth and

eighteenth centuries, Hobbes, Harington, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, all alike investigated the nature of the civic tie. The science which they more or less dimly saw lying at the bottom of history was a political science, concerned with states, governments, and laws. Now Mr. Buckle took a different view. When he surveyed the whole collection of phenomena furnished by history, he was not chiefly struck by those which were political. It appeared to him that historians had been misled in attaching so much importance to states and governments. He professed to introduce a reform into history by turning its attention to a different class of facts. He ridiculed the diligence with which the proceedings of kings, ministers, and governments had been chronicled, and affirmed that the really important and decisive agencies in human affairs were of a different kind. Man's lot, according to him, is mainly determined by his relation to the physical world around him, and by the conception he is led to form of the order of nature, by food, by climate, by superstition, and science. Accordingly the main business of history should be with these relations and conceptions, and not with those governments which, professing to control everything, have in reality little influence, and that for the most part mischievous.

Now historians had always acknowledged the necessity of looking occasionally beyond the state. It had been their practice to make occasional pauses in their political narrative, in order, when a convenient opportunity occurred, to collect, in a kind of miscellany, a number of phenomena of a different kind. After every seven or eight chapters of politics they offered a single chapter on manners and customs, laws, religion, education, and literature. The reform proposed by Mr. Buckle would have had the effect of altering this proportion. These occasional chapters would have become more

numerous, they would have been more methodically arranged, and more carefully prepared, and by the side of them the political chapters would have dwindled in importance and interest.

The principal importance of this suggestion lay, I think, in its displaying the mixed nature of the material of which history had hitherto been composed. We might agree or disagree with Mr. Buckle in holding that the political part of history was less important than another part which had hitherto been neglected, but it was true at any rate that history did consist of two dissimilar parts very slightly connected with each other. It was true that historians did find themselves obliged at intervals to pause in an awkward manner in order not to leave behind a mass of facts with which they felt themselves to be somehow concerned, though they scarcely knew what to do with them. In most countries the most imposing single object is the government, so that it might easily be supposed that a chronicle of affairs affecting the government, a biography, as it were, of the government, was equivalent to a history of the country. But after all it is not so. A nation is not merely a state. It is not only a governed community. It is also an industrial community, a church, a tribe or enlarged clan—to mention only some of the many aspects in which it may be considered. Accordingly when the affairs of its government have been described, it still remains to describe the nation in these other aspects, and after the properly political phenomena come phenomena of several other kinds, economical, ecclesiastical, educational, and so forth. And whether or no these are more important than the political phenomena, there can be no doubt that they are of great importance, and fully deserve the most thorough treatment they can receive.

But then, so do the political phenomena. No rational man can seriously deny the great part which has

been played in human affairs by the institution of government. Mr. Buckle wavers between two views, sometimes declaring it insignificant, at other times pernicious. If it were really insignificant, that would be a reason for paying little regard to it, but its being pernicious is no ground for leaving it unstudied, provided it is important. And so the conclusion we are led to is that the political phenomena should not be studied less, but the social phenomena more. And this involves an alteration in the method of historical writing. "Manners and customs," so-called, instead of having a larger number of chapters in our histories, should have histories to themselves. The child is grown up; should it then have a larger share in the house? No, but it should have a house of its own.

And that means that it should have no place at all in the original house. In other words, the political historian should cease to insert those general surveys of literature, science, and everything else imaginable, of which we have read so many. He should do so because these subjects deserve to be seriously treated, and it is impossible for him, with the political history on his hands, to treat them seriously. Nothing, in fact, can be more miserably, often more ludicrously, unsatisfactory than these occasional chapters, which historians have not yet ceased to think it their duty to insert. One wonders what purpose they can be intended to serve, or to what class of readers they can be addressed. On political history the writer speaks with authority, but this authority he has acquired by close and concentrated study, which has of itself disqualified him from speaking on the thousand and one subjects which are lightly dismissed in these occasional chapters. Philosophy, theology, literature, art, science, are only a few of these subjects, and on each of them no one can without years of study speak an authoritative word. I listen to the

historian of the Elizabethan age, when he speaks of the trial of Mary, the diplomacy of Elizabeth, or the fortunes of the Spanish Armada; but I do not want his opinion on Spenser's versification, or Bacon's claim to the title of a philosophic discoverer. He may review Shakspeare's historical plays; they deal with political matter; it lies within his province to consider how that age regarded the past; but I am not anxious to know whether he prefers *Lear* as a tragedy to the *Agamemnon*, or the English drama to the French; whether he is a classicist or a romanticist. Let writers deal with what they understand. Historical writing is infested more than any department of serious literature with superficial and unnecessary dogmatism on subjects which lie outside the historian's studies.

Now the student of human affairs can select whichever field he prefers. He may, if he will, neglect political history, and take up some of those subjects which Mr. Buckle would substitute for it, and which have since received so much extension. He may become an anthropologist or sociologist. On the other hand he may take the very opposite course, and attach himself to political history more consciously and more exclusively than historians used formerly to do. He must certainly, I think, if he would throw any new light upon the subject, renounce the old fashion of treating all kinds of heterogeneous subjects at once. But he may still place in the front those political phenomena to which the old school of historians gave precedence. Among the various phenomena of human life he may select the single phenomenon of government for his investigations. He may analyse the phenomenon itself; he may also classify the varieties of it presented by history. Considering universal history as a vast collection of specimens of the governed community or state, he may make it a principal task to

arrange these specimens under genera and species. This will be his descriptive politics. By the side of this he will place a sort of political physiology, and beyond both will come a science of the mutual relations of states.

The fewness of attainable specimens of states and the difficulty of procuring precise information about them, will always give such a political science a different superficial appearance to most other sciences. It will always be compelled to deal much in long narratives, and the task of authenticating the facts will always be disproportionately heavy. A student who has this plan in his mind will produce works superficially not unlike the histories of the old school. He will write narratives of public or governmental affairs. But a definite scientific object will be apparent in them. They will not deviate into ornate description, or be tricked out with literary eloquence; on the other hand they will not avoid difficult and technical discussions. Rather, since the state itself is their subject, and not great men or stirring deeds, nor even the life of the people, they will give peculiar prominence to everything relating to organisation. Individuals will fall somewhat into the background, and the state itself will become the hero. The first question will always be, How is the state constituted, to what class of states does it belong, at what stage of its development does it stand, and how do the events of the time affect its organisation? History, thus regarded, may be defined as the biography of states.

Now I think this is the way of handling history which it is practically most desirable to adopt in universities, and, as far as possible, in schools, and for this reason, that to study history so is to study politics at the same time. Nothing seems to me more prodigious or more ominous than that a nation which, like this, claims the most unlimited right of self-government, should entirely neglect

to educate itself in politics. It is very magnanimous, no doubt, that every individual among us should claim his share, as a free man, in determining the policy of the nation; but it is senseless that men should put forward such a pretension and yet never think it necessary to prepare themselves for the exercise of the powers they claim. The study of politics answers to liberty as the duty to the right. Now to study politics is neither more nor less than to study history in the manner I have indicated. If by history we understand, not as in past times a particular sort of eloquent writing but a serious scientific investigation, and then again consider it not as mere anthropology or sociology, but as a science of states, then the study of history is absolutely the study of politics. And then this study, existing already in schools and universities, may be so handled as to become in time that national education in politics which is among the leading wants of the time.

Such is my vision of the future of historical study in England. I see it made on the one hand scientific by the careful definition of its subject-matter, and on the other hand in the highest degree practical by being brought into the closest connexion with politics. Hitherto the study has been neither properly scientific nor properly practical. How few among our politicians have seriously based their politics upon a reasoned historical philosophy; how few among our historians have made their way through the jungle of learned research to definite scientific conclusions!

But my experience as a teacher has made me aware of certain obstacles which the student has to surmount before he can in this way bring his politics and his history together and fuse them into one practical philosophy. The nature of these obstacles, and the way to remove them, I shall consider in some future papers.

J. R. SEELEY.

To be continued.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UP THE MOUNTAIN.

MADAME DE FLORIMEL was not a person who could take her pleasure silently, even when it was enjoyment of such scenery as two or three hours steady ascent from La Roquette brought her into. She had made the journey every summer since her husband's death left her free to indulge herself in the English luxury of spending a few weeks of each year from home, but none the less was she full of astonishment and exclamation, and eager for sympathy when a turn in the road brought a yet higher snow-capped peak in sight, or disclosed another aspect of the diminishing valleys and plains they were leaving behind them. The two pre-occupied irresponsible faces on the opposite side of the carriage began before very long to act as a great hindrance to her satisfaction, and when the last glimpse of La Roquette lying like a sparkling emerald gem amid its dwarfed grey olive-clad hills, which Madame de Florimel never failed to greet with a shout of welcome, called out no more than a languid remark from Lady Rivers and Alma, she could bear the situation no longer. Her respect for Wynyard's supposed disappointment yielded to her own urgent need of companionship, and after their stoppage for the mid-day meal and rest, she contrived through one pretext or another to keep him and his horse constantly close to the carriage for the rest of the day. She was continually discovering some want or inventing some fear that he only was capable of dealing with. Wynyard was in a mood to welcome this early opportunity of testing his power of being thoroughly

at ease and unconcerned in Alma's company. He had been a good deal disgusted with himself for feeling so much emotion as her sudden appearance at La Roquette—two afternoons ago—had called out. It vexed him to have to remember that the mere vision of her face had been enough, for a few hours at least, to overthrow the train of thought and feeling he had been so carefully building up during the last three months. Now that a day's and night's sober reflection had restored his equilibrium, he had a proud sense of self-conquest in being able to chat quite easily with Madame de Florimel about La Roquette affairs, while she was listening—undisturbed except by an occasional wonder as to what *she* thought of his coolness—or by a passing consciousness that the face opposite Madame de Florimel wore the softened dejected expression which of all its other beautiful looks had been the dearest to him in the old days. If Horace Kirkman's promised bride was in a sentimental mood, thinking perhaps of her delightful bridegroom, was there any need for him to concern himself about it; unless it were to be thankful for the complete restoration to sanity that made it a matter of so much indifference to him that he did not glance at the bowed head and drooping lips a second time. To prevent the temptation to look again, from mere curiosity to ascertain if his first impression was correct, Wynyard spurred his horse up a steep cut of mountain path, that zig-zagged above the carriage road, gathered a spray of wild quince blossom and put it in his coat. When Madame de Florimel called him to her side by and by, he made her admire its waxy pink and white blooms, and its fresh wild

beauty. A flag of the spring he called it, strong, and fair, and choice—a spring face without a shade of guile in it—they were following the spring up the mountains, he said, and might for once in their lives, have a portion of the season's lights, and scents and sounds twice over, each day the facsimile of another day they had already enjoyed down below.

When they had arrived at their night quarters, a modest wayside village inn, Wynyard deserted the evening meal for a walk among the hills, which he prolonged till the last flash of the sunset had faded on the snow-peaks; and though he came back with his arms full of mountain plants for Madame de Florimel to botanise, he did not linger more than a minute or two in the tiny parlour where Alma was seated before a tinkling piano, singing old-fashioned English songs as Madame de Florimel called for them. He went off to smoke a pipe and talk politics with some peasants and poor travellers who had congregated round a wood-fire, and were eating garlicky-soup, and drinking wine in the kitchen beyond. He grew really interested in their talk, and cross-questioned them eagerly, trying hard to make out something of a picture from their solitary lives in the mountains, and so get a coherent notion of their ways of thinking. Yet all the time, between the questions and answers, high notes of Alma's voice reached him across the dividing space bringing well remembered tones and words to his ear. "Douglas, Douglas!"—Was it a new tone of pleading, a new tenderness in the voice? or only the old powerful charm, a little more thrilling now because unheard so long.

When his companions deserted him at last, and he had to take his candle and retire to a wide, draughty bedroom at the top of the house, he made up his mind that the peasant's talk had roused him a good deal more than might have been expected. He was so far from any inclination towards sleep that he unpacked

his writing-case and determined to utilize this unexpected activity of brain by working up his evening's experiences into an article for the journal he was accustomed to write for. He fancied himself just now in the right frame of mind for the production of one of the semi-philosophical, semi-descriptive essays that had made his name as a writer already fairly well-known; but when he had taken his pen, and the surging thoughts began to arrange themselves a little, the words that rose first did not take the course he had intended. He wrote on and on, correcting, changing, pacing up and down in the excitement of composition till the first streak of rose-light dawned on the mountain-peak opposite his window, and it was clearly no use to go to bed at all. But his night's work when completed at last was not by any means what he had intended it to be when he sat down—a dissertation on French peasant-life in the Basses Alpes, and French peasant politics. It was a poem that had grown up under his pen, as little as possible related to any thing that had happened or that he had been thinking about during the day; except perhaps that its music had to his ear as he read it over for the last time, a ring here and there of the sweet rising and falling notes he had caught through the discord of the kitchen noises. It was a sea-poem, and represented the conflict in the mind of a young sailor to whom the syrens are singing while his boat is nearing the sunny, white-sanded bay where his home, and his love are awaiting him. On one side of the boat stretches the many-coloured changeful sea, whose mystery entices and fascinates the sailor's eyes to look backwards, earnestly as he strives to fix them on the steady, reposeful prospect in front. Moment by moment the boat nears the shore with every stroke of his oar upon the water, while the voices behind him, singing in chorus, wax sadder and sweeter in their appeal-

ing cry. Will he plunge in, and resolve for ever the enigma that has tempted and haunted him from the first hour when he put to sea—or will he, with a last vigorous stroke, climb the one wave that holds him back from the cheerful daylight and the restful green land? The poem would not end with anything but the question; and after a trial or two, Wynyard was content to leave it there. It was the best thing, the nearest approach to what he could allow himself to call poetry that he had ever written, he thought; and yet, when, just as he had critically come to this conclusion, a sunbeam darted through his uncurtained window, and lit up the disorder of the table at which he had been writing, a sudden disgust seized him, and he was glad to huddle all the papers out of sight into his writing-case, and turn to the prospect of emerging white mountain-tops, and rolling mist-wreaths that his casement disclosed. His night's work seemed feverish and unreal as he gazed on, and as the solemn, steadfast mountain shapes, one behind another, dawned on his sight in the advancing daylight. The inhabitants of the little farm-inn were astir as soon as the sun was fully risen, and from his post of observation Wynyard recognised one after another of his last night's acquaintance setting forth to the work of the day; sensible people, who had slept well, and who were coming out now, with free healthy minds and bodies and single hearts, to earn another untroubled night's repose in the strong, cool, mountain air. He would have done better, he thought, to write prose about them, than verse about syrens, or perhaps it would have been better still not to have written at all; for who was he to set forth his hasty notions about these simple, inarticulate lives, that were lived in the presence of such a nature as this, and whose patient round of toil and endurance possibly soared very far beyond his conception? It would be best, since

the sensible night's rest was no longer attainable, to make as much of the sunrise for once as they did every day, and try if the keen morning breezes on those upland pastures would not help him to sensible, straightforward views of his own life. There it was, remote enough from syrens, if one could see it so—very straightly mapped out by circumstances and character—his work, and the aims he had long ago set before himself—not unworthy ones, surely—and for nearer interests the Saville Street household; gentle little sweet-hearted Emmie West, whom he quite hated himself for not thinking about with more tenderness in her sorrow just now. He made a hasty morning toilette while he was battling with thoughts like these, and then left the house, following in the wake of the last set of workers he had watched from his window—a party of children leading a flock of goats by a steep rocky path to an upland pasture in the hollow of the hill.

Some three hours later, Alma, from her window, which commanded the same prospect as his, saw him returning to the house, followed by two or three of the farm-house children, and carrying their basket of mushrooms for them down the hill, and she augured badly for herself from the expression of his face. She had been used to read it like an open book, and she felt sure that he had been making some resolutions adverse to her aims on that mountain walk from which he was returning so gaily. A moment's discouragement bowed her head, and then she raised it again, proud and joyful. Of course—of course—how could she even for a moment have so misread the signs? What need would there be to make resolutions, and why should he avoid her, if he did not care for her still? It would have been unlike him to show mere dislike or anger in that way. She could imagine the sort of contemptuous kindness he would have shown her if he had arrived at

despising her only, and anything short of such contempt she told herself she could and would bear and conquer. Once convinced, as she believed she now might be, that he loved her still, she would not be daunted by avoidance — she would have courage to read the signs rightly, and trust that occasion would favour her with some golden opportunity for explanation, which she promised herself not to lose.

How natural it seemed to be, watching him, and feeling him her own! How familiar all the characteristic gestures were, and how dear! How could she ever have dreamed that any one would rejoice in them but herself? It was not mere physical gifts, such as any one might have, she was admiring, as she watched his quick, firm step on the mountain path. Horace Kirkman would have returned from a mountain climb as fresh and vigorous, but the peasant children would not have been clustering round him; he would not have stooped down just where the flinty watercourse intersected the path to hoist that little bare-footed three-years-old urchin on his shoulder. It would not have been Horace Kirkman's instinct to turn back and hold the gate of the farmyard open for the white-capped old woman, bending under her load of firewood, to pass through. Neither would he have found anything to say to the three Savoyards, grandfather, father, and son, who were lingering about the inn-door for the chance of exchanging a morning greeting with the stranger who had talked with them so pleasantly last night. Alma half smiled to herself as she pictured the dumb, sulky dignity of demeanour that would have hedged in her late admirer from such advances, to say nothing of the sense of injury he would have felt if any one had supposed him capable of carrying on a conversation in two or three different *patois*. Yes, indeed, it required more than a surface polish, more than one or two generations of

good manners, to acquire the simple, gracious frankness that won its way with every grade and age alike, and opened all minds as with a golden key. A royal nature, formed to shine in high places and govern men, Alma called it now, not discerning, subtle-minded as she was in probing other people's doubtings, how much her point of view had changed with her secret knowledge, nor choosing to remember how jealous she had been of this very same facility when it had been Wynyard Anstice, the briefless barrister who outraged conventionalities royally, and chose his intimates irrespective of their value in society.

The start was later than Madame de Florimel would have liked if she had been alone, but Alma had won her heart last night by her singing, and she was disposed to be gracious towards her fellow-travellers. It was a morning of steady climbing, following the curves of the magnificent road that winds up the first range of the Maritime Alps, with rocky white cliffs, rent and torn into innumerable clefts towering above, and sheer depths of precipice yawning beneath. There was little opportunity for the party to separate, and some real excuse for Madame de Florimel's nervousness, as the leading horse in their team was ill-broken. An hour or two after the start, this horse took fright at the sudden appearance, round a sharp curve in the road, of a baggage-waggon, with an escort of blue-coated soldiers, and it could not be quieted or persuaded to pass the object of its terror, till Wynyard got off his own horse and led it forward, coaxing it with hand and voice into good behaviour. There was a moment of very real danger when the terrified animals plunged and threw their freight almost over the edge of the precipice, so that the far depths below, where a river gleamed and tinkled became visible to the occupants of the carriage in a flash of distinctness that was very trying to their nerves. Alma was the only one of the ladies who showed

decent presence of mind on the occasion. As soon as she saw Wynyard preparing to dismount, she called to him to throw the reins to her, and by and by, taking advantage of a minute's quiet, she sprang from the carriage and took charge of the saddle-horse, leading it under the cliff out of the way of the turmoil while the difficult passage with the refractory team was accomplished. This was an affair of some moments. The baggage-waggon jangled far down the road, was lost behind one curve, and emerged on another, and Alma had the scene to herself for long enough to be awed by the lonely grandeur of the heights above and depths below before Wynyard returned to relieve her of the charge of his horse, and thank her for her service and praise her courage.

His first words after such an escape and in such a scene were naturally more friendly than any that had passed between them hitherto, but when they had turned to walk towards the carriage an embarrassed silence fell. It however rather gratified than disconcerted Alma to perceive that her moody companion studiously avoided looking at her, turning his head to stare at the black spot far down the white road, which was all that was now visible of the waggon, or following the flight of a bird along the side of the cliff with his eyes rather than let them meet hers. He must no doubt be thinking, as she was, of former occasions when they had been alone on a hill-side together, in those happy Isle-of-Wight days, when Constance and young Lawrence were so apt to stroll out of sight, and a tendency to dissolve into pairs had marked all their walking parties. If she did speak, she felt it must be about an earlier, less self-conscious stage of their intimacy, and at last, just as they came in sight of the waiting carriage, she found her voice.

"It was well," she said, as lightly and confidently as she could make herself speak, "that you taught me how

to speak to a horse long ago. Don't you remember that I took my first riding lessons from you and Frank, the second Christmas holidays you spent at South Lodge with us, when you and I broke quite out of bounds one day, and followed the hounds through a whole delightful morning without any one ever being the wiser?"

He did not look at her till she had finished speaking, but when their eyes met at last she was startled by the anger in his. "How dare you put me in mind of those times, being what you are?" they seemed to ask. "How can you have the effrontery to court such recollections now?" She felt herself growing pale under the pain the steady look gave her, and then blushing violently, lest words she could never forget should actually be spoken. It was a relief to her when he turned away without speaking, and prepared to mount his horse.

"You had better hasten on to the carriage," he said coldly, when his foot was in the stirrup. "I must mount here. They are waiting for you, and we have lost a great deal of time already."

When they were again *en route*, and Madame de Florimel had leisure to notice how pale Alma was, and how her knees trembled long after she was seated in the carriage, she was much impressed with admiration for the self-control she had previously put upon herself, and did not know how to praise or pity her enough. "It had, indeed, been a tremendous effort," she insisted, and Alma was a heroine who had shown the true English force of character in a moment of danger. "Where would you find a French girl who would have been worth anything when the management of a refractory horse was in question? or who would have volunteered to be left alone with a strange animal on a solitary road?" She had quite a fit of English enthusiasm on the subject of Alma's courage; and when Wynyard came alongside of the carriage, which was not for an hour or two, she could

not refrain from magnifying it to him, by relating and dwelling upon the distressing after-effects which Alma's unheard-of exertions had brought upon her.

Wynyard, by that time, was equal to the task of expressing as much polite sympathy and anxiety for Miss Rivers's recovery as *Madame de Florimel* required of him; and Alma, through all the pain of hearing him speak of her and to her, as if she had been an ordinary travelling acquaintance about whom he was conventionally concerned, felt satisfied that a step in the direction of her own wishes had been taken in what seemed at first sight so adverse to them. She need not fear another such rebuff; it was something that had to come, and was now over, a necessary step taken, preparing the way for the explanation that was to be given by and by. And now the security he would feel in having so plainly put a stop to conversation on old times, and prescribed a footing of acquaintanceship instead of their former intimacy, would make it easier to slide into ordinary talk on topics of the present. How much she could make of that, Alma knew, even if she did not reckon, as she believed she might, knowing the pitiful heart she had to deal with, on a little compunction stealing in, now that he was made aware of the pain his anger had given her. Any way, she thought it was something got over, a step towards her end.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON REVIENT TOUJOURS.

THE succeeding days verified Alma's hope of greater freedom of intercourse being established between the different members of the travelling party who had set out in so much constraint, and with so many painful feelings to hold them apart. References to old times were rigidly avoided, and old intimacy tacitly ignored; but daily and hourly intercourse soothed down restraint and cured painful consciousness, until

a quiet friendly footing prevailed among them all which Alma was very careful not to overstep. It served her even better than she had expected. Wynyard no longer avoided speaking to her or looking at her; and as he was a person whose small coin in conversation soon came to an end, it was inevitable that in the course of hours spent in such solitudes as they were travelling through, topics should be touched upon, or allusions called forth which, in spite of the most carefully-preserved appearance of recent acquaintanceship, revealed sympathies in thought or recollection such as strangers could not possibly have had. Wynyard might keep studiously the slightest reference to former times out of his talk, but he could not hinder Alma from understanding a half-expressed thought of his more quickly than any one who did not know his mind through and through, would have understood it; or prevent her being able to supply a forgotten name in a Provençal legend which they had once read out of the same book. It was hardly surprising, as the days passed on, that the conversations as they arose between those two grew more and more engrossing, for they had the unusual charm of a mutually-felt, carefully-avoided memory,—a pearl of secret knowledge, and intimate understanding gleaming up through the waters of ordinary talk, alluring the speakers moment by moment to dive down and bring it to the surface. No wonder that lines from Wynyard's syren song kept recurring to his mind, or that a vague discontent with himself mingled with a growing reluctance to anticipate the end of the journey. He would once or twice have broken away from the party if he could have done so without assigning any reason; but they had got into a district remote from railways, with few and recognised resting-places, and it was difficult to separate without an appearance of quarrel which he was anxious to avoid.

The middle of the fourth day's journey was to bring the party to St. Julien, the first place where they expected to find letters awaiting them, and their final stage before they reached Madame de Florimel's destination. This last was Château Arnaud, an old residence belonging to the De Florimel family, part of which had long since been degraded into a farmhouse and inn, while a few rooms were still preserved with the old furniture in readiness for occasional visits from its owners. In Count de Florimel's lifetime such visits had been very rare, and seldom extended beyond a day or two. But Madame had conceived a liking for the place, and was not without ambition of introducing into the management of the property, something of the English vigour that was bearing such good fruits at La Roquette. If only another Joseph Marie and a Madelon might be found to carry out her views at St. Arnaud with the same zeal and discretion that was shown at La Roquette, Madame felt sure there would be everything to hope for the place. "And precisely the newly married pair." Madame wondered she had not thought of this before—that she had ever dreamed of another lot for Madelon. How had it not occurred to her from the first! The marriage of last week had evidently been made for no other purpose than to provide two managers precisely after her own mind for her property at Château Arnaud—Antoine and Madelon! Here was the place made; and next year she might have English strawberries growing on the slopes above the château, and Alderney cows in the farmyard.

All through the morning hours of their last day's journey Madame de Florimel kept Wynyard engaged in a brisk argument as to whether or not this brilliant idea should be carried out. Whether Antoine and Madelon should not be transported from their native place to reign as intendant

and his wife over Madame's property in the mountains. Wynyard really did not know why he objected, or why he should grow absolutely cross when Madame put aside all the objections he raised against her scheme. It was nothing to him, and there was no excuse for his growing eloquent against the iniquity of any one's being bribed to leave La Roquette who could live there in peace and tranquillity; he only understood that there was an actual pain in his mind which coloured his words and gave them another meaning besides that which referred to Antoine and Madelon's affairs. Was it for himself that he was regretting the peaceful atmosphere of the place, and some pure influence he had felt there, which was slipping away?

It was the last morning, and Alma kept herself quite out of the conversation, sitting back, her eyes fixed on the receding snowy heights, and with an unwonted expression of uneasiness and dejection in her attitude and countenance. Her clasped hands lay uselessly in her lap; her eyes, though they turned always to the receding prospects, seemed to see nothing; her lips trembled every now and then as if she were struggling to keep back tears. Why should his exaggerated praise of La Roquette vex her; or was it that at all, or something else, that troubled her and kept her silent? Or again, what did it matter to him? Wynyard asked himself. This was the last morning. That beloved, hated, bewitching, repelling face, with its haunting sadnesses and inscrutable lights and shadows, would never be so before him again, that he should be compelled to study it and wonder over its changes. It was the last of that sort of pain he need ever have, for he was quite determined to stay only one night at Château Arnaud, where the Riverses were to remain a fortnight. He might reasonably plead long-neglected business as an excuse for hurrying away as soon as opportunity offered. The next

news that would reach him of Alma Rivers would be the announcement of her marriage in the *Times* newspaper some late summer morning towards the close of the season when everybody was getting married. Kirkman—Rivers; the lines of small print seemed to float between him and her beautiful sorrowful face, and were reason enough for his thinking he ought not to look so much at it; though they afforded no apparent excuse for his throwing so much animosity into his arguments against Antoine's and Madelon's promotion. Alma heard the excited talk about a matter incomprehensible to her, and it helped to depress her; but it was not the cause of her sadness. It came to her muffled, through a crowd of anxious and regretful thoughts which made that last morning to her also full of bitterness. At Dimes they were to call at the post-office for letters. Madame de Florimel had ordered hers to be sent there from La Roquette, and Wynyard had mentioned incidentally last night that he had given that address to his London correspondent, and expected a budget of letters and papers.

The forenoon was stealing away and they were going down-hill rapidly. None of those excuses for getting out to walk or sketch that had occurred while they were ascending could be found now, and no one this morning seemed to be paying any attention to the scenery, magnificent as it was. Lady Rivers on her side of the carriage and Ward on the box were nodding comfortably through a great part of the morning, and Wynyard and Madame de Florimel were quarrelling. Alma, if she observed anything, saw only in the changing scene around some other existence into which she longed to escape. The eagle that rose from crag to crag, and mounted in ever-ascending spirals into the wide blue—the rough-haired little shepherdess who paused half way up a green slope to look down into the carriage,—yes, and even that bent figure

of a poor Cagot-woman who, harnessed like a horse to a rude covered cart, dragged her children and her belongings with horrible toil up the steep,—awoke in her equally a vague longing to escape, to lose herself in any one of those lives, anywhere, so that she might avoid the defeat and shame she saw before her, the regrets whose bitterness she believed in another hour or two she should taste in full measure.

At the foot of the long descent the road wound through a ravine with a sheer cliff on one side, and on the other a river opaline with melting ice from the mountain-streams that fed it, and reflecting gems of colour from the flowery borders. Here there was hardly room for a horse to ride abreast with the carriage, and Madame de Florimel consented to a plan of Wynyard's that he should ride quickly forward to Dimes, which was a few miles out of the direct road to Château Arnaud, get any letters that might be awaiting them at the post-office, and meet them at a wayside resting-place where they could take their noon-day meal, and start for Château Arnaud with a shorter journey before them.

What a hurry he was in to get his letters Alma thought, as she watched him urge his horse to a gallop as soon as he had gained a little distance from the carriage. He would have time enough to read them before she saw him again, and to open any newspapers that might be awaiting him, and take in all the immense change in his prospects that could not fail to be made known to him now through one source or another. Crises of that kind act suddenly, and news of social elevation is apt to look familiar when it is an hour old. It would be Earl Anstice who met her, when next her eyes fell on that receding figure, and she should know in an instant that she had lost her aim, been defeated in the game for which she had played with a false die, the thought of which would shame her, and shame her uselessly all the rest of her life.

Ah! fate had been hard upon her, very hard. She had only asked for one little half-hour alone with her lover, for he was her lover still, she was sure of that; only demanded one little rift to be made for her in the thin wall of ceremony that divided them, and she could have done all the rest herself. She could have said words that could now never be said, but which, spoken half an hour ago, would have secured the happiness of two lives.

"Oh the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!"

Ah! how bitter it was—how bitter it was to be baffled, for want of the opportunity to whisper one word!

Alma had time to indulge in these regrets without interruption when the party left the carriage; for the farmhouse at which they baited the horses proved too uninviting to tempt the ladies to enter, and Madame de Florimel organized a little encampment in a meadow by the river. For Alma withdrew herself a few paces from the others, on pretext of getting a better view of the head of the ravine for a sketch, and was virtually alone for an hour or so when the meal was over. A person disciplined by much experience of sorrow would hardly have kept such bitter, self-regarding thoughts in the presence of the scene Alma was sketching. The grandeur and the calm would have rebuked the self-pity into peace. But Alma was not a disciplined character in any sense. She had never yet faced even as a possibility the thought of not getting what she really desired in the end. She had hesitated between ambitions and likings, but she had never hitherto believed in disappointment as a possible condition for herself, and now that its shadow was falling on her, she rebelled fiercely against submission. There was no side of her mind that would admit the thought of denial. The lofty mountain peaks before her eyes, snow-capped, or bare

and rugged, that meekly bore the brunt of the storms, and sent the fruitful rain down their barren sides, to enrich the valleys at their feet; the river rippling past, from which the flowers and reeds on its banks were stealing their life every minute, the glad mild air, the wealth of rich colour, had no parable of self-renunciation to unfold to her for she could not read their language. Their gladness and calm only struck her as a bitter contrast to the unrest and discontent of which her soul was full. Why should nature be glad and she sorrowful? Why should the earth have its spring, flowers bloom, and birds sing, if youthful hearts were to go unsatisfied, and the spring time of a life be darkened with disappointment. As the outline of her drawing grew and she began to wash in the delicate first colour, Alma had by force of self-pity cleared herself of any sense of blame. She managed to forget her own half-heartedness in the first days of Wynyard's poverty, and even arrived at almost persuading herself that she had never seriously thought of becoming Horace Kirkman's wife. The tragedy of so true a love as hers being crossed, such a perfect happiness as she might have had being lost through a train of trivial mischances, was the only side of the question she would allow herself to look at. Wynyard's return took her by surprise at last. She had been listening for horse hoofs along the road, but he had alighted at a further gate of the farm-yard, and hearing of their whereabouts came to the river-side on foot. He approached her first from behind, and held down a letter which she took without looking up—yet something in his voice reassured her—there was no change in that at all events.

"Your father's handwriting, I think," he said. "You will be glad of news."

Alma put the letter down on her knee, and went on with her drawing.

"Will you not open it?" he said

after a while, still keeping his place behind her chair. "Are you not going to tell Madame de Florimel and me how Miss West bore her journey, and how she found her friends in Saville Street?"

"Not now," said Alma; "mamma is sleeping after her coffee, and I cannot rouse her to hear a letter read aloud. It will be all about poor Uncle West's funeral, and had better be kept till to-night, when the journey will be over, and she has a prospect of rest before her."

Alma fancied she heard an impatient sigh as Wynyard turned away from her to Madame de Florimel. Had he really expected her to give him news of Emmie West, she wondered, with the first pang of jealousy that had ever troubled her? Could he have heard that news and be thinking of Emmie West? In a few minutes she raised her head from her drawing, and ventured on a scrutinizing look at his face to see if she could detect traces of unusual emotion on it. He had thrown himself on the grass by Madame de Florimel's side, and was emptying his pockets of letters for her, and in another moment or two they were deep in La Roquette news; Wynyard evidently bent on making his peace with her after his fit of contradiction by attention to the details she imparted. Everything that had happened in La Roquette from the moment of Madame's departure to the hour in which Joseph Marie finished his despatch appeared to be retailed and commented upon. Alma convinced herself as she listened that Wynyard's interest in all this gossip was not altogether feigned, yet could he have endured the enumeration of the guests at somebody's wedding, and found an observation to make about every one, if such news as Alma knew of was really in his possession?

"Ah, here is a letter for you, Wynyard, from Paris, inclosed with mine. It must have arrived the very day after we started, and it seems to have

something hard inside," and Madame de Florimel held a thin letter up to the light, showing a round dark circle through the paper, and looked at it rather inquisitively. Wynyard changed countenance as he stretched out his hand to take it.

"It will keep, like all the others," he said, thrusting it into the depths of his pocket with hardly a glance at the writing outside.

"Then you have had others."

"Oh yes," wearily. "A big budget sent on from my chambers, but it looks like business, and I have been such a sinner lately, and am in such deep disgrace with my chiefs, that I will not irritate it just now. Let us keep clear of proof and printer's ink; as long as we have those snow-peaks in sight at all events. When we arrive to-night in the region of prose and prospective Alderney cows — 'Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,' it will be time enough to begin."

"But you have nothing else to do now," urged Madame de Florimel who was bent on knowing what the hard circle she had felt within the Paris letter signified. "You will be tired of doing nothing for an hour, and we shall have to wait quite as long as that still, for the *cocher* declares the horses are tired, and will not start before three o'clock. What will you do meanwhile?"

"I won't read my letters," said Wynyard laughing. "Give it up, dear Madame, for I am not to be badgered into making any such sensible use of my time here. Come now, we have been quarrelling all the morning, think of something pleasanter to order me to do in nearly the last leisure-hour we shall spend together, for how many years I wonder?"

"Make a sketch like Miss Rivers. I should be glad to have a drawing of yours to put between those two of your mother's that hang over my boudoir chimney-piece now, — you used to draw a little when you were last with me."

"A little, truly! For which performances I have just knowledge enough to blush now."

"But you ought to draw—being your mother's son."

"Ah, there has been a mistake about that, the talent I should by rights have inherited has somehow passed on to my cousin Raphael, with the artistic name my mother chose for her godson instead of her son. We used to quarrel desperately about it when we were boys, for I had always been told I was to be the artist, and I could never bring myself to allow even in the face of the clearest evidence that he could do anything that I could not. I have had to cave in since, and confess that whereas I can only criticise, he might have been an artist, if he had not been an Earl."

"Ah, that is the pity! If you and he could but have changed places. He is terribly out of place where he is now, and as you say an artist lost."

"You might take a more cheerful and complimentary view of things, and look upon me as an able lawyer; or if that is too great a stretch of imagination for a hot noon-day, at least a penny-a-liner gained; or you might congratulate me on being provided with an infallible test of friendship, by my reverse of fortune. Poor Ralph has been driven into solitude, from the dread that seized him as soon as he realized his consequence, of being absolutely hunted to death, and losing his senses among the fascinations offered for his choice. He will inevitably end by marrying a kitchen-maid to secure himself from an angel, whereas I can pick my society with perfect safety, having the rough side always presented to me, and being allowed to see the most bewitching of mortals in their true colours. As Wyatt says in his Address to Fortune—

"In hindering me, me didst thou further."

Poverty is an immense safeguard—and enlightener. I can assure you—an absolute Ithuriel's spear. By the way,

I vote we all cap-verses, and take for our subject the advantage of poverty as a test of worth—I will begin with Wyatt—

"Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekest by change to do me pain,
Men's minds yet may'st thou not so order;
For honesty if it remain
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rain."

"There! I am sure, Miss Rivers will have no difficulty in capping me with something still more to the purpose."

Alma kept her face bent over her drawing, not daring to seem to hear. Surely she did not deserve this. His heart must indeed be bitter against her, if he could thus speak on the last morning they were ever likely to spend together. If this was his way of looking at the past, she had rightly concluded that all hope of reconciliation would be over for ever when once he had heard the news that must already be in his possession, that he might now make his own at any moment.

"A little less, and what worlds away."

Her drawing was all a pretence by this time, for she dared not lift up her eyes to the landscape for fear that the tears gathering in them should overflow, and she washed in colours at random while she debated with herself whether she had courage to brave out this last hour, or whether she should resign the faint possibility of a kinder word and betake herself to her mother's side under a distant tree, where Lady Rivers was taking her noon-day sleep. There Wynyard would certainly not seek her, and when once her obnoxious presence was removed, he would perhaps take out his letters—and then—her suspense would be over at all events.

"So you will neither of you cap my verse?" Wynyard said, still in the same tone. "That's odd, I must say, when I have given you such a subject."

"Miss Rivers is busy with her drawing, don't you see?" said Madame

de Florimel blandly ; “and for me—you know my love for English poetry. I understood your Ithuriel’s spear, and think I could even repeat the passage. From Milton, is it not ? But I have not the new writers quite so readily as you have. It is not a fair challenge. You had better refresh my memory by reading something.”

How well Alma knew the worn copy of selections from Browning he drew from his pocket. It had stood on the schoolroom shelf for a year and a half between one of his visits to South Lodge and another, and as he turned it over in his hands, the very rain-stains on the purple cover, and the worn edges found voices to call to her, and put her in mind of words and thoughts, and looks of long ago that made the contrast between then and now more bitter. How reluctantly he had taken the book back that morning when she had brought it down stairs to give it to him in a fit of girlish disgust at a complacent remark on their intimacy her mother had made in her hearing. And now—did he remember all that ? or was it just a common book to him to be read indifferently with anybody ? How much of it had Emmie West heard ?—“Love’s so different with us men.” He dipped into the book here and there before making up his mind where to read, and Alma knowing its pages almost by heart as she did, could guess pretty accurately which were the poems he glanced at and rejected impatiently, “In a year.” “Two in the Campagna.” He was half-tempted to one of these she saw, and then he fluttered the leaf back almost to the beginning of the volume and began to read abruptly—

“Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft
us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote ;”

The scorn in his voice, while he was reading the first verse, and a yearning

pathos that crept into the words of the second—

“Blot out his name, then—record one lost
soul more !
One more task declined, one more footpath
untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for
angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to
God !”

were very audible to Alma, though blinding tears had come to her eyes and a rush of blood to her ears ; and all the self-control of which she was capable only sufficed to keep her intensely still, with her face as well concealed as possible by her drawing-board, while the drops that would not be kept back any longer fell slowly and washed out her colours. She would not own herself convicted by getting up till the reader’s voice ceased, but then she would escape and at least secure herself from such torture as that again.

“Life’s night begins ; let him never come
back to us.
There would be no doubt, hesitation, and
pain.”

Would it never be over ? How could a poem which treated of a wholly different matter say so much between them two ? Had he intended it when he began to read ? Had he divined her intention, and was he taking this way to warn her “not to come back to him ?” The suspicion was so intolerable that Alma felt she could not endure the rest of her life under it, and from the very excess of pain, drew courage to fight against it.

The reader’s voice ceased, having softened into a deeper pathos at the last line, and Alma did not move, not so much as to wipe the tears from the wet face. The sun would soon dry them, and when they were dried she thought she would speak. Some word to save her pride would surely come before this last opportunity of justifying herself had slipped from her for ever. Madame de Florimel was the first of

the three to break the silence. The passive character of listener to poetry she only partially understood did not please her for long together, and as her companions were silent, she grew restless.

"The sun is growing hot here, and I thought I heard Lady Rivers stirring," she said. "I will go and see how she feels disposed for an immediate start, and perhaps you will look up the driver, Wynyard, and try to persuade him to let us get away soon. I will send Ward meanwhile to help Miss Rivers to collect her drawing materials that there may be no delay when the horses are ready."

Alma relinquished all pretence at drawing when her companions' backs were turned, and covered her face from the hot sun and the sight of her tear-stained paper, with both hands. She must compose herself in a few minutes, before she was called to take her place in the carriage, and sit opposite her mother and Madame de Florimel through the long afternoon. Perhaps Wynyard would come back to carry her sketching board to the carriage. It would be only common courtesy, and let him be as angry as he might he would never neglect that; if so should she find the word she wanted. The sound of returning footsteps came much sooner than she expected, so long before she was ready to speak, that she kept her face hidden for quite a minute after she knew that Wynyard was standing in front of her, looking at her, and for all she knew at her tear-blistered drawing.

"Miss Rivers," a grave voice said, "Alma," and then she took down her hands and two pale agitated faces confronted each other. His was full of grave wonder, almost rebuke, and hers—she only guessed how piteous it was, by the compunction and pain that grew into the eyes that looked at her. "Madame de Florimel sent me to help you with your easel," Wynyard began after a minute's silence that

seemed full of speech. "But there is no hurry, let us leave it for a moment and walk along by the river. The cooler air will do you good."

Alma obeyed, but she was weak with the pent-up emotion of so many hours, and as they walked slowly by the river-path, short quivering sobs kept rising, and prevented her answering when he tried to begin a commonplace conversation to set her at ease.

"I am afraid I have hurt you," he said at last, gently, "and I ought to beg your pardon; I came back for that."

"You meant it for me—oh, Wynyard," she broke out. "You think I have done that, sold myself for a handful of silver!"

"I am sorry you so read the half-thought that was running in my mind. I ought not to have given you occasion. It was a shabby thing to do to express through another man's words what I should not have dared to say to you in my own; I beg your pardon for it. Perhaps I hardly knew what I was doing; the words got into my head as I read, I think."

"But you think it?"

"I shall not think it after this; I shall go away a repentant man, ashamed of having judged you. I had no right to conclude that you did not love where you had chosen, and I beg Mr. Horace Kirkman's pardon as well as yours. He is a happier man than I took him for."

"Oh no, no."

"Well, I must always think him so, and by and by perhaps I shall manage to do so without much grudging.—There!" holding out his hand—"let us shake hands over your engagement at last, and agree to-day that we will keep only the best recollections out of the past, and meet when we do meet, which won't be often, like old friends. I promise never to judge you again or annoy you with my peevish mortification, at any rate."

She did not like the words, but she clasped the offered hand and held it,

as a drowning man clasps a spar thrown to him amid the waves he is battling with.

"Wynyard, I must speak. I have tried to tell you before, and you would not let me; but this is perhaps the last time we shall ever talk freely together, and I cannot have you misunderstanding me all your life."

"Tell me anything you like."

"You misunderstood me just now. I do not love Horace Kirkman. I have never loved him; there is not a man in England that has less interest for me than he."

"And yet you are going to marry him."

"Oh no, no. Wynyard, such a thing would never have been thought of by any one, if you had not deserted me when I wanted you to go with me to Golden Mount last Christmas. The intimacy that has given rise to false hopes, and has lowered me in my own eyes, would never have been entered upon if you had helped me."

"Alma!" going closer to her and taking her other hand. "But how can we so have misunderstood each other? Why did you not answer my letter?"

"I have not answered it yet. You told me to question my heart, and try myself; you said you would wait an indefinite time."

"Yes, indeed; waiting would have been nothing if you had only let me know it was waiting. And now, my darling, was it really so? Has your four months' hesitation brought you really to think you can take me and the life I offered you then? May I hope for an answer—the answer I hoped for—to-day—after all?"

"After all! Wynyard!" (reproachfully) "you must not say 'after all' so often over. You must not reproach me ever with those four months. I cannot bear it, for I have been loving you all the time."

They had turned a corner in the winding-path, and were now quite out of sight of the field, sheltered by overhanging wild briars and hazel boughs,

and his answer was to draw her closer to him and kiss the trembling lips that whispered the words.

"Alma, my darling, my long-sought love—my queen, is it possible that you love me?" he repeated.

For a moment or two they stood together in a bewildering rush of joy, with the glad sunshine round them, and the river rippling an accompaniment to whispered words of love, and only the solemn-white mountain peaks for mute witnesses to their reunion. One moment of untroubled content. Alma counted that one moment, before the worm in her conscience began to make itself felt and eat into the heart of her joy.

"And you remember my letter?" Wynyard said at last, putting her a little further away that he might get a good look into her face. "You know what you are doing, and what sort of an impracticable *tête montée* you will have to put up with for a husband? You will not be regretting the Gog and Magog palace all the time, or the applause of the worthy Philistines who would have honoured you for doing well to yourself? My comfort is that you have had four long months to consider of it. And at the end you really say, do you, my darling, that 'Love is enough?'"

"And you?" said Alma. "I have told you about myself—but you? What were you doing and feeling all those four months you talk so much about? Tell me."

"Trying with all my heart and strength to forget and despise you; how successfully we won't say."

The words were spoken with a smile, and he drew her close to him again, begging her pardon in half-a-dozen different forms of self-accusation for having dared to doubt her, promising to credit her with every sort of disinterestedness and nobleness for the future. But even with his arms round her, and his loving thanks and praises in her ears, Alma felt that the moment's perfect content was over for

her. The momentary tone of contempt had recalled her to a consciousness of facts she had been trying to forget, and she felt how different this taking of him was from what he believed it to be. "Some day he will find it out, and then what will he think of you? All this praise and gratitude is not given to you, for he does not know you. It is not yours." So the irrepressible small voice began already to whisper, poisoning all the sweets of love.

Madame de Florimel's shrill voice calling for them reached their ears before Alma had brought herself to look up and speak frankly again, and she hastily drew her hands away.

"Remember," she said, "not a word, not a look to startle my mother, or awaken Madame de Florimel's curiosity, till I give you leave. My mother must be prepared."

"Surely," Wynyard said, "after waiting four months in utter darkness I can bear a few hours' more silence, but don't let it go on. I know, dear, that there is a great deal for you to do and bear yet, that we are still very far from the goal; but let me have my fair share of any fighting there may yet be to win through before we reach it. Don't put me aside again, and take all the brick-bats that may be flying about in the shape of remonstrances on your own dear head. I think I should count for something in it even with Lady Rivers, so don't let me be kept out of all knowledge of what is befalling you again."

"Only for to-night," said Alma hastily. "I must talk to mamma alone to-night. There is Madame de Florimel coming to look for us. Let us go to meet her."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LORD ANSTICE.

MADAME was not very much disturbed by the long *tête-à-tête*, nor even scandalized by the signs of recent agitation on the two faces that con-

fronted her when she turned the corner. It was all very English; she did not quite like Alma's independence of her mother, but she excused Wynyard. For a young Englishman there was, perhaps, no great indiscretion in seeking a private interview with the cousin of his lady-love when he wanted to hear news of her. In England at the present time such confidences appeared to be admissible between young people, even of a certain rank, judging from the evidence of recent novels she had read. Madame, therefore, felt herself at liberty to mark her disapprobation no further than by a slight coldness in her manner of meeting the wanderers.

During the afternoon's drive, while Wynyard kept out of the way, she glided easily into talk with Alma about Château Arnaud affairs, and being used to one-sided conversation, she was scarcely at all disconcerted by the scanty, unmeaning responses she got to her remarks. One could not expect every English girl to be as intelligent about foreign farming matters as that sensible, pretty little Emmie West had invariably shown herself to be.

Alma, on her side, found the effort of bringing out her "Yeses" and "Noes" in tolerably right order a sufficiently difficult effort, and yet she was not sorry to be obliged to make it. It had a steadying effect on the tumult of thoughts and feelings that were struggling for the upper hand in her soul. Wonder, joy, love, and threatening remorse and self-disgust. It helped her to keep herself afloat in an unreal dream of present circumstances, the only way in which she could look at them and preserve her calmness. She determined to let herself imagine just for that one afternoon that things really were with her as Wynyard was believing them to be, as he rode on and on through the dreamy, sunny May afternoon. That it was just Wynyard Anstice she had accepted for her husband; that she was going

to share a modest life with him, and that the letters he was carrying on to read leisurely at Château Arnaud contained only ordinary news about his literary work, as he thought.

At sunset the travellers passed through a little town built on the river whose borders they had skirted nearly all day, and as they entered the roughly-paved street, they met a procession of robed priests, singing hymns, and carrying wreaths of flowers to a chapel on the other side of the river, whose tinkling bell they heard summoning worshippers to some special service in honour of Mary's Month. The coachman drew up just before reaching the bridge, to avoid interfering with the *cortège*, and Wynyard rode to the side of the carriage and pointed out the chapel, half-hidden among plane trees, to which it was bound. While he spoke and looked at her, Alma realised her fancy for a moment or two as she wished. It was all so dream-like. The chanting voices, and the faint scent of the flowers borne past them, the sweet, cool rush of water among the reeds at the bank's edge, and the long, level rays of golden light on the tree tops, and on the still spaces of the fields, and on the broad reaches of the hazy river. For a moment her thoughts met his without the dividing barrier of unshared knowledge, and she forgot everything but the love and trust in his eyes, and was able to think herself his, in the fashion he believed her to be, as she had been striving to do all the afternoon. Then the carriage began to move on again, and Wynyard, left behind, got off his horse to pick up a flower that had fallen from one of the wreaths, intending to ride after the carriage and give it to Alma, but it was a May rose, and after one glance at it, he threw it back into the dust again, remounted, and rode on slowly: he had received his first pull down to earth from the height to which Alma's confession had lifted him a few hours before. It was nearly dark when they

reached Château Arnaud, and Lady Rivers, worn out with the long day's travelling, retired to her room at once, and did not reappear at the late meal. The rest of the party reassembled in one of the damp-smelling upper rooms of the house, left untouched from year to year between the brief visits of their owners. Such signs of recent preparation as were visible, the wood fire blazing on the handsome, rusty brass and irons, the nosegays in the great vases in the window recesses, the well-spread centre table, only seemed to bring out more prominently the stately unhomeliness of the place, and draw protests from the faded tapestry, and the old-world allegorical figures painted on the ceiling, against the impertinence of a modern generation in bringing its obtrusive interests and commonplace loves to disturb the atmosphere left by long-dead actors of statelier times.

Alma kept out of the way till she was summoned to table, and Wynyard, who was waiting at the door of the saloon to take her in, was surprised at the shy gravity of her face, and her avoidance of his glance through all the first part of the meal. He thought she had been talking to her mother, and that the confidence had been ill received, and he longed for the moment when he might comfort her. *Apropos* of a love-story, provoked by one of the portraits on the walls, into which Madame de Florimel launched during supper, he threw in a remark or two, playful or serious as the case allowed, which Alma might apply to themselves as well as to the old hero and heroine if she pleased. But not even by that device could he win an upward look or a smile.

When supper was over they went into a balcony at the back of the house to get a distant moonlight view of the mountain range they had that day descended, and when Madame de Florimel was leaning over the balustrade, wrestling with a refractory

vine-branch that had lost its hold on the wood-work, Wynyard found an opportunity for a whispered word.

"Yes," he said, "I see how it is. Your mother is unhappy, and you will not look at me. Never mind, dear. We will make her a great deal happier between us by and by than she could have been any other way. But I wish I could bear the present pain for you both. I wish just now—as I never thought to wish—that I still had that to offer you which would satisfy her ambition for you, and spare you the pain of disappointing her."

"Do you—do you indeed?" Alma cried, startled out of her caution for a moment, and looking up at him with eager glad eyes. "Should you really be glad to know that we were not going to be poor?"

"I do not know that we shall be what I call poor," he answered, a little mortified at her eagerness. "Have a little faith in me, Alma, and persuade your mother to believe me worth something. It is not such a very hard lot I am asking you to share, dear, that you need look so fearful over it and refuse me a smile on our betrothal night. I promise not to turn my back on any good fortune that comes, provided it is not through Mr. Kirkman's conjuring. Will that satisfy you?"

She would not see the hand stretched out to take hers, but slipped to Madame de Florimel's side, and busied herself with the vine-shoots till it was time to go in.

Bitter thoughts against herself swelled up in her heart. It was always the same, she told herself; unfit for either course—too half-hearted to carry out any line of action thoroughly good or bad; a waif buffeted about by caprice and conscience, and getting the evil of both courses by half-doing. If she could have responded cordially, and assured him that she did not fear poverty with him all might have been well, and the good news might even yet have come sweetly; but conscience

had made a coward of her, and planted a thorn already in their intercourse. Would that little wrong-doing in the beginning always crop up in her thoughts like this? or would she have strength—the evil strength or the good strength, she did not know which—to crush down the remembrance effectually at last, and walk into the perfect happiness that seemed so very close to her, and yet, in spite of what had been said to-day, not hers yet—not in her heart this moment?

Wynyard remained out in the balcony long after the ladies had left him. It had been an exciting day, a wonderful day, and it was not surprising that he could not all at once turn to his letters, especially as that thin letter with the Paris post-mark and the little hard circlet inside was the one in all the budget that recurred to his thoughts first. The shrinking he felt to open it was a greater pain and remorse to him than it would have been to a man who had less high views of what the relationship between men and women should be than he had long entertained. It was in vain that he told himself, he might well be thankful there was so little to look back upon with regret on his betrothal night. He had once thought to give a thoroughly loyal heart, that had never swerved, to the woman who loved him, and to have the assurance within himself that no other woman's life had been troubled or made the worse by him. And now there was the recollection of the shy happiness in Emmie's eyes when they stood upon the hill together at La Roquette, and—whatever there might be in that letter—to stand between him and the thorough satisfaction in Alma's surrender he had once thought to have. He did not think that there would be anything for Emmie but a moment's pain and surprise when she heard; and yet to have disturbed that trustful childlike heart with a moment's pain seemed a cursed thing to have done, and he would have given a great deal

that it all had not happened. The more he tried to think only of Alma, and to recall her looks and her words and dwell on the wonder of her surrender, the triumph of being loved by her after all—the more vividly did this little sting of regret trouble and pain him. It ought all to have been such perfect joy, and he was angry with himself for the want of loyalty that admitted a drawback in it. At last, when everything was still outside, and all the little lights had disappeared from the scattered houses on the hill-sides, he turned back into the room where the fire-light had sunk down to glowing red embers and a solitary candle was burning on the centre table, and took out his letters. There was a large packet forwarded from his chambers in London, and Emmie's letter which he opened first and read through, then he slowly tore it into small pieces, throwing them one by one on the fire. Yes—it had been worse even than he had anticipated ;—the hopeless tone, decipherable enough through the simple words, the sad little postscript, and, worst of all, the tear-blister just at the corner of the paper where there was no writing, and which must have fallen as she folded it. He sat looking at the fire, seeing, not that, but the May rosebud on the dusty road from which he had ridden away, till he grew out of patience with himself, and turned sharply back to the lamp-light and the budget of letters on the table, determined to give a new direction to his thoughts.

Several letters fell out when he opened the packet, and he took them up at random without looking at their dates. The first he read puzzled him a good deal. It was in an unknown hand, and referred to some communication sent on a previous day, an answer to which was anxiously expected. It ended with a postscript still more incomprehensible than the rest of the letter. "The body has not yet been found, but the coasts are being watched day and night, and two bodies of the ship-

wrecked crew came ashore this morning."

The next letter he tore open was from one of his literary colleagues, and was filled with congratulations on a sudden change of fortune. Throwing that aside, he came on a few lines from young Lawrence, written just before he started for Scotland, in which the whole story was plainly told.—"Anstice is dead.—Drowned in Scotland—close to his place on the coast of Skye, where his mother was staying. She is in a dreadful state, and I am setting out to go to her to-day. You should come at once, for I sha'n't like to take more responsibility than I can help, and everything now devolves on you. You will have heard all particulars of the accident before my letter reaches you, for of course you were written to first. Getting no answer from you, Mrs. Anstice's companion sent to me, the only one of poor Ralph's friends at all come-at-able, likely to have seen anything of him of late, or be able to comfort his mother with news of him. Poor fellow ! it is altogether a miserable business. It seems he had had a quarrel with his mother, and had been keeping out of every one's way according to his wont. This is what I gather from his personal servant, just come to me from Leigh, who had heard nothing of his master for a month or more before this terrible event. I don't congratulate you on the splendid fortune that must all come to you now. You will feel too much cut up about poor old Ralph to care to be congratulated yet ; but all the same there can be no doubt about it ; you're the right man in the right place at last, and have a fine career before you." There was a postscript to this letter too. "I just stepped in to No. 20, Belgrave Square, to tell Lady Forrest. She was immensely interested on your account, as no doubt other friends will be." Wynyard missed the postscript at first, and even when his eye fell upon it, on taking up the letter a second

time, it did not make much impression, though long afterwards the words came back to his memory with a terrible light upon them.

Apart from the natural sorrow on hearing of the sudden death of a companion of early years, Wynyard was not the sort of man to feel any great elevation of spirits at the news of an unexpected acquisition of riches. He was too much in love with his own plans, too confident in his own powers of making a position for himself in the world without adventitious help, to escape a twinge of regret when the possibility of carrying them out, and achieving his own aims was thus snatched away. The new career offered him presented its weight of responsibilities first to his mind, and that with crushing effect. It was not till after hours of thought and efforts to calm himself that brighter views began to steal in, and whisperings of new hopes and ambitions to make themselves heard. Alma—he was tempted for a moment to regret that she too would be baffled of her design of giving up the world for love. He should never know now how bravely she would have met difficulties, how nobly she would have encouraged him to wait patiently for well-earned success if it had been slow in coming. He had had such dreams about her once, but that was before his confidence in her had been shaken. No—in spite of to-day he could not go back to faith in that reading of her character. The best he could do was to rejoice heartily for her sake that she was spared a trial which might have been too great for her strength, and to resolve not to be over-critical as to the

manner in which she should receive the news to-morrow morning. He would not measure the joy and triumph there would surely be on her face as if it afforded any test of the degree in which she valued his possessions above himself.

It was long after he had sought the quaint little bed, prepared for him in an alcove beyond the salon, before he could sleep; but, wearied out at last with the excitement of the day, he slept heavily and long, and the morning light was streaming full into the room when he opened his eyes. It showed him between the curtains of the alcove the salon table still strewn with letters, and the tapestry chair where he had sat last night reading *that* news. He heard voices in the garden below, Alma and Madame de Florimel talking to each other, and all the events of yesterday came back instantaneously and clearly into his mind, one, as it were, balancing and steadying the other. He had awakened into a new existence, and the people around him had something of the aspect of strangers. Alma was his—yes—but he thought of her rather as the future Lady Anstice than as his old love, and he himself was hardly himself—something less, perhaps, than his former self, for the death of poor Ralph who had believed in him as no other, not even his wife, would ever believe in him again. Well, it was late, and there was a great deal to be done; he must start that morning for England, and he had better go down as quickly as possible into the garden where Madame de Florimel was pottering among her vegetables as if it were yesterday, and get over the task of telling his news.

To be continued.

A STATE DINNER IN ANDORRA.

DURING much residence in the Basque country and other Pyrenean districts, I had learnt to attribute small value to local relics of Charlemagne. As some Spanish historians trace everything to Tubal, so Pyrenean writers have found an easy solution to puzzling problems in the indefinite omnipotence and varied relations of the legendary emperor and his mythic court. At Roncesvalles I had been unable to hear anything regarding the boots, mace, and gauntlet of Roland, which, according to French guide-books, the monks exhibit with pride. I had learnt that the Basque *Chant d'Altabiscar* is a forgery of the present century; and the situation of the Pas de Roland and the Brèche de Roland had convinced me that the name of Roland is attached to places where the famous paladin probably never passed. In visiting Andorra in the spring of 1869, I had therefore little hope of finding that the so-called Republic possessed its liberties in virtue of a charter granted by Charlemagne, and still preserved in a mysterious iron chest, with other documents inscribed on palm leaves and plates of lead. The writers of such fables have been careful to add that the Andorrans regard their archives as sacred, that they will not allow them to be seen, and that they are peculiarly reticent regarding their political affairs. Every document in the Andorran archives has been carefully studied by my friend M. J. F. Bladé, who experienced not the slightest difficulty in obtaining leave to examine them, and to whose researches and suggestions I am greatly indebted.

The liberties of Andorra are not due to any exceptional charter granted by Charlemagne, but have a far more interesting though less romantic source. The question of their origin is distinct from the question of their preservation; and

it is as regards the last point alone that we shall find anything exceptional in Andorra. The internal government of Andorra is a surviving specimen of an immemorial organization, that formerly obtained in all the pastoral valleys of the Pyrenees, and that, being a natural consequence of the peculiar needs and occupations of mountain shepherds, appears to have spontaneously arisen wherever similar wants and habits existed—wherever, in any country, like simple interests gave rise to like simple needs. But while in the compact mountain mass of Switzerland, and in the knot of mountains that surround the late head-quarters of Don Carlos, the pastoral communities have joined together to preserve their liberties effectually against all encroachment,—the communities of the Pyrenees, separated by high ridges, and spread along a thin chain, with no general centre around which to rally, and long bordered by many feudal states whose rulers were rarely at one, have never largely united to maintain their independence, and have thus separately been deprived of their ancient privileges—almost the last of these being swept away by the French Revolution. Apart from the Spanish Basque Provinces, Andorra is the main exception; and it owes its preservation to the power of the Romish Church. Its *suzeraineté*, held by the Bishops of Urgel, is indivisibly and equally shared by them with the French Crown, in virtue of a charter executed in 1278. All attempts to violate this charter have been met by the "*non possumus*" of the Bishops; and this, together with the rival claims of France and Spain, and the insignificance of the territory, peopled by about six thousand inhabitants, accounts for the persistence of the ancient organization and freedom of Andorra, which are recognised by the terms of the

charter. Henry IV. would not permit the Bishops to introduce the Inquisition, and the Bishops have resented all innovations from the other side. Andorra is thus a fossil specimen of a Pyrenean valley of the 13th century, and in it we may still study the early liberties that then flourished throughout the Pyrenees, as well as the influence that feudalism exerted upon them.

The Act of Division of the *suzeraineté* of Andorra, which is the oldest charter possessed by the Andorrans, was executed in 1278, between the Bishop of Urgel and the Count of Foix, by the arbitration of Pedro III., king of Arragon. This Andorran Charter, dating from almost the traditionary year of the birth of William Tell, accords no new liberties, but only recognises liberties already existing. In nearly every Pyrenean valley, the existence of similar liberties was recognised in the charters and judgments granted by the local potentates who inherited or seized the fragments of the empire of Charlemagne. The united inhabitants of each valley treated on equal terms with their suzerain, agreeing that he should exercise certain rights, on condition of his observing their customary privileges. According to the varying power of their suzerains, and according to the necessities of their position or the protecting power of their natural fortifications, the inhabitants of each valley were able to preserve their ancient immunities and usages in varying integrity and up to different dates. Unable to resist the power of united France or united Spain, these separate valleys followed for the most part the fate of the particular feudal states whose seigneurs they recognised. The liberties of the French valleys scarcely survived the reign of Louis XIII., although those of the Vallée d'Aspe sheltered a protestant community after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the French Basque country preserved its privileges up to the Revolution. Most of the Spanish valleys lost their independence under Philip V., although that of the Navarrese valleys was only

abolished by Espartero and the progressists under Christina, and that of the Basque provinces has, by united resistance, been partially preserved till now. Throughout the Pyrenees there still however exist vestiges of the ancient liberties in the customs of the people, even in certain local and peculiar syndicates whose administrative powers were recognised by a law passed in 1837, to remedy the confusion introduced by the ignorant tyranny of the Paris demagogues.

Andorra is composed of six parishes, naturally bounded towards France by the crest of the Pyrenees, and communicating with Spain only by a long and narrow gorge. The particular affairs of each parish are in the hands of a Local Council, headed by an executive of two *consuls*. The general affairs of the six parishes are ruled by a General Council, composed of four *consuls* from each parish (the two in office, with the two who held office in the preceding year); this General Council appointing a syndic-general and two assistant syndics, who compose the executive of the State, and can call out the militia, which is organized in each parish under local captains. The feudal power of the suzerains of the thirteenth century is represented by two *viguiers*—one appointed by each of the present suzerains, with the approval of the General Council. These *viguiers* review the militia, and command it in the case of invasion, but no Andorran can be called to serve beyond the limits of the valley, nor can foreign soldiers be introduced. The *viguiers* also administer criminal justice without appeal, but only with strict observance of the local customs of procedure, and with the concurrence of the local magistrates. Civil justice is administered, strictly according to local customs, by two native *baillis*, appointed by the *viguiers*, with the concurrence of the council. A judge of appeal, named alternately by each suzerain, decides civil cases in the second instance. Foreign law can only affect the Andorrans in virtue of a right of appeal to the suzerain in

important civil cases, which they may exercise if not satisfied with the decision of the judge of appeal: in such exceptional cases, the French Cour de Cassation or the Chapter of Urgel may be called on to decide. The suzerains also receive a fixed annual tribute of about forty pounds to the French Crown, and about half that sum, together with some special dues, to the Bishop of Urgel: this tribute is paid by the General Council, and no fiscal powers can be exercised by the suzerains. Nor can these payments be strictly regarded as a tribute, since they are amply compensated by special commercial and other privileges. The Andorrans are thus exempt from foreign military service, from foreign justice, and from foreign taxation; the feudal power is little else than nominal, while it saves expense in the administration of justice, allows untaxed traffic with neighbouring towns, and aids in protecting the territory,—in return for which advantages a trifling tribute is paid, the *viguier*s are hospitably entertained, and the suzerains may entitle themselves Princes of Andorra.

The government of Andorra is aristocratic; or rather patriarchal. Flocks and mountain pastures being less subdivisible than arable land, a rigid custom of primogeniture preserves the property of the leading houses, while the earliest traditions and customs point to the immemorial recognition of leading names. At the same time, the younger members and even descendants of a family have recognised claims upon the table and the hearth; while the head of the family, although perhaps worth twenty thousand pounds, sits at meals with his servants, and dresses almost exactly as they do. Nothing struck me more in Andorra than the *apparent* equality of all ranks; but the patriarchal feeling which makes the Andorrans treat each other in a friendly and cordial manner, is the basis of a strictly oligarchical government. The affairs of each parish, and still more the affairs of the whole State, are naturally, and by immemorial custom, left in the

hands of the chief heads of families; for younger sons, not inheriting pastoral property, are excluded from a government that is almost wholly concerned with its regulation and interests, and the poorer inhabitants are regarded as younger sons. In the simple and closely-knit Andorran community, where the paths of industry are limited and invariable through narrow natural conditions, the poor are necessarily the dependants of the rich, and have neither power nor temptation to assert independence; while the same conditions keep the rich regardless of the interests of the poor.

Here, however, I must admit that the last paragraph relates to Andorra rather as it was before 1866 than as it is at the present day. Before that date an element of confusion had long existed in the smuggling interest; and the diffusion of democratic theories, together with the eagerness of the bishop for a road communicating with his vassals, led to repeated though almost bloodless battles concerning the establishment of gaming-houses. The democratic innovators, led by the *viguier* of the bishop, were ultimately defeated. It was shortly after these events that I first visited Andorra.

From the railway-station of Foix, I followed a fine high road to l'Hospitalet, a poor village near the head of the Ariège valley. Near this place an old woman informed me that *le roi d'Andorre* had lately passed. This was the *viguier* of the French Crown (he is the present Vicomte de Foix) on his annual visit to Andorra, to administer justice and review the militia. Following a mule-path from l'Hospitalet, I soon passed the cabin of a douanier, which marked the Andorran frontier, for a portion of the desolate pastures on the French side of the watershed have been anciently appropriated by the Andorran shepherds. By these pastures, covered with mules, cows, and sheep, I ascended to a col at above 8,000 feet, and descended into a grassy valley, overhung by snowy peaks, and populous with flocks and herds. At length, passing some grimy cottages, built of rough stones and logs

of unpainted pine, the path improved, and at night I reached Canillo, where the Syndic General resided. Next morning this functionary received me on an open balcony, beneath the wide eaves of his Swiss-like house, and where he was sitting at a table strewn with papers, giving audience to respectful villagers. Although worth more than twenty thousand pounds, and practically supreme governor of Andorra, he was dressed like the other peasants, in a short jacket and knee-breeches of coarse brown wool, blue stockings, a wide sash, hempen sandals, and a Phrygian bonnet (Catalan cap) of purple wool. Handling his bonnet with rustic courtesy, he read my letter of recommendation, and assured me that I would be well received by the *viguier* and other authorities at the Andorran capital. He showed me out through a large eating-room, walled, floored, and roofed with unpainted pine, the kitchen being in a kind of box at one end; and at the stable-door which was the entrance to his house I left him to resume his bonnet. Below Canillo the gorge narrowed, and a rocky path, marked with diminutive chapels, rose and fell upon the slopes, till the dark houses and smoky forges of Encamp appeared between green basins dotted with white star flowers. Then Las Escaldas, rich in hot sulphurous springs, and where the coarse cloth of the native costume is roughly manufactured from native wool, closed the entrance to a vast and sunny basin, where, across green fields and scattered trees, I could see the houses of the Andorran capital, cresting a hog-backed platform, at the foot of the huge black precipice of the Mont Anclar.

After breakfasting and securing a bedroom, in the corner of which a pile of old-fashioned firelocks recalled the recent fights, I proceeded to the *Casa dels Valls*, where the General Council holds its sittings, and the *viguier* administers supreme justice. This building, standing on the edge of the precipitous slope that bounds the village, and distinguished by a small turret at its exterior corner and the arms of the valley

sculptured over its low arched door, is of no great age, for the meetings of the Council were formerly held in the churchyard. A crowd of peasants, whose brown, purple, or scarlet bonnets wagged excitedly, and among whom were many of the militia—distinguished only by carrying slender, single-barrelled guns, black with rust, and of old-fashioned construction—grouped about the door. Admission was denied me till the court had been consulted, and then, between two guards, with arms carried, I was conducted through the stable that formed the basement, and up a decayed wooden stair, to a large, bare, barn-like room. Here the *viguier*, dressed in black, and wearing a sword with black belt and scabbard, met me at the door. Having explained that my motive was curiosity, and presented some credentials, I was provided with a seat on the bench, and justice resumed its interrupted course. The court occupied a raised dais, above which an opened cupboard showed a picture of Christ in the centre, and the arms of the valley on the sides. Immediately beneath this sat the *viguier*, while at a plain deal table below him a secretary took notes of the proceedings. On his right hand, two ancient *consuls*, draped in huge brown woollen cloaks, and with black three-cornered hats, of at least a yard in width, lying beside them, watched the proceedings, and were consulted in each case; they representing the unwritten laws, or rather customs of Andorra, which the *viguier*, though finally deciding by his conscience, is required to observe. A French lawyer, to aid the *viguier* in knotty questions, and an advocate from Urgel to attend to the interests of the accused, completed the court. Four of the militia stood sentry at the door, and the prisoners, as their turn came, were called out of the crowd below, conducted between two guards to the further side of the deal table, and there left to defend themselves, with the aid of an interpreter and their witnesses. All humiliating treatment appeared to be avoided. The scarlet bonnets and old fashioned peasant

dress of the guards, the bare, rough aspect of the room, together with the supreme power of the court, and the grim fact that the *garrote* was in a box in the next room, involuntarily suggested a comparison with the tribunals of the Reign of Terror. But the worst cases were for violence committed or attempted during the recent troubles, and the most serious sentence was of two years' imprisonment in the Castle of Foix.

In the room adjoining that occupied by the court, the General Council holds its sittings, and the archives of the state are preserved in a press secured with six locks; each of these bearing the name of a parish, whose chief *consul* keeps the key, so that the documents can be visited only with the consent of all six—a natural consequence of the principle of community, and an arrangement that may be found still employed in other Pyrenean valleys. The interior of the press is divided into fourteen compartments, each of which contains a drawer filled with manuscripts. These are written in Latin, Catalan, Gascon, and French, and include no historical document older than 1277. Charters conceding particular privileges and immunities, according as the political relations of Andorra became changed by the vicissitudes of neighbouring territories, and emanating from counts of Foix, kings of France, bishops of Urgel, governors of Catalonia, and kings of Spain, are the most important instruments. Registers of the deliberations of the General Council, notes of trials, letters, and copies of documents, supply valuable and trustworthy information regarding the usages and relations of Andorra since the thirteenth century. A special drawer contains a manuscript book, the work of a learned Andorran notary, and entitled *Manual Digest*. Compiled in the last century, it supplies a complete account of the geography, government, usages, and immunities of Andorra, together with fifty-five maxims to be followed for the happiness and prosperity of the state.

When the court broke up, many of the Democratic party, including several of the prisoners, assembled at my inn, to which I had been recommended by advocates of the Kursaal interest. While the proceedings of the court were being angrily discussed, a peasant who had discarded the old-fashioned breeches in favour of the modern trouser, addressed me in French, asking my opinion of the tribunal, which he supposed I would agree with him in considering as a "*tribunal de comédie*." Having returned no definite answer to this question, I then learnt that this man's brother, to whom I carried a recommendation, had been condemned to three days' imprisonment in the town-house (*casa consistorial*) of his village. His offence consisted in having organised, during the carnival, a mock representation of the whole pomp and circumstance of the Andorran government, the huge three-cornered hats of the *consuls*, the amplitude of their cloaks, and the general antiquity and dilapidation of their appearance having been especially exaggerated. This carnival pageant had, according to my informant, been often represented with impunity; but the party spirit of the time had made it a punishable offence, especially as its promoter, an intelligent blacksmith and clock-maker, was a known democrat. The *viguier* had been obliged to accord a slight punishment, in deference to the opinion of the *consuls*.

But the state dinner which terminated the visit of the *viguier*, and at the same time concluded the sittings of the general council, is my pleasantest reminiscence of Andorra, as well as the source of my acquaintance with the most notable Andorrans: as representing the repast of the feudal seignior or his representative, stipulated in the old charters of many a free Pyrenean community, it possessed an historical interest; while as a specimen of the cordial hospitality of the Andorran mountaineers, it may more nearly touch the tourist. The ordinary dinners of the council had been substantial but somewhat rough, and characterized by

pastoral usages, such as the placing of half a kid before the *viguier*, and a quarter before less-honoured guests. The *Casa dels Valls* contained both a dining-room and a rude kitchen, and the councillors put up their mules in the stable that formed the basement, and slept in the attics, while the guests were lighted by two torchbearers to their inns. But the concluding dinner, being the most important ceremony, was undertaken by a rich proprietor. "Without whom," to use the expression of a native, "not a straw moves in Andorra," and whose substantial house afforded better accommodation than the *Casa dels Valls*. The *viguier* was in former times expected to return the rude pastoral hospitality, by providing a luncheon of French cakes and wines, such as were then absent from Andorran feasts; but the progress of civilisation has left little wanting to the banquets of Andorra, and I have never eaten a better dinner in Spain than that provided at the *Casa Molines*. The guests, including nearly all the officials of the state, were received in a long white-washed room, where the table was already spread. The host, who had adopted the trouser, and exchanged the Phrygian bonnet for a wideawake, was otherwise dressed like the ordinary peasants; and all the other leaders of the people were, as regards both cleanliness and costume, strictly conservative. The table, well provided with glass and cutlery, was soon surrounded by a long row of shrewd, intelligent, but unwashed countenances, crowned with nodding Phrygian caps, and half concealed by high brown collars that inclosed still higher, but starchless, linen. Except the wideawake of the host, the black dress of the *viguier*, and the garb of the few other foreigners, the company presented only the uniform and ancient fashion of Andorra, the produce of native looms, and native wool and flax. The *viguier* occupied the head of the table, the host being on his left, and the second syndic on his right—the Syndic General being unavoidably absent. There was no chaplain, for the Andorrans had

been temporarily excommunicated by the bishop, and all representatives of that suzerain had no part in the feast. Two ample supplies of each course were placed at either end of the table, and there divided by the nearest hands, and rapidly distributed by the attendants. Macaroni soup was the first course, and evidently a novelty; then followed stewed ham, peculiarly good; for, as Strabo remarks, the hams of the Cerretani (Cerdagne) are not inferior to those of the Cantabri (Bayonne); and boiled cabbage and potatoes, which are famous in Andorra, fitly accompanied the ham. A whitish sausage, often my only meat in the Catalan Pyrenees, appeared at the same time. Then seethed kid, anciently the favourite dish of the Pyreneans, and still the usual basis of their ceremonial feasts. Mutton cutlets, roast lamb, roast chicken and meat croquettes successively followed. Game of various kinds—partridge, hare, and blackcock—appeared next, for although the shooting season was over, the *chasse* is open during the time of the *viguier's* visit, by old prerogative. Capital trout from the stream concluded the meats, and chocolate custard represented pudding. Then cigarettes were rolled, and a plate of cigars passed round, while a dessert of burnt almonds, cherries, raisins, bonbons, and cakes, ornamented the table. A red wine, grown near Urgel, and without the usual harsh taste of Spanish wines; then Rancio; then a sweet wine from Urgel; and lastly, Malvoisie from the Roussillon, abundantly accompanied the feast. The cookery was plain but excellent, and had been wholly superintended by the hostess. This lady appeared at dessert, accompanied by her daughter, and carrying a basket of flowers, one of which she fastened in the button-hole of each guest. Coffee, with rum or brandy, concluded the entertainment, and no speeches were made; but a few healths were drunk, especially those of France and England, out of compliment to the foreigners. The two ancient *consuls*, whom I had seen at the tribunal, and who are special

authorities on all questions of ceremony, came round the table, and clinked glasses with me, when the health of my country was proposed. The conversation throughout the meal was tolerably animated, and turned at first mainly on the quality of the dishes; but after the first courses, there arrived, by special messenger from Urgel, an angry manifesto of the bishop, declaring that the recent tribunal had been illegal, because the episcopal *viguier* had not been present. The sonorous Latin of this document, couched in the style of a papal bull, and read out by one of the lawyers, was calculated to awe the heart. But the momentary silence that followed its delivery was soon broken by assertions of detailed privileges, and quotations of ancient precedent, uttered by the notaries and other sages of the State, and amply proving that the bishop was in the wrong, and that the Andorrans had acted strictly within the limits of their chartered rights. The bishop had appointed a *viguier* not approved by the general council; and this *viguier* had attempted to meddle in the internal government of Andorra; saved with difficulty from the enraged militia by the wiry *bailli* who sat on one side of me, the bishop's functionary had been conducted to the frontier. Strong in their ancient rights, and now countenanced by the presence of the *viguier* of France, the Andorran authorities knew that the bishop must ultimately yield, and his manifesto became the subject of hearty laughter and cautious jokes, in which respect for serviceable authority was curiously mingled with republican sentiment. The shrewd republicanism of the middle ages could be well conceived at that Andorran banquet, where the democrats, with their foreign theories, were distrusted as the allies of the encroaching suzerain.

The next day I learnt the views of the democrats. After walking with the *bailli* already mentioned, and who paused to pray at each chapel on our road, I parted from him at his hamlet, and proceeded towards the village where the intelligent blacksmith was supposed

to be confined. His brother, whom I met on the way, informed me that he was undergoing his punishment, but that I should have no difficulty in seeing him. I stopped to breakfast at the *posada* of the place, and there, in the public-room, found the prisoner calmly smoking a cigarette. While I breakfasted, he gave me his own account of all the recent troubles, showing that an intelligent desire to obtain an enlarged field for his own skilled labour, was the main source of his democratic opinions. When I at length inquired regarding his imprisonment, he informed me that he was undergoing his sentence; and, apparently in proof, produced the keys of the town-house from his pocket. Offering to show me the building, he then conducted me to a rough house situated on the *plaza*. Unlocking the door, he ushered me into the council-room, and showed me the rude kitchen and dining-room where the local council are provided for. The building was a smaller edition of the *Casa dels Valls*; and, as there, a cupboard containing a religious painting, with the arms of the valley on its doors, ornamented the chief room. The prisoner unlocked this cupboard, and gave me a minute explanation of the arms, in connection with the feudal history of the valley. Meanwhile, a number of the villagers entered the room, and listened, in attentive silence, to the lecture. He then showed his audience out, and locked the door of the building. Putting the keys in his pocket, he next took me to his own house, and, after much conversation regarding mines and metals, accompanied me to the outskirts of the village. His manner of undergoing punishment was a scarcely unfair specimen of the mild justice of Andorra. But he showed me a stout iron collar, chained to the wall of the town-house, and by which the convicted thief, with the stolen article placed before him, was pilloried in former times. The old-fashioned stocks may also still be seen in the Andorran villages.

Calling at the *Casa Molines* before leaving Andorra, I found the men of the

household at dinner, while the ladies were superintending the kitchen; and in the poorest houses I observed that the women did not sit down with the men. Throughout the Pyrenees, including the Basque Provinces, the position of the women is the same, in proportion as old customs have been preserved; but their servitude is more apparent than real, and their rights as regards property and primogeniture are singularly liberal.

From the capital of Andorra, I descended the valley to San Julian, where I enjoyed a long conversation with a leading representative of the smuggling interest. Having spent his youth in the exciting occupations of a *contrabandista*, he had now adopted a purely modern costume, and devoted himself to the interests of the gaming-house project. His views were purely commercial, and opposed to the privileges of the old aristocracy.

Following the narrow mule-path that led down the valley, I arrived in three hours at Urgel (or La Seu, the episcopal see), which is not only isolated from Andorra by a long and

narrow gorge, but still more effectually separated from the rest of Spain by the magnificent cañons of the Segre. These profound cuttings, where there is barely room for the river to pass, and along which the mule-road to Urgel from the plains is roughly hollowed in the rock, sufficiently explain the independence of all external influences which Urgel appears to have usually maintained, and which has aided the power of the bishop to the present day.

Two recent visits to Andorra have not altered my impressions of its people. Remarkable prudence and perspicuity have distinguished the dealings of the Andorran authorities with all the successive governments of their Spanish neighbours. The only leading proprietor who had joined the democrats having been expelled from the State, all imprudent innovations will probably be prevented. The bishop has made peace with his Andorran vassals, having proved his metal by inspiring with his presence and commands, the gallant defence of Urgel, under the crushing bombardment by the Alfonsists.

P. W. STUART MENTEATH.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF LAMBETH PALACE.

ALTHOUGH for the eye of the artist the array of portraits which adorns the walls of Lambeth Palace may have fewer attractions than many smaller collections—though it can boast but few that are “rich and rare,” compared with the choice gems of art which many private galleries contain—yet it has a value *sui generis*; it can show a succession more extensive and more complete than is to be found even in the most princely of England’s baronial halls. What other gallery can produce an unbroken series of representatives for nearly four centuries—a descent of twenty-six generations? Such is the display Lambeth can boast. Here Warham and Tait, from the opening years of the 16th century to the later years of the 19th, are connected together by an unbroken chain. Thus what it may lack of art value—though it can boast a Holbein, a Vandyke, possibly a Kneller, a Hogarth, and a Sir Joshua—is more than made up in its historic interest and importance.

For it were scarcely possible to stand in that Guard Chamber, so rich in its own associations, surrounded by those “counterfeits” of once living men of mark, without recalling, here with patriotic pride, there with profound admiration, or with subdued sympathy, as one scans the lineaments of each face in turn, the momentous events in which each bore his part; events which have taken their place in the country’s annals. Here the true lover of history will find a succession of studies; such, too, as the fastidious eye of the artist may occasionally rest upon with no little pleasure. It is in such a spirit, however imperfectly we may be able to give expression to it in language, that we desire to take our stand in this Guard Chamber, and

to dwell in thought for a brief while among the great and the good, whose portraits adorn its walls. We would contemplate them, each and all, in connection with their personal and historical associations; delighting, as we pass on, to trace in these life-like results of the limner’s art the traits of each one’s character, and to read in these lines the workings of the inner man, as developed and displayed in the life career of each.

The three earliest in point of time can lay but little claim to being original, or true to the life; they are probably little more than the embodiment of an early painter’s fancy, based it may be upon, or adapted from, some elaborate title-page or illuminated initial of monkish chronicle or legend, or taken from the quarry of a painted window, or the marble figure on an altar tomb, long since passed away.

The name of Dunstan, first among them, carries us back little short of a thousand years; any representation of one who lived so long ago must, we naturally suppose, have been drawn from the imagination. Yet even here are depicted a firmness of character and a force of will such as might have belonged to a young favourite in Athelstan’s camp, the prime minister of Edred, and the bold, wise, though unwelcome, counsellor of the thoughtless Edwy; to one who in every stage was a power in the land, and the Church’s true champion. The legendary symbol of the spiritual tempter perched upon his crozier, however, beyond question proclaims it to be a mediæval work of fiction.

It is not without some reluctance that one consents to place in the same category of apocryphal portraits those of Archbishops Arundel and Chicheley which follow, and were separated from

our own times by not half so great an interval. Of that of Thomas Arundel (A.D. 1396 to 1414), all that is known is, that it is a copy, presented to Lambeth by Archbishop Cornwallis, of a painting at Penshurst Castle; the name of copyist and original artist alike unknown. It represents this scion of a noble house, cleric though he was, enrolled among Royal Princes and Nobles as one of the "Constables of Queenborough Castle" in the Isle of Sheppey; in those days a post of great honour and trust, like that of the Warden of the Cinque Ports. The proud, stern, hard lines of that face may not untruly represent the man with whose name is associated the *famosum statutum, De heretico comburendo*, legalising the burning of heretics in England.

Of his successor, Henry Chicheley, (A.D. 1414 to 1443), illustrious as a statesman, and still more so as a benefactor to the Church, the softer features are indicative of that gentler mind which graced his life, and was especially conspicuous during the nearly thirty years of his Archiepiscopate. The picture represents this eminent patron of art and architecture, the munificent and pious founder of All Souls, and second founder of St. John's, Colleges, Oxford, in the exercise of the highest as well as the most holy functions of his office; a man, who, according to Dr. Hook, though "not a Luther," desired to be in the highest sense of the word "a Reformer of the corruptions and abuses which were then debasing the Church."

Then followed five occupants of the See, their Episcopalates covering rather more than half a century: John Stafford, John Kempe, Thomas Bourchier, John Morton, and Henry Dene or Deny. Of none of these is there any even apocryphal portrait in the Lambeth gallery: nor, indeed, is any known to exist; with the exception of one of Cardinal Kempe, formerly in the collection of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and now in the gallery of the Duke of Sutherland.

It is when we reach the first years of the 16th century that we feel we are treading on surer ground; that the real is superseding the ideal, and fact taking the place of fancy. It is now that this far-famed series actually commences; and it commences worthily with a genuine Holbein of Archbishop William Warham (1503 to 1533), though by some art sceptics denounced as at best only an inferior repetition of one in the Louvre. Here is one of those pictures which vividly reminds us of the lines of the poet Cowley:—

"Who to the life an exact piece would make,
... before his sight must place
The natural and living face."

This Holbein did; and he has enabled succeeding generations to see what he saw, and as he saw it, to an extent few others have ever done. This may be said of all his portraits—except perhaps the memorable one of Anne of Cleves; and notably so of this, of which his appreciative biographer Wornum thus makes special mention:—"I instance this picture [he says] as an illustration that Holbein had the power of seeing what he looked on, and of perfectly transferring to his picture what he saw." He calls it a "remarkable specimen of the painter's powers—it is a picture as well as a portrait. All the accessories are excellent."

It is believed to have been one of the first portraits of importance painted by Holbein in this country, and was presented by himself, or, as some think, by his first patron, Sir Thomas More, to the Primate. As we look upon "that noble face of 70 years," so full of character and expression, which for nearly four centuries has handed down to thousands of admirers the impression of what Warham was like, and almost made us see what Warham was, our thoughts irresistibly turn to the youthful artist himself, not yet, as Allan Cunningham describes him, "a brawny, powerful man, with a swarthy, sensual face," but, as his own canvas has represented him, with

the "fair, frank, manly face, the sweet gentle mouth, and the heavy red cap flinging its shade over the mobile melancholy brow." Such he appeared when he landed in England, a stranger, with a letter of introduction to the powerful Chancellor More, and another to the Primate, from the early friend of his youth at Basle, the scholar Erasmus; letters which proved the passport to favour at Chelsea and Lambeth, before his own successes had secured for him the exacting and almost monopolising patronage of Henry VIII. at Whitehall. When Holbein presented this picture to the Archbishop, he accompanied it with a likeness he had already painted of Erasmus. For more than a century the two hung fitly side by side. In the desecration and sacrilege perpetrated by Puritan Vandalism, both pictures were carried off, and for a time lost to Lambeth; that of Erasmus was never recovered; happily this one was found and restored to its place. It has been said of it that, "memorable as it is in the annals of art . . . it is more memorable as marking the close of the great intellectual movement which the Reformation swept away."¹ Now it is true that Warham, second only to Sir Thomas More, was the *Mecænas* of his age; under him Lambeth was the home, the shrine, of literature and art; to him Erasmus himself owed his first source of income as Rector of Aldington, near Ashford (though he never resided there), and soon after a more congenial sphere of labour in a Professor's chair at Oxford; yet the intellectual movement, the Augustan age of England and of her Church cannot be said to have closed with him—it had not yet fully dawned. Warham inaugurated the revival of true classical learning in the land; and under him, if not from himself, reappeared and flourished in the persons of Erasmus, Dean Colet, and others, the germ of that Reformation which was to prove a still nobler revival. A picture, then, which connects in our minds

Warham, Erasmus, and Holbein, the fathers of the *renaissance* of literature, theology, and art, is itself of priceless value, and rich in historic associations.

In the private library of the Archbishop, there is a panel painting, probably a copy of the Holbein, full of interest in itself yet little likely to be noticed in the collection which contains the noble original.

Of Warham's successor there are two portraits, which present a noteworthy contrast between the Cranmer of Henry VIII. and the Cranmer of Edward VI. (A.D. 1533—1556). The earlier one is on panel: it represents him in middle life; the eye is full of intellect; the whole face bespeaks honesty and single-heartedness; but the mouth betrays weakness of purpose; indications of character which his royal patron and master had not been slow to detect and make use of. Already may be traced on this beardless face the lines of a plastic disposition, already the individuality of the man was disappearing, and his nobler impulses being suppressed, under the arbitrary control of the king. It is a careworn face; mistrust is there; such as made him wish that he were only free to join in the escape and share the exile of brother prelates and divines, who, like himself, feared the selfish caprice, yet were not so closely bound down by obligations of place and favour to the court of the unscrupulous Henry. The history of this picture and the name of the artist are alike unknown. But the portrait bears a striking resemblance to one by Gerbicus Flicus in the British Museum, of which it looks as if it might be an enlarged copy.²

The other portrait, also by an unknown painter, represents Cranmer with the familiar noble silvery beard. Now, it is a matter of history that, after Henry's death, Cranmer never allowed the razor to touch his chin;

² Two portraits of Cranmer taken about the same period, one at Jesus College, Cambridge, the other in the possession of Captain Byng, are supposed to be by Holbein.

¹ *Stray Studies*, by J. R. Green, p. 123.

he suffered his beard to grow in token of mourning for the master whom he regarded with strangely mingled feelings of undoubted attachment and yet of dread. Here is still apparent the weakness of purpose by which he now subjected his own individuality to the imperious Protector Somerset, as he had done to Henry, and was being swept onward, against his more sober convictions, powerless to withstand the daily increasing influence of foreign Reformers, or to restrain the irreligious conduct of the Protestant nobility, who were enriching themselves by the spoliation of the Church. The careworn expression on his face seems to have given place to a settled melancholy, which rests upon him as though he had a sad foreboding of the end that awaited him, when the alloy of human weakness was to be smelted out in the fires of martyrdom.

Cardinal Reginald Pole, who comes next in order (1556 to 1558), appears in guise worthy of his noble birth and intrinsically noble character. It is a fine picture, full of power and spirit. If not a *replica* of the far-famed one by Piombo in the Barberini Palace at Rome, it is a copy by the undoubted hand of a master. He is full of youth and energy; such as he might have appeared when he sat as one of the Papal Legates in the earlier Sessions of the Council of Trent.

There is another portrait of Pole on panel by an unknown artist, which represents him as having grown much older (prematurely so, for he only attained the age of 58); already his luxurious beard has dwindled down from its grand proportions; and deep lines, whether of disappointment, or of disease, or of Papal persecution, have marked the face which but a few years before seemed to be without a care.

This portrait is now relegated to the walls of the private dining-room.

It is scarcely possible to stand before that of Pole's successor, Matthew Parker, without feelings of surprise and regret that the portraiture

of such a man should not have been given to posterity by one of the leading painters of his day. Filling as he did so prominent a post in those eventful years of England's history, the early ones of Elizabeth's reign (1559—1575), the English Church by general consent acknowledges her debt of gratitude to him as the true Anglican Primate of the Reformation period. Firmly withstanding alike the intrigues of the specious Romanist, and the renewal of foreign Protestant zeal to which Cranmer had weakly yielded, he was under God the instrument for restoring the Church of the nation to its Apostolic and primitive lines; moreover, he was a very Prince of the Church in liberality as well as dignity; a great patron too of art and literature, having among his staff at Lambeth painters, engravers, and printers. And yet although the Court of Elizabeth could boast of men like Sir Antonio More, Mark Garrard, and Hillyard, Matthew Parker has found no one better than a comparatively mediocre painter, Richard Lyne, whose name has no place in the list of our known national artists, to perpetuate his face on canvas, and that in a manner and with a skill little worthy to take its place between a Holbein and a Vandyke. And even for this one the Gallery is, according to Ducarel, indebted to Archbishop Potter, to whom it had been presented by James West, Pres. R. S., while a smaller and still more insignificant one on panel was the gift of Archbishop Cornwallis. It is, indeed, to a delicately lined plate by Remigius Hogenberg—an engraving¹ believed to have been the very first produced in England—that we are indebted for the true conception of what Matthew Parker was like in his ripe old age. Here we have a face bearing the impress of thought and high purpose;

¹ This engraving appears in *A Genealogy of Kings of England from the Conquest to Elizabeth*, with the inscription:—"Remigius Hogenbergius Servus D. Matt. Archiep. Cant. sculpsit. 1574."

a happy blending of personal humility with the dignity that befitted his office.

The portrait of Edmund Grindal, who succeeded (A.D. 1575 to 1583), is said, according to an engraving by S. Trotter, to have been the work of De Vos (Martin ?), and may be accepted as being very expressive of his character. For while he equalled his predecessor in kindness of heart, he unhappily fell far short of him in that firmness of character which had preserved Parker from ever conceding any great principle. During the dark period of Mary's reign, while Parker had remained in safe retirement in England, Grindal, more pronounced in views, and of a more active temperament, was forced to find safety in flight, and was thus brought into close contact with the Continental Reformers; and to such an extent did this influence his mind, that, despite all his earlier training as the chaplain and friend of the Catholic-minded Bishop Ridley, his increasing sympathy with Luther, Bucer, Melancthon, and also Calvin, led him to make concessions even in regard to those vital principles of Church order which his predecessor had so wisely laid down, and so steadfastly maintained. Grindal's face in this portrait tells all this; his was a gentle pliancy of disposition; and yet he could be resolute, as he found to his cost when opposing Elizabeth on the subject of the "prophesyings." His leaning to the foreign Reformers betrayed itself even in his dress, for it is said of him that never when he could avoid it would he wear episcopal robes.

Next to him comes John Whitgift (1583 to 1604), whose appointment to the Primacy was justly regarded as a turning point in the history of the English Church; indeed his character and influence are thus described by good old Isaak Walton in his *Life of Hooker*, where, speaking of the several offices he had filled at Cambridge, Ely, Lincoln, and Worcester, he adds, "In all which removes he was like the Ark,

which left a blessing on the place where it rested." In his person the friendly connection between Lambeth and Whitehall, for a time broken by Grindal, was again happily restored; for Elizabeth with all her foibles "liked an honest man," and Whitgift's consistency, courage, determination, and, above all, disinterestedness, commanded her respect, even when he ventured to differ from her, as he did very firmly when she, as Henry's own daughter, would have sanctioned further spoliations of Church property; and again, when with the decaying powers of advancing years he assented to the Lambeth Articles, which in her turn she strenuously resisted. So sincere was her regard for him that old Isaak says she used to call him "*her little black husband*." Lovingly as well as loyally did the aged Primate close his Queen's eyes; and it was no trifling mark of personal respect that her successor, James, stood in tears beside his dying bed, and gave utterance to an earnest prayer that his life might be prolonged, only to hear in reply his failing breath falter forth, "*Pro Ecclesiâ Dei! pro Ecclesiâ Dei!*"

In the portrait of Whitgift, the work of an unknown artist, we delight to dwell upon a countenance so indicative of firmness and strength of purpose, and to contemplate him not so much as the bold and able opponent of Travers and Cartwright, but as the true friend and fearless patron of the "judicious" Hooker and the only less learned Saravia.

For some time during the declining years of Whitgift, Richard Bancroft, at that time Bishop of London, had to a great extent administered the See of Canterbury; consequently on the death of the aged Primate, he was naturally looked to and accepted as his successor (1604 to 1610). It was Bancroft's misfortune to have his life chiefly written by men who, in the fervour of their Puritanism, could see in his administration of the Church nothing but what was censurable, and

who imagined a grievance in every necessary act of discipline; yet few that have filled that high post proved themselves more loyal and true sons of their mother Church, few were more justly entitled to be called "Fathers in Israel," than he of whom old Fuller says that "he was a great statesman, and grand champion of Church discipline." Receiving the reins of power from the hands of his enfeebled friend and patron, Whitgift, his was no uneventful Episcopate, for it included the Hampton Court Conference, the consecration of Bishops for the Scotch Church, and, noblest work of all, the Translation of the Bible, now known as the Authorised Version. And by the bequest of his own extensive collection of books he laid the foundation of the noble Public Library at Lambeth. It must indeed have saddened his later days if he surmised that the power he so vigorously wielded would be transmitted to one so directly opposed to him in feelings and in principle, as the new Court favourite, Dr. G. Abbott; and he evidently did forebode coming changes upon the Church; for in an early will he had bequeathed large sums for Church purposes, but fearing that all such Corporations were in danger, he cancelled those bequests by a later one; and even when bequeathing his "great and famous library of books of divinity" to the See, protected it by the wise condition that if it should be in danger at Lambeth it should be transferred to the Cambridge University.

So it befell as he perhaps feared. Although on his death men's eyes were turned to Lancelot Andrewes, then Bishop of Ely (and afterwards translated to Winchester), universally regarded as the most learned divine and most powerful preacher; or to Overall, the profoundist Canonist of that day; yet Court favour triumphed, and Abbott (who had been formerly chaplain to the Earl of Dunbar, the late powerful favourite of James), though he had barely a year before been consecrated to the See of Lichfield and

Coventry, and after one month translated to London, was within the year raised to the Primacy, on the plea that his strongly-avowed Calvinism would conciliate the Presbyterians. A satirist of the day describes the appointment by saying that Abbott "had been blown over by a strong north wind across the Thames to Lambeth." To the twenty-three years of his Primacy (1610 to 1633) may be traced much of the trouble which subsequently befell the English Church. "Bancroft (says Bishop Hackett, in his *Life of Lord Keeper Williams*, contrasting him with his unwise successor) had considered that the pastoral staff was made to bring back a wandering sheep, not to knock it down." Abbott's stern, austere manner kept all men aloof; the severity of his judgments made the clergy especially dread him; thus the affections of the people, lay and clerical alike, were alienated from the Church in his person. With him Christianity seemed to be summed up in the "Institutes" of Calvin; nothing less and nothing more; on the one hand language seemed to fail him to give full expression to the feelings he entertained against Popery, and on the other he seemed to think that the Primacy of an Established Church required of him that he should visit with the severest penalties of the law any man who dared to dissent from or go beyond *his* interpretation of its teaching. Thus under him, while the Romanist was denounced, the fires of Smithfield, which had been suffered to die out since the death of Mary, were again lighted, and two Anabaptists, Leggett and Whitman, were brought to the stake as heretics.

The portrait of Abbott is remarkable for its richness of colour and force of expression, and deserves to have rescued the artist's name from oblivion instead of adding another to the list of "unknown painters;" and if Clarendon's description of Abbott be true, that he was "a man of very morose manners, and a very sour aspect, which at that time was called gravity," the picture,

in addition to its merits as a work of art, may be accepted as having been "a speaking likeness."

From Abbott we pass to him on whom the mitre of Canterbury next devolved, and proved an inheritance woefully encumbered and imperilled by his predecessor's failings and indiscretions.

The portrait of William Laud (1633 to 1644) is an undoubted Vandyke, and was, like that of Warham by Holbein, a present from the artist himself. One cannot contemplate that face without mingled feelings; respect for that conscientious steadfastness which made him dare and do what he believed to be his duty; regret for that lack of judgment and consideration which made him so uncompromising and unconciliatory to his own ruin, and to some extent that of his royal master; and admiration of the heroism with which, at the age of three score years and ten, still true to his life-long convictions, still unbending before the malice of his enemies, unwavering in his sense of duty, unshaken in his trust in God, the old man closed a career of trouble and trial on the block: that firm dignity, not to say severity, that stern uncompromising spirit, that almost proud resignation, seem to look down upon us from the life-like canvas of Vandyke.

This picture is itself the subject of an incident recorded in the Archbishop's diary; one day near the close of the last October he spent at Lambeth (1640) he was entering his upper study, when, to use his own words, "in that study hung my picture taken by the life; and coming in I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in parliament; God grant this be no omen!" An omen, however, too true it proved; for in a few weeks he was a prisoner in the Tower, and after weary and vexatious mental torture worthy of the Inquisi-

tion, he too fell from his high place, his fate supplying a connecting link between those of his colleague Strafford and his patron Charles.

The portrait of William Juxon (1660 to 1663) cannot fail to strike one as being in *pose* and dress little more than the counterpart or repetition of that of Laud with the face reversed. Step by step he had followed his predecessor as President of St. John's College, as Bishop of London, and eventually as Primate: and yet, while identified with him in almost every act of those troubled times, how different his fate! It was no doubt the personal character, amenity of temper, and gentleness of manner, unknown to the other, that won for him the nation's confidence and praise, while Laud was only gaining hatred and mistrust. Antony Wood describes him as "a person of primitive sanctity, of great wisdom, piety, learning, patience, charity, and apostolic virtues;" and even Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, an earnest opponent of the Bishops sitting in Parliament, and one who sometimes launched upon the Episcopal Bench the keenest invective, could make exception in favour of Juxon, and say of him, as Lord Treasurer and Bishop of London, that "in an unexpected place and power he expressed an equal moderation and humility, being neither ambitious before nor proud after either the crosier or white staff."

And to this general respect it may be attributed that, though he was seized and brought before the High Court of Justice, no charge was established against him, and he was set free, and suffered to enjoy an unmolested retirement during the years of Puritan rule—or misrule. His portrait is a copy of one at Long Leat, where it appropriately holds its place in the house which a quarter of a century after furnished a home to the saintly Bishop Ken. The names of artist and copyist alike are unknown; the picture was inserted in the Lambeth series by Archbishop Cornwallis, That

sad face seems as if the echo of the mysterious word "Remember!" addressed to him by Charles I. on the scaffold were still floating around him.

There is a current tradition that Juxon, with characteristic humility, persistently refused to sit to any painter, and that the picture at Long Leat, as also the better known one at St. John's College, Oxford (which is also the work of an unknown artist), were executed from memory; or perhaps, rather, upon an adaptation of the Laudian dress and bearing, the face being painted in after death, for which much facility was offered by the body lying in state in the Oxford Divinity School for two days. There is also another likeness of Juxon hanging over the doorway of the adjoining Long Gallery at Lambeth Palace, which represents him in the stillness and repose of death: this was no doubt taken under the circumstances already alluded to.

Gilbert Sheldon, who comes next (1663 to 1667), was the son of a favourite domestic of Lord Shrewsbury's, and rose to this high position by his own unaided talents. The twelve years of the Protectorate which Juxon had enjoyed in undisturbed, because in comparatively inactive, retirement, had been spent by Sheldon in active though covert support of the exiled house of Stuart; and soon after their return to power he received his reward at their hands, and the predictions of his early life were fulfilled. For, according to Lord Clarendon, he was early "looked upon as very equal to any preferment the Church could yield him," and even the Parliamentarian, Sir F. Wenman, said of him that he "was born and bred to be Archbishop of Canterbury." In Sheldon we see a political Churchman rather than a Divine. Contact with the rampant hypocrisy of many leading Puritans made him suspect all pretence to special piety as being nothing but a cloak for disloyalty and dishonesty. Personal wrongs, and the wrongs of the Church, had formed in him a seem-

ing severity against Nonconformists; and as they were the chief historians of the day, his name has come down to us blackened with all the obloquy which reciprocated hatred could cast upon it. Yet be it remembered of Sheldon that he dared to rebuke the immoralities of Charles II. and his Court, and also exhibited a personal as well as moral courage; for when, in 1665, the plague raged in London, and almost every one who could fled from the doomed city, not only did he never leave Lambeth, though victims were dying in numbers at the very gates of the Palace, but he ministered freely to their wants from his own wealth, and from funds which at his solicitation were supplied from all parts of the country. To his liberality Oxford bears witness, in that noble building called after him the "Sheldonian Theatre," built entirely at his own cost. He was also a liberal contributor to the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral; and to him the See of London is indebted for an Episcopal House in St. James's Square, which was taken down by Howley, when Bishop of London, to make room for the present building. He was the friend of Ussher, Hammond, Sander-son, and other kindred spirits; and yet the lineaments of his face, as given in either of the two portraits of him in the Palace (one a copy of that at Broom Hall, presented by Archbishop Cornwallis, the other by an unknown artist, probably a copy from a picture by D. Loggan), seem, with their severe and almost repellent expression to explain how, with self-reliant reserve, he failed to secure general esteem and fitting recognition in his own generation, and that place to which his natural gifts and conspicuous career entitled him in the ecclesiastical history of the country.

The appointment of William Sancroft, whose Episcopate ranged from 1678 to 1691, marks an eventful period in the history of the English Church. He, like Sheldon, had risen by his own merits and ability as a contro-

versalist, first to the Deanery of St. Paul's, and to the dignified position of Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation, and then was selected, probably as much to his own surprise as to that of others, to fill the post vacated by the death of Sheldon. It is not on Burnet's description of Sancroft, who seemed to seize every opportunity of depreciating him, that an estimate must be formed of his intellectual power and his high-minded zeal; nor is it by the futile tenacity with which he clung to Lambeth after his deprivation that he must be judged. Loyalty and devotion to the house of Stuart, for which he had suffered much, and jealous assertion of the Church's endangered rights, were the principles on which, on the one hand, he and his brother bishops based their resistance to the unconstitutional demands of James II., becoming the victims of the memorable trial, and the heroes of the still more memorable acquittal, at Westminster Hall; and on the other hand, their refusal to transfer their allegiance from the king at whose hands they had suffered so cruel a wrong to the son-in-law who, as they considered, had usurped his throne. However much the wisdom or the policy of his nonjuror action may be questioned, Sancroft, who was naturally a retiring student, evinced undoubted talent and sound learning in the general administration of the See. Yet so strong was the tendency to depreciate his worth on the part of the court nominees of the time, that scant justice was done to his memory. Indeed, as has been well said, "for many years after the Revolution not one of his successors had the spirit or generosity to hang up his picture in the Palace, till Archbishop Cornwallis (observing the portrait of him by P. Lens in the Gallery at Emanuel College, Cambridge, to which he had been so liberal a benefactor) obtained leave to have a copy of it taken, which now occupies its place in the Lambeth series." Another portrait of Sancroft,

by Luttrell, has also found a place in the Long Gallery of the Palace, having been added to the Collection by Archbishop Manners Sutton. A good engraving of this, by Meyer, forms the frontispiece to D'Oyly's life of this Primate. A third, also reputed, though on what authority is not known, to be a likeness of Sancroft in early life, hangs in the Long Gallery. It represents a young man in the character of a student, book in hand, and on the bottom of the frame are printed the words—"*Rapido contrarius orbi*"—but what their meaning and their application to his case it seems impossible to discover.

Lambeth has witnessed many contrasts in the succession of its Primates, but perhaps none—not even the transition from Bancroft to Abbott—more striking than when the crosier passed from the reluctant hands of William Sancroft into those of John Tillotson. Sancroft was essentially a High Churchman, Tillotson avowedly a Broad one tinged with Calvinism; the one appointed under Charles II., the other the nominee of William III.; the one a profound scholar, his sermons, like those of Lancelot Andrewes, minute, terse, epigrammatic; the other, without any great pretence to high learning, but the most distinguished and popular preacher of his day. Judging from this portrait, Archbishop Tillotson must also have been a man of strikingly attractive presence. Some doubt appears to exist regarding the painter of this picture; it is undoubtedly the very counterpart of one in the possession of Earl Somers, an acknowledged work of Sir Godfrey Kneller: on an engraving by Holt, it is ascribed to that artist; moreover it was so designated in the Exhibition of National Portraits (in 1867) at South Kensington. On the other hand, Ducarel, and those who follow him, have ascribed it to Mrs. Beale, a pupil of Sir Peter Lely, who was a copyist rather than an original painter. Recent opinion, however, seems to incline towards Kneller as the original

artist. The change of head-dress which occurred at this period may be noted in the contrast between this portrait and a second one in the Long Gallery (by an unknown artist). In the one the familiar skull-cap of his predecessors is abandoned, and he appears with his natural hair; but in the other a wig, not powdered, but resembling human hair, marks the introduction of the change, which continued to the days of Archbishop Sumner, the first to dispense with the wig.

On the sudden death of Tillotson, Stillingfleet, the able and learned Bishop of Worcester, was commonly regarded as his most fitting successor; but Court favour ruled it otherwise. Dr. Thomas Tenison, who had for many years held the prominent position of vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where he had somewhat distinguished himself by his strenuous opposition to Popery during the latter years of James II., and had been recently appointed to the See of Lincoln, was selected for the Primacy (1694 to 1716) in the belief (as it was currently said) that "he would do no harm." His life embraced some noteworthy events: as Vicar of St. Martin's he attended Nell Gwynne in her dying moments, and the Duke of Monmouth on the scaffold; and, as Archbishop of Canterbury, was present at the death-bed of Mary, consort of William III. He was a mild and amiable man, and by disposition a retiring student; contrasting perhaps unfavourably with the eloquence of his brilliant predecessor. Yet he has left his mark on Lambeth, as the Archives of the Palace show; for they are indebted to him not only for the valuable collection of books presented by himself, but for the still more valuable Manuscripts which he left to his learned Chaplain, Dr. Edmund Gibson (afterwards Bishop of London), by whom they were eventually bequeathed to the Library; while both St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and Lambeth retain mementos of his liberality in valuable endowments of their schools.

His portrait by R. White was generally accepted as a good likeness, and certainly seems to answer Mackay's description of him—that he was "a plain, good, heavy man."

Tenison was succeeded by William Wake, who held the Primacy for some twenty years (1716 to 1737). He was a divine of considerable learning, and the author of many valuable works, chiefly controversial, but appears to have taken little part even in the somewhat unimportant events of his day. It is one of the traditions of Lambeth that he was the last Archbishop who went to Parliament by water; and from his time it would seem that the State Barge fell into comparative disuse. His portrait is ascribed to Isaac Whood.¹

Still more conspicuous for learning was the next occupant of the Archiepiscopal See, John Potter (1737 to 1747), the author, among other learned works, of *Archæologia Græca*: his advancement to the Primacy is another striking illustration of the possibility of men of lowly birth rising to the highest offices of Church or State by their own individual merits. And in a picture in the adjoining gallery may be traced, somewhat singularly, the promise of Archbishop Potter's early life: it represents a boy with a face full of intelligence, his hand inserted between the pages of a well-bound book, while a scroll records—"atatis sue VI anno 1679. The appearance of this picture in Lambeth is not without interest." In the year 1842, a yeoman churchwarden of a Northamptonshire parish casually mentioned to his rector that there had descended to an ancestor of his, and was now in his possession, a picture, which family tradition said was the likeness of a very clever little boy, the son of a linendraper at Wakefield in Yorkshire, who, at the age of six years could read the Greek Testament (and had read it up to the place marked in the one he holds in his hand), and after-

¹ According to the *South Kensington Exhibition Catalogue* of 1867.

wards became Archbishop of Canterbury. Now Archbishop Potter was the son of a Wakefield linendraper, and was born *about* the year 1674, which would place him in his sixth year in 1679, the date thus confirming the tradition, and supplying a clue to the identification; the little volume, too, looks as it might well have been a Greek Testament; and the boy's mind must have been one of unwonted precocity, such as is always ascribed to Potter, to find pleasure in such reading at six years of age. The picture itself, probably the work of some local artist, is not without merit; and, rescued from oblivion in a small bedroom in a Northamptonshire farmhouse, and presented to Archbishop Howley, is appropriately and happily preserved within the Palace of which the subject was so distinguished an occupant during the last ten years of his life.

Potter was succeeded by Thomas Herring (1747 to 1757), a man of cultivated mind, but more distinguished for political activity than for administrative power. Indeed, he is believed to have owed his speedy promotion from York to Canterbury to the strong support he gave to the House of Hanover in the memorable rising of '45. His is one of the comparatively few portraits from the easel of Hogarth, so much better known for his satirical or home-scene paintings.

Next to him came Matthew Hutton, also promoted from York; but his tenure of the Primacy was a very brief one, extending only over a few months (1757 to 1758). He seemed to come of a family of Bishops, and was the direct lineal descendant of his namesake, the Dr. Matthew Hutton who had preceded him in the See of York in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His portrait is by Hudson, who was by some regarded as "the first portrait-painter of the day," and even as "another Vandyke *incognito*;" while a modern critic has described his art as containing the "very dregs of the old traditions." In the adjoining

Long Gallery and private rooms of the Palace there are other portraits by Hudson of distinguished Bishops: but it must be admitted that in all of them, as in that of Archbishop Hutton, the likeness, however true it may be, seems tame and lifeless.

A gallery which can boast its Holbein, its Vandyke, and its Hogarth, should not be without its Sir Joshua, and from the easel of that distinguished painter we have the portrait of Thomas Secker, who was Archbishop from 1758 to 1768. Unhappily in this as in other portraits in the Palace and elsewhere by the same hand, the too common defect of the colours used by him betrays itself, leaving a deathlike, or rather leprously pallid, complexion. From Secker's antecedents, his rise to the Primacy could have been little anticipated, for he was the son of Dissenting parents. The gift of preaching, so rare in the Church at that day, but so much cultivated in the Nonconformist connection to which he belonged, probably helped to bring him into note after he had been admitted into English Orders. His rise, considering the many stages through which he passed, was one of almost unprecedented rapidity. Ordained in 1722, within twelve years he was rector of the royal parish of St. James, Westminster; two years after Bishop of Bristol, in another two years translated to Oxford; and raised to the Primacy in 1758. He was an elegant rather than a profound scholar. The memorials which he left behind of his zeal and activity are to be found, not in writings of his own, but in a collection of books and manuscripts and collations, which are among the most valuable of the treasures in Lambeth Library.

The succession of men who had attained to the highest dignity in the Church from comparatively humble origin—notably among them Sheldon, Sancroft, Tillotson, Potter, Secker—is here broken by the advancement of a scion of a noble house, Frederick Cornwallis (1768 to 1783), a younger

son of Charles, 4th Baron Cornwallis, the first Primate of high birth since the days of Cardinal Reginald Pole. At a period when life and energy were so rare in the Church at large, we must not be surprised that so little remains to be recorded of his Episcopate. His most distinguishing traits of character are said to have been "moderation, affability, and hospitality;" but he is also noted to his honour that he effected a change in the domestic arrangements of Lambeth, which came from him with all the better grace (it could not, without considerable difficulty, have come from any one who was not himself of high birth), by abolishing the distinction which had hitherto assigned to the chaplains a lower place in the dining hall, and receiving them as companions at his own table. There is a fine portrait of him by Dance; and as has been also mentioned, the Gallery is indebted to him for several copies of portraits by which the previous series is completed.

We now again see the Primacy conferred upon one who, like so many before him, rose out of the middle classes, and who attained this high position under circumstances of peculiar interest. On the death of Cornwallis the vacant Primacy was at once offered to Bishop Lowth, whose refined and profound learning was shedding no ordinary lustre on the See of London; but he declined the Archbishopric out of sincere affection for his own diocese. It was then offered to Bishop Hurd, of Worcester, a brilliant scholar, and at that time in high favour with the King and the Royal family; but he also declined it on the plea of old age and "love of lettered ease." Each of the two was then separately asked by George III. to recommend the most fitting man for the vacant post; and both without previous concert named Dr. John Moore, at that time Bishop of Bangor. The general ecclesiastical stagnation of the time gave no occasion for the exercise or display of his undoubted

talents; and although his name is too frequently associated with the prevailing nepotism of that age, in which perhaps he was only more noted than others from the greater opportunities afforded by his high office, it should ever be remembered that he rendered his Episcopate (1783 to 1805) memorable by being the first Primate who recognised the claims of the Colonies to Episcopacy. The Church of North America and Nova Scotia rejoice to trace their Apostolic Succession from his hands, though Dr. Seabury, an American subject, had been obliged, by the so interpreted law of that day, to seek consecration from the Scotch Church. Romney's portrait of Archbishop Moore does full justice to the intellectual vigour of mind which accompanied a strikingly handsome face and dignified bearing. Another likeness of Moore hangs over the fireplace in the private dining-room; the peculiarity of the attitude, the face being turned away and only one cheek visible, is not without its significance, for during the latter years of his life an eruption on one cheek is reported to have somewhat marred the fine countenance for which he had been distinguished.

Dr. William Howley followed next in order (A.D. 1828 to 1848). His was an intellect of a high order, and a richly cultivated mind: he was a finished classic, and a theologian of no mean power; and while the gentleness of his nature led him to be ever seeking after peace, he yet possessed a judicial firmness of purpose which refused to compromise in any way a vital principle; this steadfastness was signally shown in the closing days of his life, when the question was pending as to the obligation to consecrate a nominee of the Crown whose orthodoxy was gravely called in question. During twenty momentous years did he control the religious movements of the age with such gentle firmness that the control was scarcely recognised, conciliating all parties by his gentleness, yet keeping all within bounds by

his firmness, so that men of either extreme loved and respected him. His character has been well described by Bishop Doane of New Jersey, as "the impersonation of apostolic meekness, sweetening apostolic dignity." His occupancy of the See was especially remarkable for the rapid increase of the Colonial Episcopate. On his accession the English Church only numbered five Bishops in all her Colonies. But to his active co-operation was greatly due the success of the movement for their increase, and, although prevented by sickness from taking part in the Consecration of five in one day—the memorable St. Bartholomew's Day, 1842—in Westminster Abbey, he was permitted himself, five years after, to consecrate four more in the same noble building, and before his death there were no less than twenty-seven Bishops in different parts of our Colonial Empire. Nor must an Act, more directly affecting the Home Church, be overlooked (its passing being mainly due to his zealous efforts), by which the pulpits of the English Church were opened to the Bishops and Clergy of Scotland and America. One who knew and honoured him may be forgiven for expressing a regret that that beautiful combination of benignity with decision is not more happily and faithfully expressed in the portrait by Sir Martin Shee.

He was succeeded by Dr. John Bird Sumner (1848 to 1862), who had for many years been Bishop of Chester; he, too, had in early life been credited with a refined scholarship, and had given promise of considerable theological depth and power; his administration of the See of Chester was marked with more than ordinary zeal and devotion; he was more conspicuous as a preacher than a divine: but a tendency to identify himself with one "school," rather than to be the "moderator" of the Church, as his predecessor had been, in days when the two schools of thought were causing unhappy divisions in the Church, led many, to whose views he op-

posed himself, to lose sight of his real worth and earnest piety, and thus perhaps to rob him of much of that respect to which his office and his holiness of character really entitled him. There are two portraits of Archbishop Sumner in the Palace; the one which closes the series in the Guard-room is by Eddis: the other, hanging in the adjoining corridor, is a copy of one by Mrs. Carpenter.

On his death, Dr. Charles Thomas Longley, who had been the first Bishop of the new See of Ripon, was selected for the Primacy. During his short Episcopate (1862 to 1868) he evinced a power for administration, combined with a benignity of disposition in no way inferior to his two immediate predecessors, which won for him the love and honour of every school and every grade in the English Church. The one event for which his occupancy of the See will be best remembered was the gathering of the first Pan-Anglican Conference of bishops, an act which, while it marks an epoch in the history of the English Church, is a striking memorial of the profound judgment and true catholicity of mind for which Archbishop Longley was conspicuous through life. His portrait, a *replica* by Richmond, strikingly indicative of his real character, hangs at present in the large drawing-room, there being no more available space in the Guard-rooms.

Here also hangs that of the present Primate, Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, by Sant; of which we cannot refrain from saying that we wish it did more justice both to the subject and to the artist. Archbishop Tait's career has indeed been eventful; but it would ill become us to express any opinion on it other than a conviction that the verdict of the future will assign to him a high place among the occupants of the See, and accredit him with no ordinary zeal, earnestness, and judgment, in the administration of the Church, during one of its gravest crises; while his heavy domestic afflictions have called

forth the nation's sympathy towards one "sorrowful yet alway rejoicing." Following in the steps of his respected predecessor, he convened the second Pan-Anglican Conference in 1878, at which were gathered together upwards of a hundred Bishops in communion with the Anglican Church, comprising those of the United States as well as of our distant Colonies in every quarter of the globe; nearly all of whom could trace their Apostolic functions to Consecrations held in the adjoining Chapel of the Palace.

Time and space forbid our entering upon any account of the many valuable portraits of divines and others which hang in the long picture gallery, or private apartments. But we cannot close our remarks without expressing an earnest wish—may we add, a hope?—that some arrangement may be made by which several pictures, which have

no longer any direct or historical connection with the See, beyond being likenesses of relatives of former Primates—as, for instance, four large ones of the Townsend family connected with Archbishop Manners-Sutton, and some of the Eden family with whom Archbishop Moore was connected by marriage—could be relegated to the mansions of their respective families, and the space they occupy be more appropriately utilised for various Episcopal and other portraits, which are now of necessity placed in dark corners and bad lights, or distributed over the private apartments. The more advantageous exhibition of these, recalling as they do events in the Church's history in which the subjects took conspicuous part, would add not a little to the interest which naturally attaches to the official residence of the Primates of All England.

J. CAVE-BROWNE.

A NEW VOCATION FOR WOMEN.

THAT increased attention is yearly paid amongst us to horticulture may be gathered, if from nothing else, from the number of books and periodicals exclusively devoted to the subject which continually issue from the press, as well as from the large sums expended in the maintenance of public and private gardens.

Nevertheless, viewed as a national industry, gardening cannot be said by any means to occupy in these kingdoms the position which it deserves to hold. In fact in that, as in many other branches of commerce, we are allowing ourselves to be beaten both by our continental neighbours and by our transatlantic cousins, and permitting our markets to be flooded at all seasons of the year with imported fruits and vegetables; nor can we fairly plead the deficiencies of our climate as an excuse for this state of things, since many branches of fruit and floriculture are more successful with us than they are under more genial atmospheric conditions.

The fact then must rather be attributed to two causes: our want of thrift, and our non-comprehension of the benefits to be obtained from the adoption of horticulture as a special subject of national instruction.

If Mr. Burbidge's statement be true, that we are paying 6,000,000*l.* annually for imported fruit alone, and that foreign growers find our prices so satisfactory that they are largely extending the area devoted to fruit culture; and if it be also true, as is contended by many experienced persons, that as much profit is obtainable from two acres under garden culture as from five times the space farmed in the ordinary way, it certainly behoves us, more especially as

the production of meat and cereals is every year becoming less remunerative, to bring intelligent attention to bear upon what is not only distinctly a lucrative industry, but one which affords the means of giving employment directly and indirectly to a large proportion of our population.

There is moreover one particular section of the people to which gardening as an industry ought to prove extremely beneficial, though it has never yet recognised the fact that horticulture as a profession could be suitable to it. We allude to women, and we fail to see why, as was lately suggested by a contemporary devoted more particularly to social subjects, women of all classes should not adopt this vocation with decided success, facilities being afforded to them for receiving instruction.

It is now admitted on all hands, not only that work is no degradation to gentlewomen, but that as it is manifestly needful for a large number of them to earn their own bread, it is desirable to find for them as many suitable openings as possible. A good deal in this way has actually been done, but the movement tends too much in one direction. Every girl does not possess artistic or literary proclivities or a taste for deep study, and to some active spirits confinement and sedentary occupation are almost unendurable. We want, then, some callings for young women of this latter description, and several might be found in connection with the higher branches of horticulture. Indeed, if we except the roughest kinds of labour, there is scarcely a department of gardening which women could not carry out successfully, while for many operations

their quick intuition, their patience, and their skilful fingers are pre-eminently suited.

Hybridising, grafting, budding, dis-budding, who could accomplish them better? The growth and tendance of seeds and cuttings, the management of plant-houses of every kind, the training of espalier and cordon fruit-trees, all these are works suitable to women, and since many ladies undertake them for their own amusement, there does not seem to be any reason why others should not do so for profit.

At present, however, there is no opportunity for women to learn gardening, and the art is supposed, when they practise it, to come to them by nature, just as nursing and cooking were also supposed not long ago to be inherited by female birthright. Whatever information the lady gardener requires she must therefore pick up in a promiscuous manner, by reading, by asking questions, and by sad and bitter experience, the only wonder being that the results should be as creditable as they often are, for unquestionably the most tasteful and not the worst managed gardens are very often those of which the mistress takes at least the superintendence.

This superintendence might, however, be very much more effective had the lady gone through a course of training in horticultural principles and garden economics, and in how many families is there not a daughter who could devote her time and energies to this department of home management, and perhaps also to the instruction of her village neighbours, even if she has no need to use her knowledge in the way of personal profit?

To begin with the ornamental portion of the home garden, is there not much room in it for improvement? Under our present system every effort is directed to what is termed the bedding season. For a few short months the parterre may be said to be gay—at least it is filled with flaunting masses of red, yellow, pink, white, and blue, mixed with about as much taste as is

displayed in the gaudy carpets we strive to emulate; but when frost arrives, and the “bedders” succumb to its ravages, there is usually nothing to fill their places, and we are reduced to contemplate the bare earth until the advent of another summer, when the same unnatural style of floral decoration is again repeated in whatever may chance to be the fancy of the hour.

Where are all the beautiful herbaceous perennial plants, and the glowing annuals and biennials which used to succeed one another so unfailingly, and mingle so harmoniously in the old-fashioned English garden? Truly it is not only “the flowers of the forest” which are “all weeded away,” but almost all our ancient favourites, are banished, forsooth, as “common flowers,” which are quite out of date. Surely Fashion is nowhere so detestable as when she meddles with the department of Flora. What is she, after all, this goddess, but the mere tool of the merchant, selling his wares for him, be they ribbons, *bric-à-brac*, or flowers? lording it over those who do not dare to call their souls their own, and laughing at them in her sleeve for being so easily duped by a thing so impalpable! If people would think for themselves, and have tastes of their own, everything that is beautiful would find its place in the pleasure garden, and we should no longer hear that a poor flower was unfashionable, “common,” or in other words vulgar. Ladies, if they would, might do an incalculable amount of good by taking gardening matters into their own hands, but in order to do so efficiently they must thoroughly understand the art. Of this more anon. In continuing our strictures upon British horticulture, let us take a look at our orchards! Is it not piteous to see in some of our midland counties the huge old trees, picturesque, certainly, at all times, and gloriously beautiful when laden with their pearly white or blushing pink blossoms, dying away for want of proper manuring and

pruning, and producing in the best seasons only small and inferior fruit? It is true that the pear-tree will live four hundred years, and the apple perhaps nearly as long, and that may be a reason for keeping here and there a venerable patriarch; but as the best fruit certainly grows upon young trees, it would be decidedly expedient to renew our orchards gradually and periodically, so as to keep the main area of them always at its best. The combination too of standard trees and bush fruits is one which ought to be encouraged, wherever the worth of fruit is relatively greater than that of grass, a fact, however, which would require to be determined in each particular locality. But at any rate a special system of manuring should be adopted, like that which Mr. Pell, "the Apple Prince" of the Hudson, is said to find so successful. *The Dietetic Reformer* of February, 1877, gave a very interesting account of this "lineal descendant of an English peer," with his 200 acres of Newtown Pippins alone (to say nothing of other varieties), his eighty acres of grapes, his extensive nurseries for renewing his orchards, and the peculiar system of management by which he contrives to ensure a good crop every year, and the account is well worthy the attention of British growers. Oyster shells, wood ashes, and salt are the food upon which his trees thrive so luxuriantly; and the pippins from the Pelham Farm travel all over Europe. But be it remarked the pippin-trees which started the whole affair were originally English, and here are we importing enormous quantities of the very fruit which is best suited to our own soil and climate when we might enrich ourselves by growing it, just as we also import enormous quantities of nuts, which we could grow to perfection on our railway embankments and waste ground.

Leaving the orchards—which however we would have extensively multiplied—and coming to the cottage-garden, we find the plot which should count for so much in the

economics of a lowly family, probably a bit of badly-tilled, sour, scantily-manured ground, containing perhaps a large apple or pear-tree which more than half-overshadows it, a few straggling gooseberries and currants, and a bed of leeks and cabbages. Very little is thought of it, no care is taken of it; and if you ask the owner or his wife why they do not improve their garden, they tell you, "'Tis good enough for the likes of we," and that is all you can get out of them, although very likely at the same time the cottage window will be filled with flourishing plants, proving by their fine bloom that ample care has been taken of them. The British rustic is, as every one knows, indolent and hard to move, wedded to old customs, unthrifty, and utterly impervious to any argument save the potent one of pounds, shillings and pence. Prove to him that the better cultivation of his garden will result in profit, and he will turn his attention to the task; but the only way to reach him is by example, for notwithstanding the improvement in our poor schools, reading is still to him a labour, and his books are few. Let him see that inexpensive bush apple and pear-trees, which may alternate with vegetables, and will not overshadow his garden, will give him a capital crop; let him find out that their produce will have a money value, and that there is no mystery in the matter, beyond the industry and attention needful to grow certain things in his small way just as well as the squire can do it with his two or three gardeners—and the aspect of matters will soon be changed; for our friend the cottager has a capital eye for the main chance, and no one knows better than he the worth of a shilling. The rivalry too which would soon spring up between neighbours would still farther advance the matter.

There is an argument in favour of a vigorous reform in our gardening which should come home to every one, and that is the enormous price we have to pay for dessert fruit and table decora-

tion, twenty pounds for this one item of a dinner-party being not at all a remarkable expenditure for fruit, the greater part of which is imported. It may be urged that the sunny skies of France and the Channel Islands produce better pears, peaches, and nectarines than our own more cloudy ones. But to this we reply that large orchard houses, and other kinds of shelter, which may be very cheaply constructed, would enable us to vie with our neighbours, if not to surpass them; the one thing needed in the case of the hardier fruits, being protection from early frosts, while for the more tender ones, artificial heat can be provided, and it is needless to remind the reader that our hot-house grapes are of far better flavour than those grown in vineyards in warmer countries, or that English strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants are much superior to any others.

It is of course impossible to afford protection to orchards; they must run their chance, the profits of a good year making up for the deficiencies of a bad one. But if we grew our dessert apples and pears on bushes and pyramids, the slightest protection, mere rude awnings of tiffany, would be enough to ward off all danger, to say nothing of the power we possess, by lifting and root-pruning, of rendering small trees increasingly prolific. Again by judicious plant education, and careful selection of stocks, scions, and seedlings, we have it in our power to accelerate or retard their bearing; and may thus produce varieties of orchard trees which would not bloom until all danger from frost was over, in that way securing more abundant and regular fruit harvests. In fact there are a thousand ways in which our fruit production might be improved and extended, and there is profitable employment in the doing of it for thousands of hands, a consideration surely of immense importance when viewed in regard to the distress amongst our agricultural population and the numbers of operatives in need of work.

One great bar to the increase of fruit-culture amongst us at present, besides the lack of capital, is the want of technical knowledge in those who would perhaps desire to carry on that branch of industry, and this technical knowledge is a vital necessity. Unless, therefore, some means be found of providing it, gardening will never advance beyond its present status. In France and Switzerland gardening is a regular part of elementary education, in fact in the former country it has been made a *sine quâ non* that the schoolmaster shall be able to give practical instruction in the art. Why should we remain behind other countries in this respect?

In the neighbourhood of our village schools it would rarely be difficult to obtain a piece of garden ground; and even in our large towns one or two schools at least are usually so situated as to render the addition of a garden by no means impracticable; while in most workhouses the same possibility exists. The employment of the children in the open air would benefit them immensely in point of health, and at the same time prove remunerative if the work were carried out in an efficient manner, nor does there seem to be any reason why the girls should not take part in the occupation.

Margaret Howitt, in her *Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer in Sweden*, tells us that "some of the hardy Dalecarlian peasant women engage themselves as gardeners at gentlemen's houses, undertaking the entire charge of digging, planting, rolling, &c., and when they have in this way, by care and industry, saved a little sum of money, they return to the Dales, and not unfrequently again make their appearance in their old scenes with a husband." The example of these enterprising northern damsels would not be a bad one for many of our country lasses, who might undoubtedly make a good thing of it, particularly if they were enabled by means of previous training to do their work intelligently, for we often see women of the

lower class endowed with a natural taste for gardening, and particularly with a love of flowers.

The article in *Social Notes*, to which we have before alluded, proposes the establishment of a horticultural college for women, in which the students should be of several classes, on a quasi-commercial basis, the college to become self-supporting, partly by means of the fees paid by students, and partly by the sale of the fruit, vegetables, flowers, and decorative plants which would be grown at the institution. In such a college the pupils would be required to pass examinations in the various branches with a view to gaining certificates and diplomas, and theoretical and practical teaching would go hand in hand. The suggestion is a bold one, but not perhaps impracticable. We, however, require to be educated up to the idea.

If women would turn their attention to the subject, and recognise the field that lies before them, they might do much in the matter themselves. Once qualified for it we can quite imagine a lady professor of horticulture succeeding admirably. In the department of landscape-gardening, for instance, she might become another "Capability Brown," laying out grounds and superintending their plantation, planning horticultural structures, &c. ; or, as a specialist, she might attain to eminence in some of the many distinct lines of flower and fruit production. In the colonies there must be a multitude of openings in these directions, large landed proprietors in Australia and elsewhere indulging in ornamental gardening and fruit culture to an extent of which we in England have but little idea.

But without leaving her own country the lady gardener may find ample employment for her energies. In his little volume on horticulture in the "British Industries" series, Mr. Burdige gives us a most interesting account of the immense suburban "plant factories" which furnish the

markets at every season of the year with the loveliest growing plants and cut flowers. Such establishments are usually devoted to the production of at most two or three different kinds, the system of culture being reduced to a regular routine, and the practice so successful that even large nurserymen are said to find it more advantageous to purchase plants from these specialists than to grow them for themselves. Mr. Beckwith, for example, sends to market yearly from 80,000 to 90,000 pelargoniums, and zonals in proportion, and forces between 60,000 and 70,000 hyacinths. Another grower, Mr. Reeves, imports as many as 160,000 tulip-bulbs every year, while whole houses are separately devoted to double-white primulas, poinsettias, begonias, fuchsias, and cinerarias. Mignonette, heliotropes, hydrangeas, asters, and white arum lilies are the specialties of other growers, while others again devote themselves to producing cut flowers. Then there are the rare tropical orchids, palms, ferns, and fine-foliaged plants, exceptional specimens of which frequently realise, even at public auctions, almost fabulous prices. Not to mention the *Phalænopsis grandiflora*, sold to the Duke of Devonshire for a hundred guineas, and the *Dendrobium*, which gained a like sum from Lord Londesborough, large numbers of orchids have been purchased at public sales at prices varying from 10*l.* to 50*l.*, such purchases being usually made by nurserymen for the purpose of selling them again, while the continuous steady demand for new varieties causes vast sums to be spent in paying collectors to procure them from the ends of the earth.

These facts sufficiently prove that the production of beautiful plants is a lucrative industry, and one in which there is room for competition. Indeed at the present moment it probably pays better than the growth of fruit and vegetables, although the latter branch of gardening, ministering as it does to a necessity, is more to be depended upon in the long run, and in itself

capable of considerable development, since the taste for fruit seems to be rapidly extending even amongst the lower classes, and the demand for it to be increasing materially almost with every year.

The growth of flowers for perfume, and the production of seeds, are also profitable branches of commercial gardening, and branches in which far less capital is required than is needed for decorative plant-culture. In this country, however, only a few kinds of flowers can be successfully grown for distillation, but the seed question is one of great importance on account of the extensive adulteration which still prevails—the high prices paid for seeds, especially those of new varieties, holding out a strong temptation to the dishonest trader.

We see, then, that there is abundant

room for more horticulturists, and we hope that we have not altogether failed in carrying the reader with us in our conviction. Let it be once widely felt that the “gardening question” is a national one, and its adoption into the State system of education is sure to follow. Systematic instruction might then be provided without difficulty by employing some of the existing machinery; and perhaps even the “National Garden,” recommended by Mr. Burbidge, might become a fact. If it does, we would suggest that there should be attached to it an efficient school of horticulture open to persons of both sexes, where serious studies of a theoretical kind might be carried on in conjunction with thorough practical training in every department.

J. CHESNEY.

NOTICE.—“HAWORTH’S.”

Owing to an accident in transmission, the next Instalment of “Haworth’s” is unavoidably postponed to the September number.

VENETIAN SONNETS.

VENICE.

CITY of palaces, Venice, once enthroned
 Secure, a queen mid fence of flashing waters,
 Whom East and West with rival homage owned
 A wealthy mother with fair trooping daughters,
 What art thou now? Thy walls are grey and old,
 In thy lone halls the spider weaves his woof,
 A leprous crust creeps o'er thy house of gold,¹
 And the cold rain drips through thy pictured roof.
 The frequent ringing of thy churchly bells
 Proclaims a faith but half-believed by few;
 Thy palaces are trimmed into hotels,
 And travelling strangers, a vague-wondering crew,
 Noting thy stones, with guide-book in their hand,
 Leave half the wealth that lingers in the land.

LORD BYRON AND THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.²

AND lived he here? And could this sweet green isle
 Volcanic stuff to his hot heart afford,
 That he might nurse his wrath, and vent his bile
 On gods and men, this proud, mistempered lord?
 Alas! poor lord, to this soft leafy nest,
 Where only pure and heavenly thoughts should dwell,
 He brought, and bore and cherished in his breast,
 A home-bred devil, and a native hell.
 Unhappy lord! If this be genius, then
 Grant me, O God, a Muse with sober sweep,
 That I may eat and drink with common men,
 Joy with their joys, and with their weeping weep:
 Better to chirp mild loves in lowly bower,
 Than soar through stormy skies with hatred for my dower.

¹ The *Casa d'Oro*, a well-known palace on the right side of the Grand Canal, as you sail up.

² Among the scores of little green islands that dot the Venetian lagoons, one stands prominent before the view of the stranger who has free prospect from any of the hotels that line the long range of the *Riva degli Schiavoni*. On this a pious Armenian, some time in the last century founded a monastery and educational college for natives of his own

country who might either be resident in Venice for purposes of trade, or might look to this central spot as a house of refuge for learning and piety amid the turmoil of the great world. Poets require solitude: and Lord Byron's domicile here, when composing *Childe Harold*, has made it a familiar gondola trip for all English strangers in the sea-built city. His lordship's portrait and that of Napoleon III. look down from the walls, most incongruous patron-saints of so peaceful a retreat.

SILVIO PELLICO AND THE PIOMBI.¹

O God! how oft from those hot leads arose
 The dolorous cry, How long, O Lord, how long
 Shall patient right endure triumphant wrong,
 And jealous bars in pestilent coop inclose
 Earth's elect sons, who would not quench the light
 Of Thy law in their soul, and warmly cherished
 Each kindest human love, and sooner perished
 Than strangle Truth to serve usurping Might?
 Thy ways, O Lord, are dark, but not to me
 Hopeless for this, or bound with dark despair;
 All hangs together, and each part must bear
 The burden with the bounty sent from Thee,
 As faithful Pellico through that steaming den
 Beheld Thy face, and preached Thy grace to men.

J. S. BLACKIE.

- ¹ The *Piombi* are chambers covered with lead, in the topmost tier of the State prison behind the Ducal Palace in Venice, where Silvio Pellico was confined for some time before his final exportation to the Spielberg in Mora-

via. The account of his sufferings in that sweltering den during the summer months is the most pathetic thing that I know in human story. Nowhere else was Christian faith more severely tried or more signally triumphant.

ANTOINE WIERTZ.

THIS painter, so well-known in Belgium, has a comparatively narrow reputation in our country. Those who have visited Brussels are aware of the rank assigned him by his own people; but to the bulk of the British public he is little more than a name, if even that. This may be in some measure due to the fact, that, as a whole, the paintings of Wiertz are characterized to a painful degree by the same fantastic morbidness that marks the writings of Edgar Allan Poe,—a morbidness hardly falling in with the healthy tastes of Englishmen. And it must also be noted that the painter throughout his life took especial pains to prevent the dispersion of his pictures, so that at the present moment the little gallery at Brussels, known as the *Musée Wiertz*, contains nearly all the productions of his brush.

Antoine Wiertz was born at Dinant on the Meuse, on the 22nd February, 1806. His father, a native of Rocroy, had served in the French Republican army, but obtaining his discharge in 1803, had reverted to his trade,—that of tailor—and ultimately obtained a post in the Dutch police. It was from his father that Wiertz was believed to have inherited his love of freedom, and his fierce, independent spirit, which carried self-reliance to the verge of cynicism. As a child, he is related to have said to his mother, "I would be a King for this—that I might do as I like, and turn out a great Painter." And this depreciation of kings for their attributes of political power, was shown later in life, when he refused a medal awarded as a royal prize for one of his pictures. "The King," he said, "is not Michel Angelo." When still quite young, he exhibited much of that universality of genius which marked the period of

the Renaissance. He had aspirations, and in a sense faculties, for poetry and music, as well as for painting; he was exuberant in creative activity, as Leonardo da Vinci and other ancient Italians were in various directions of art. Fortunately, physical power was not equal to such pressing calls, and, warned in time, Wiertz settled down to the branch in which probably his only real strength lay, and painting became the object of his life. At ten years old, he began to draw portraits, without previous training of any sort, and in wood carving, he achieved a horse and a Madonna,—life being absent from the one, and devotion from the other, as might naturally be supposed. His first grand commission, however, was from the innkeeper of the village, who not only requested him to paint a signboard, but supplied him with oil-colours for the purpose. The boy threw himself into the work with the real ardour of genius, and was only grieved to think that the *Black Horse* scarcely admitted of those lights and shades he was so anxious to attempt to produce. More scope for fancy was afforded by a second signboard—entitled *Le Commis Voyageur*, where in addition to a horse, the introduction of a human figure became allowable. These two signs were of course sufficient for village fame, and the gossips predicted that the little Antoine was destined for great things.

At fourteen, though still without training, he had made considerable progress in his art. His mind had enlarged, and his aspirations expanded: little of the boy was left even in his person, for his figure was tall and supple, and muscular beyond his years; his features straight and clearly cut, hair and eyes of the jay's wing, and a carriage with the dignity of manhood.

His great distress was that he had seen no masterpieces: the Stations of the Cross or the rude altar-piece in the village church only serving to convince him how different such art must be. The great genius of the Low Countries seemed to claim him as follower and disciple, and in his feverish fancy, he imagined Rubens to visit him in dreams, and to whisper in his breathless hearing, "Follow me, Antoine, follow me. Quick! to Antwerp where I live in my imperishable canvases." Of course this journey to Antwerp became an absorbing desire, and at last thither he repaired, with what feelings those only who have experienced the fulfilment of a great and cherished wish can imagine. An anecdote is told of him shortly after his arrival in the city, which discloses how completely the order of the social world was in his mind regulated by artistic merit, and recalls a well-known incident in the life of Beethoven. When standing one day in the Museum, absorbed in contemplation before a picture by the great Master, the Prince of Orange, in all the prestige of his Waterloo fame, passed along the gallery,—and a friend touched Wiertz on the arm: "The prince! Antoine," he said, "take off your hat," "*Mais non,*" replied the artist, recalled to the outer world, and, pointing to the masterpiece above him "*Je ne l'ai pas ôtée pour celui-là.*"

And now began one of those striking struggles of the kind maintained with such perseverance by our own Haydon, which, while they excite a sense of the nobility and self-reliance of the men who can go through them, still leave a dreadful sadness in the thought that such things must be. Poor Wiertz had genius, enthusiasm, courage, industry; but he had no money beyond what would supply the barest necessities of life. And so in a miserable garret, twelve feet by six, lighted by a window in the roof, and furnished (if the word is not inappropriate) with a narrow bed and a couple of chairs,—he fought his weary way to reputation. So cold was his lodging

in winter, that when he awoke, his hair was sometimes stiff with frost. But still he worked on with the greatest assiduity. By day he painted, and at night he studied anatomy in his bed, for he could not afford a fire. He has fallen to sleep with the human skeleton by his side, when exhaustion would no longer permit research; and his eyes on awakening have rested on the dread object, which almost made him believe he had faded from unconsciousness into the region of death, where the unfleshed frameworks of bones might pass for natural inhabitants.

His poverty-stricken appearance, contrasting so sadly with his youth, made him a familiar figure in the neighbourhood where he resided, but a derisive smile or a shrug of the shoulders constituted most of the sympathy he excited.

He was willing to paint portraits for money, but steadily refused to part with what he considered his "works," and to a visitant who made his way to the garret, and desired to purchase a picture,—he replied with sternness, "Keep your money; gold gives the death-blow to art." No Rosetti or Burne Jones of our day could have wished for a sentiment more exalted. However, with his portraits, Antoine managed to sustain the struggle, and to procure some valuable lessons from Herreyns and Van Bree. In 1821, his case being brought to the notice of government, he obtained a small annuity, commencing at 120 florins, and afterwards increased to 200 florins. Satisfied with this slender sum, he was able to adapt his wants to his resources, and at twenty years of age, to lay down this grand but melancholy maxim—"At an epoch when technical skill is preferred to conception, the young artist must be careful to imitate the great Poussin, by painting for posterity; avoiding vulgar taste, and being content to remain poor so that he may become one of the Masters." In 1832, Wiertz gained the *Prix de Rome*, and thus obtained the means of carrying

out a long-desired project of visiting Italy. He was going to the land of Virgil and Horace, Dante and Tasso, but they were not in his thoughts,—the *Iliad* was his companion. Even in crossing the Alps, he had already conceived the design of choosing a subject from the *Iliad*. "I keep Homer under my pillow," he wrote, "and it is astonishing how its perusal affects me. When I read of the combats of Ajax or Hector, I am possessed with a fury. I feel a burning desire to produce such a representation as should surpass the old masters." His enthusiasm took shape. A picture was commenced in 1835, the canvas—here again with a curious parallel to Haydon,—being no less than thirty feet in length by twenty in height. The subject was the Combat over the dead body of Patroclus. In less than six months (far too short a time), the painting was completed, and was first exhibited at Rome, where it was enthusiastically admired. The great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, on seeing it, exclaimed, "This young man is a giant." In the summer of the same year, Wiertz returned to Belgium, preceded by his picture, where it was received quite as favourably as in Rome. The press was loud in its praise, and the Academy at Antwerp gave a banquet in honour of the artist. But gratifying as the commendation of his countrymen was, he yearned for the applause of a larger community, and arranged to have the Combat sent to Paris. A series of mishaps on the way, caused the piece to arrive too late for the Salon of that year; and though it appeared in the ensuing season, it was "skied" in such a manner as to pass almost unnoticed by the critics. Wiertz felt the disappointment keenly: hopes that had long sustained him in poverty and privation were rudely dashed. But with real genius rebuffs only lead to increased exertions. He removed to Liège with his aged mother, and there in retirement painted portraits for support, and patiently worked away on huge canvases at subjects dis-

closing the exercise of a most powerful imagination. Writing to a friend at this period, he says—"To paint pictures for glory, and portraits to keep the pot boiling,—such are the fixed occupations of my life." On his mother's death in 1848, Wiertz left Liège for Brussels, and looked round in the latter city for a studio large enough for the scale of canvas which alone satisfied his aspirations.

An old disused workshop was at last discovered suited to his purpose, and in this he at once commenced the work which gave him the rank he holds amongst Belgian artists. It was entitled *Le Triomphe du Christ*; and in this picture, more perhaps than any other of his works, the two distinctive characters of his genius displayed themselves—originality of conception and ability of execution! The face of the dead Saviour on the cross is seen through a veil of dark and misty clouds, whilst the angels of light to whom the completion of the mystery has been a signal of victory, are represented as driving the spirits of darkness, whose reign is over, into the abyss beneath. Lucifer is prominent amidst the demons; and the figure of the archangel pursuing him has been much admired as a type of irresistible force and life-like movement. The contrast between the passion and struggle below, and the calmness and peace of the Saviour's expression, is depicted with singular power.

About the year 1850, Wiertz found a friend in M. Rogier, minister of the Interior, a lover and patron of the arts. Through his influence, a studio was constructed by the Government for the use of the artist during his lifetime. The conditions required that the seven large pictures which Wiertz had up to that time executed, were to remain in this building, and, together with such others as he might afterwards paint, were to form a national museum.

This studio, now called the *Musée Wiertz*, was a roomy building of the simplest construction. Brick in

material, it is nevertheless picturesque in appearance, having the form of an artificial ruin, covered with ivy, and in one part traversed by a magnificent vine.

Some of the pictures in this gallery are painted on the wall; others again, though on canvas, are executed by some of the methods of fresco applied to oils,—a process discovered by the artist, and embodied by him in a memoir which he bequeathed to the National Library.

And now the painter had obtained his wish—free scope for the exercise of his imagination. Unfortunately for posterity, it was an undisciplined imagination, delighting in morbid representations, in the pain and horror of which may doubtless be traced some of the effects of early privations on a highly organised brain.

One of his most dramatic and best known works is *L'Enfant brûlé*, which portrays a poor woman who, having gone out to buy provisions, finds on her return the cradle on fire, and the poor baby dead. She is seen just having snatched the little body from the flames, and examining with stupor its dreadful injuries. But what a subject! Another piece startles the beholder by the strange contrivance imagined by the artist. It is called *L'Inhumation précipitée*, and depicts a man who, during a visitation of cholera, has been buried alive. The horror-struck face, the attenuated hands, are seen protruding from an aperture forced in the miserable parish coffin, and around are all the sombre paraphernalia of the charnel-house. The incident is founded on fact: the man to whom it occurred is still living in Brussels, and goes by the nickname of *Trompe-la-Mort*.

The picture entitled *Faim, Folie, Crime* is too revolting for minute description. A mother driven to insanity by hunger has destroyed her child with a view to actual cannibalism. The artist has shrunk from no circumstances of terror,—the misapplied power is stupendous.

Again, under the title of *Le Suicide*, is represented a young man who has destroyed himself. The body is tottering to its fall. On either side, his good angel and his bad. The former veils his face in sorrow and compassion. A laugh of fiendish glee lights up the face of the latter, who holds a second pistol, should the first have failed. On a table close by a materialistic volume is lying, on which the unhappy youth has written his last words—expressive of the conclusion that neither God nor the soul have any existence.

Strongly opposed to capital punishment, Wiertz devoted a triptych, or three-panelled piece, to increasing the horror of the sentence, by representing that sensation did not cease with apparent death. It is named *Pensées et Visions d'une Tête coupée*, and the details must be left untold, though here again is written on the canvas, in unmistakable characters, that word which is the hall-mark of genius—*power*.

The rapidity with which Wiertz painted, and the tendency he always exhibited to the colossal, soon filled his studio, but the artist remained unexhausted. He proposed adding two wings: and designated the existing building as a mere "preface" to his work. "What would you say," he writes to a friend, "to a gallery three times the size of my present one, and where the least important work should outstrip everything I have done yet?"

But these plans were not to be realised. Disease was advancing on a frame originally delicate. Wiertz had long been a martyr to neuralgia, for which gymnastics and out-of-door exercise had been recommended, and to which they had undoubtedly given relief. But he was loath to give up the time to such remedies. He had that feeling so strong upon him, which all who entertain vast and unrealised schemes experience, that "the night cometh when no man can work." He wrote to a friend, "The days now lost will return no more."

A carbuncle which at first had not appeared dangerous, suddenly assumed an alarming character, and after a very few days' illness, Antoine Wiertz expired, on the 18th of June, 1865, at the age of fifty-nine. By his express desire, he was buried in the grounds of the studio he had loved so well in life. It had been known that he wished his works to become national property; indeed, it was on this understanding that the studio had been provided for him; but eager to prevent the possibility of mistake, he drew up with his dying hands a will, naming his friend, Charles Potoin, sole legatee. This gentleman knowing the painter's intentions, hastened to make over the works to the Government, and now one of the public sights in Brussels is the *Musée Wiertz*.

The career of this remarkable man supplies a splendid instance of self-devotion. He toiled through a life of hardships for his art and his country. His first thought was to create; his second that his beloved native land should enjoy his creation. Of course, from the point of view of art-criticism, his productions show, like those of our own Fuseli, that the most vivid gifts of imagination can never supply the methods of work which thorough instruction alone affords,—nor is there any intuitive mastery of technical difficulties. It is excessively painful to consider that the privations he

struggled so nobly to overcome, in their very defeat disturbed the balance of a splendid mind. He conquered—but the conquest cost him the health of his reason. Who can doubt that the chilly, fitful slumbers in the wretched garret,—the horrible skeleton that was, so to speak, his bed-fellow in the long night of winter,—hunger, thirst, insufficient clothing, anxieties about the future, all showed themselves afterwards, in the terrible dreams of social life which flowed in colours of fire and blood over his exaggerated canvases? Still, in the sweet peace of the Saviour's face, in a picture otherwise devoted to combat and passion, the fury of demons and the wrath of angelic avengers, we may be permitted to hope that even to this careworn man the gloomy riddle of life did not seem incapable of a happy solution. Belgium remembers this independent son of hers because he loved his art (not wisely, perhaps, but too well), and because, also, he loved his Fatherland. Moreover he certainly had that direct gift of capability which does not indeed ensure perfect achievement, but without which, neither training, practice, direction, nor encouragement can produce anything that will live. The fancy was distorted with the unwholesome visions of Callot, but the lines of thought were on the scale of Michel Angelo.

MARY LAING MEASON.

THE OLDEST ART IN THE WORLD.

It is a subject for constant regret that the Egyptian collections in European museums are wanting in the characteristic most likely to make a museum useful to the student. At Boolak they know whence every piece came. They know where and how it was found. It follows that they can always at least approximate to its chronological position—not perhaps to its actual date, for dates, as we count them, do not apply to the early periods of Egyptian history.

Mariette Bey, the curator of the museum, has gone to work in a very simple and intelligible way as regards this difficulty. He has adopted, merely for experimental purposes, the chronology of the only authority that can in any way be called contemporary, and has provisionally used the narrative of Manetho, which at least gives the student a succession of names and events.

When we visit the Boolak Museum, then, we find an arrangement, so far as anything can be arranged in the wretched building, which enables us to trace the history of Egypt and Egyptian art back step by step from the latest Roman bust to the earliest statue portrait. There is no flaw in the chain, though there are so many blanks in the chronology. It is perfectly continuous and unbroken; and when you apply to it a question which M. Mariette asks with respect to the pyramids, you arrive at a very definite but very startling conclusion. M. Mariette asks where are the signs of the infancy of Egyptian art? The further back we go the more complete it appears. The magnificent diorite statue of Chafra—once considered the oldest portrait in the world—has been superseded from its priority by the wooden figure from Sakkara. The want of conventionality in this amazing portrait places it above the noble but stiff statue of Chafra. But the wooden man has himself been superseded by the oldest monuments yet

discovered, which are still more life-like, still more unconventional, still more truly artistic than anything yet found of a later period.

In short, the further back you go, the better the style. It is evident the style grew up by degrees. It is the result of centuries of study and practise. The two life-like figures found at Meydoom were not modelled in the infancy of art.

Such is the question suggested by a visit to Boolak; and there only can the ancient arts be studied with trustworthy facts before us. It is hopeless just yet to expect any improvement at the British Museum. The theory of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson evidently was, that all the people whom he classed as "ancient Egyptians" lived much about the same time; and his system has been pursued in the mixture of the minor objects, while the larger are only recognised by their inscriptions, nothing being known about the places where the majority were found. Had the statues of Ra-Hotep and Nepert been brought to England in this way, it is more than probable they would have been catalogued as Ptolemaic, possibly as Ethiopian, while it is quite certain that the fresco of the *Pasturing Geese*—a picture contemporary with the statues—would have been considered Greco-Roman.

These marvellous statues are placed apart from the other objects belonging to what M. Mariette calls "*L'Ancien Empire*" in a chamber not so near the damp of the river's bank as that in which the rest of the very early remains are arranged. They are rather less than life size, but otherwise absolutely life-like. After you have gazed into the depth of Nefert's eyes, you feel, in spite of their being made of crystal and marble, that you have personal acquaintance with her. The beautifully-fitting linen dress, the feet guiltless of shoes, the absence of all

ornament except a necklace of emeralds and rubies, the neat "snood" which binds her hair—all, you are convinced, are as much portraits as the face itself. The figure is full of a quality of reality which, seeing it is almost all we have of the earliest art, is better for us than a more idealised style of work. It is impossible even to approximate to the age of this and the companion work. Lepsius gives B.C. 3122 as the probable date of the reign of Seneferoo; but as he makes that monarch the first king of the fourth dynasty, while most of the recent authorities place him toward the end of the third, these statues of the son and daughter-in-law of Seneferoo may be even older. But all chronology is guesswork before the twelfth dynasty—a fact but too often to be acknowledged in the present state of our information.

The companion statue is not so interesting, but even more life-like; and the hieroglyphics on the seat, viewed as the earliest examples of the art of writing yet identified, possess an interest for me, I confess, out of all proportion to their subject.¹

The assemblage of objects of the period of the early monarchy in its own *salle*—that of the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th dynasties—at the Boscak Museum, is the best that has ever been brought together. M. Mariette has made extensive searches through the grave-mounds of these periods at Gheezah, Sakkara, Maydoom, and Abood. After the statues I have just mentioned, the wooden man and the statues—for there are nine of them, of different degrees of merit, of Chefra—the most interesting of these early monuments are in a room reserved for specimens of the same period. Among them is the heavy granite sarcophagus of Shoofoo-anch (the life of Shoofoo), which stands in the centre of the chamber. Apart from the value of a relic of so ancient a time, this great coffin has a double interest. The personage buried in it

was attached to the court of the monarch, after whom he was called, as superintendent of the royal buildings. He must therefore have had a large share in the erection of the great pyramid itself, if indeed he did not actually design it. The epitaph states that he was a priest of Apis and of Isis. His tomb stood to the south-east of the great pyramid, and the sarcophagus itself offers us the most complete model of what one of these enormous mummy cases was under the early monarchy. The cover, vaulted in the centre, has on it an invocation to Anubis. The four sides are modelled from what was no doubt the form of the ordinary wooden houses of the period. In the centre is the doorway, and over it a round log as if for the suspension of a roller or curtain. All the old tombs have false doors of this kind, evidently imitated from wooden constructions, and two very complete and large examples are in the same room. On the cross-bar the name of the deceased is written generally with nothing but his name and rank. Possibly in these old times the great men of Egypt had their names thus placed over the doors of their houses.

The representations, of which we hear so much, of agricultural and domestic scenes, are well illustrated here in a number of bas-reliefs arranged like pictures round the walls. The sculpture is very good, and by no means betrays that stiffness we are accustomed to connect with Egyptian work. We seldom see such pictures in European museums, and derive our ideas from copies and casts of the comparatively debased art of the time of the 19th and 20th dynasties at Thebes. It will be well to keep these two periods, as remote from our time as they are from each other, carefully separate in our own minds.

Among the other treasures in this room is a small sitting statue of an ancient gentleman whose name was Assa. It is not above three feet high, but delicately cut in limestone and coloured. Beside Assa his wife stands,

¹ I have gone more at length into the meaning of this inscription in an article in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. xxxv. p. 126.

dressed in white, her dress covered with spots, like what ladies now call "Swiss muslin." She places her arm round his neck. Her name is on the pedestal at her feet. She was a member of the royal family, and was called Athor-en-Kaoo. Her little boy stands between his parents, and bears like his mother the title of "royal cousin." His name is Tat-as-as-poo-er. Some Vandal, since this charming domestic group was in the Museum, has broken off the head of the child. A statue nearly equal in delicacy of execution is in the great room, but there the deceased is represented sitting by himself. Several groups of a similar antiquity, but not of such delicate execution, are in the western chamber; and the visitor who desires to cultivate a knowledge of hieroglyphs cannot do better than commence work by spelling out the epitaphs in these the oldest inscriptions.

Among the most beautiful examples are some panels of wood. They are carved in delicate relief, the inscriptions relating to a royal scribe and "trusty cousin and councillor," who lived about the time of Shoofoo. His name, which is very clearly spelled out in a very archaic but beautiful form of hieroglyphic writing, seems to have been Hosi. The panels were inserted in as many of the false portals of which I have already spoken as being in all these early tombs.

The finest stone portal is that of Sokar-ka-baoo. It was evidently erected by his wife, who is represented on the two outer wings or side posts. She has a remarkably ugly face, but is very fair, and on her cheeks are green marks, which some have accounted for on the supposition that they were an early way of denoting grief, and others that the green stain is caused by the oxidisation of a bronze plating over the eyes. Be this as it may, the mark only occurs on monuments of the highest antiquity. The lady's name seems naturally to have been too long for every-day use—Athor-nefer-hotep, and she had for household convenience, a pet name—Tepes.

Behind a sitting statue of Chafra, one of the nine found in the tomb near the Sphinx, is another very old portal of the same character, but smaller. It is also from a tomb at Sakkara. Its interest lies chiefly in the fact that Shery, its occupant, served as priest for the temples attached to the pyramids of two very ancient kings, one of whom may be identified with the Sethenes of Manetho and the Senta of the table of Abood. The name is here spelt Sent. He was a king of the second dynasty. The other king's name is unknown in this form. It appears to read Perhebsen, and may be the second title of a Pharaoh known in history by another name.

I have dwelt at some length on these vestiges of the earliest civilisation, both because of their intrinsic beauty and because they do not occur even as the greatest rarities in our European museums. They belong to a period so remote that it is perfectly futile to guess at the date. In the long perspective of ages such minute marks as years can hardly be perceived. These ancient people tell us little of themselves in their simple writing. Few grammatical forms appear. Vowels are almost wholly omitted. But what is wanting in words is made up for in pictures. Their daily life is brought before us; their families, their homes, their professions, their agriculture, their arts: and we can conjure up, when we know the climate which they enjoyed and the soil they cultivated, a very complete picture of what they were, and how they lived.

The chief thing that strikes us about them, as we read of them in these monuments, is the absence of any worship—almost of any mention—of their gods. They are often attached to the service of a king who is spoken of as a divinity, and in many cases they are employed in perpetuating that service after his death. Occasionally a personal name betrays to us the existence of a god to whom one of them was specially

devoted. Ptah-sokari, Ptah, Athor, Isis, Anubis, Shoo, Ra, Osiris, are among the names that occur, but none of them very often. These gods and goddesses were revered, but which of them was thought the greatest, whether they had any distinct idea of theology, whether they actually worshipped the king, or apis, or the white bull, or the golden hawk, or only looked upon them as sacred representatives of God, we know not. The monuments are nearly or altogether silent. Of Osiris at this time we have but little contemporary evidence that he was looked upon as the judge of the dead. Anubis is addressed by Shoofoo-Anch as the god of the underworld. But many of the monuments of which we have been speaking are much older than his time—how much older we know not—and in them there are no such allusions. Investigators are agreed that pictures or sculptures representing the gods are all but unknown before the time of the 12th dynasty. I say “all but,” as there is a conspicuous but more than doubtful case to the contrary in the tablet of the Sphinx. But with regard to their ordinary employments and daily life we have, as I have said, much evidence. They lived in timber houses, the windows of which were small in comparison with the wall space, and the doorways narrow. Provision was made everywhere for awnings and curtains to keep out the midday heat and the midnight cold. Their clothing was but scanty, but they were careful to cover the head, either with a kerchief or a wig. The women were very modestly clad, and wore more than a single garment—the outer one reaching nearly to the feet. The hair was plaited, and probably made up with artificial chignons and cushions, but was tied round the forehead by a simple riband. Tight-lacing had not been invented, nor the use of shoes.

In domestic life our ancient Egyptian was a family man. He loved his wife and his children intensely. The wife was sometimes the superior

of her husband in rank, and retained her title, as in England we still distinguish peers' daughters who marry commoners. She had sometimes private property, and widows were often women of substance, and raised costly monuments to the memory of their lords.

This independence of women is often strongly brought out, and goes to confirm, were other proof wanting, the assertion of Manetho, that under a king of the 2nd dynasty “it was decided that women might hold the imperial government.” Yet the wife, even the wife of superior rank, is represented as treating her husband with respect. She usually stands by his side, or clasps his knees, but often too she also is seated, and her arm embraces his neck.

These ancient folk were keen sportsmen. In one picture a widow is represented as enjoying at a little distance the pleasures of the chase. They shot, they hunted, they fished, they went on the Nile in pleasure-boats, they tamed wild animals, and trained falcons.¹

Manetho speaks first of the existence of warfare when he tells us “the Libyans revolted from the Egyptians; but, on account of an unexpected increase of the moon, they surrendered themselves for fear.” This was under the first king of the 3rd dynasty; and we have evidence that under the eighth king there was something resembling a standing army. But up to this time had the valley been in peace? Had the civilisation, which is already so great when we first come upon its vestiges, been permitted to grow up amid profound quiet, unbroken by foreign invasions or internecine strife? It is impossible to say that there was never war, but there is much evidence that long periods of complete quietness nourished the social welfare in which the arts were perfected, and the strongest proof exists that one art at least must have been

¹ This is probable, but not altogether certain.

brought to a high degree of perfection without the interference of war.

This is the art of writing. The oldest inscriptions are those of Maydoom. Yet here we find not a complete alphabet, but two or three alphabets, and all the apparatus which in after ages became so like ordinary writing. But the signs used are signs of peace. Hieroglyphics and the cartouches of kings have been compared to heraldry, but there is this very important difference, for the shields, the lions rampant, the swords and spear-heads, the whole armoury of heraldry is warlike and the invention of people engaged in constant warfare. But what are the oldest hieroglyphic signs? The first letters of the first inscription I saw at Maydoom were as follows:—A sickle, a guitar, a plank, a smoothing-stone, a man's mouth, a ball, an onion, a zigzag line, a necklace, a foot, a loop of cord containing a king's name which was spelled with a bent reed, a guitar, a human mouth, and a partridge. Such are the hieroglyphic signs of the times. They show, if we may argue from them at all, that they were invented by an agricultural and peaceful people.

Or we may take the ovals of the early kings in evidence. It is, of course, a question whether the names of Mena and Teta, and the other kings of the first dynasty were ever actually written in their own day. Still, scarabs occur of such distinctly marked antiquity that it has often been supposed they are the oldest "documents" in Egypt; they are sometimes inscribed with the cartouches of kings of the early dynasties. Among the collection of scarabs at Boolak is one of Seneferoo. I have another, and the doubtful name of a still older king on a cylinder.

But a glance at the oldest cartouches as they were written at a later period serves our purpose almost as well. The name of Mena is spelt with a chess-board (Men), a zig-zag line (N), and a pen or feather (A). That of

his successor Teta consists of two smoothing-stones (T T), and a feather (A). That of Atoth has a feather (A), a stone (T), and a bulbous-plant (T H). Ata is spelt with the feather (A), the stone (T), and a bird (A). The next king has two harrows on his cartouche, which the learned read as Husapti. It is not till we get to the eleventh king in the Table of Abood that anything that can by any means be called warlike occurs. Here we have a ram (Ba), a jar (N), an axe (Neter), and the zigzag N, as before. An axe is not necessarily warlike, but nothing more offensive or defensive is in this list till we come down to the 11th dynasty.

Such were the people of that remote yet not wholly pre-historic time. I have avoided all mention of the question of race. But one thing, from a purely critical point of view, I may be permitted to say. There is a marked difference in the features of the great lord who is the king's friend and cousin, and who sits in the door of his dwelling, represented by the mouth of his tomb, to receive the homage and rents of his serfs, and the features of the common people who attend his *levée* bringing him revenue in kind from his estates. There is a clear difference between the two classes as represented on these monuments; no one can for a moment mistake them. Chafra had a high Roman nose, so had his cousin Chafra-anch, so had Assa, so had a round dozen of the great men of the court of the 4th dynasty. Rahotep had a less prominent nasal organ, and the same may be said of Thy, but both were far from exhibiting the type of the common labourers who surrounded them. It seems to me, merely using my eyesight, that in this old time there was in Kam a dominant but benevolent race of rulers and legislators, and an inferior, downtrodden subject race, light-hearted, perhaps, acquiescing, as some African races do, in their own subjection, but of very distinct blood from their masters.

OF BOUNDARIES IN GENERAL.

A LECTURE BY THE LATE PROFESSOR CLIFFORD.

BEFORE I begin to talk about the sizes and shapes of things, I am going to make a request that may seem somewhat strange. I am going to ask you to forget that you have ever lived until this moment. It is not that I am going to tell you anything new that you did not know before; for I am merely going to remind you of a lot of things that you have known familiarly for years. Only I want you to observe them all quite freshly over again, as if you had not seen them before. I want you not to believe a word I say, unless you can see quite plainly at the moment that it is true; and I shall try only to say such things as you can quite easily verify at once while you sit there. That is what I mean by asking you to forget that you have ever lived until this moment: for geometry, you know, is the gate of science, and the gate is so low and small that one can only enter it as a little child.

Things take up room. Let us examine this fact, rather closely. Here is a piece of wood which takes up room; that is to say, there is some room which is taken up by the wood, and some room which is not. Any *thing*, then, implies two rooms or spaces; one in which it is, and one in which it is not; one which it takes up or fills, and one which it does not fill; an *inside* space and an *outside* space. But it is not every two spaces that are so situated with regard to each other as these spaces are. Here, for instance, is a glass of water. The water also takes up room, and makes a difference between the space where there is water and the space where there is not water. We are now considering those spaces; that in which there is this piece of wood, that in which there is this water, and that in which

there is neither. Now if you try to go from any part of the wood-space to any part of the water-space, you will find that it is impossible to do so without passing through space which is neither wood nor water. But you can go from any part of the space where this piece of wood is to any part of the space where this piece of wood is not without passing through any thing but these two spaces; and that in as many ways as you like. If you are inside the wood, you can get to the outside air without going through any thing but wood and air. This property of the two rooms or regions, the inside and the outside, which are distinguished by everything, is denoted by the word *adjacent*, which means *lying close up to*. To say that two regions or spaces are adjacent is the same thing as to say that you can get from one to the other without going through anything but those two regions; and that in as many ways as you like. The observation, then, that we have made so far is this. Every thing divides all space into two adjacent regions, the inside and the outside. Here I have hardly spoken quite correctly. The thing takes up one of the two regions, and does not take up the other; so it constitutes the difference between them: but that which *divides* the one region from the other is not the thing itself but the surface of the thing. In the case of this water, for example, there is a certain region taken up by the water in the glass, and a certain region taken up by the air above it; and the surface of the water is what divides one of those regions from the other; it is the boundary between them, which marks them off. Now there are four things to be noticed about this surface. They are things quite obvious and easy to be

noticed, things that you have all noticed before ; but it is important that we should state them explicitly, and agree that we have observed them. First, it is the surface of both of those regions into which space is divided by it. The upper surface of the water is also the lower surface of the air. If you like to see this in a very striking way, all you have to do is to lift up the glass of water until you can see the image of something reflected in that air-surface. It is a surface of wonderful brilliancy, reflecting in certain cases all the light which falls upon it. Now I can see the image of my finger formed by the surface of the air. This very simple experiment will enable you more easily to realise this fact, that what you call the surface of the water, when you view it from the air-side, is precisely the same surface as that which you call the surface of the air when you view it from the water-side. And the same remark is true of all other cases. Looking at this piece of wood from outside, we should talk about the surface of the wood ; that is to say, the surface of the inside space. But if we imagine our point of view transferred to the inside, we should talk about that very same surface as the surface of the air, that is to say, the surface of the outside space. So that until our point of view has been changed, we are apt to have a partial and one-sided notion of a surface.

The second remark that we have to make about a surface is that it takes up absolutely no room at all. This is the same thing as saying (what we said before) that the two regions into which space is divided by the surface are *adjacent*, that where one ends the other begins, namely, at the surface of both of them. Between water and air, for instance, there is absolutely no room at all ; there is only the surface common to these two things. So that a surface has not even any right to be called a thing, in the sense in which things take up room. Possibly some one thinks that the surface of this piece

of wood is a thin film of wood which is just outside all over it. Well, then, that is just what it is not. Suppose that I dipped the wood into water, and made it wet, leaving a very thin film of water all over. Would that film be a surface ? No, for it would take up room. The film would have two surfaces, one outside, between water and air, and one inside, between water and wood ; and there would be room between those two surfaces, namely, the room taken up by the water ; which, being a thing, must take up room, however little there is of it. And half way between those two surfaces there might be another, dividing water that was outside it from water that was inside it ; and again between that and each of the others there might be two more, and so on, as many times as you like ; and still between two of these, however close together, there would be water, a thing taking up room, with one surface on the outside of it and one surface on the inside. Is this sheet of paper a surface ? No ; it has a surface above and a surface below. And if you were to split—not the sheet of paper, for that would be impossible—but the sheet of space in which the paper is, into a million sheets, and tomorrow one of those again into a million sheets, and the next day one of those into a million sheets, and if you kept up that process for a million years ; the inconceivably thin sheet that you would have at the end would still be room, with a surface above and a surface below ; it would be no nearer to being itself a surface than when you began. You see it is quite easy to say that a surface takes up no room ; but it is not so easy to realise the enormous gulf that is fixed between very little and none at all. And when the books tell you that a surface has length and breadth, but *no thickness*, they mean exactly what we have just been observing.

The two other points that we have to notice are about the motion of a thing. If I move this piece of wood about, I move also the surface of the

wood. We must therefore regard a surface as capable of being moved about. Now there is a property of every motion that takes place, which is also a property of this motion of a surface; a property which is, no doubt, implied in our ordinary use of the word *move*, but which is not always sufficiently prominent in it. This motion is *continuous*. Now the idea expressed by that word *continuous* is one of extreme importance; it is the foundation of all exact science of things; and yet it is so very simple and elementary, that it must have been almost the first clear idea that we got into our heads. It is only this: I cannot move this thing from one position to another, without making it go through an infinite number of intermediate positions. *Infinite*; it is a dreadful word, I know, until you find out that you are familiar with the thing which it expresses. In this place it means that between any two positions there is some intermediate position; between that and either of the others, again, there is some other intermediate; and so on *without any end*. Infinite means without any end. If you went on with that work of counting for ever, you would never get any further than the beginning of it. At last you would only have two positions very close together, but not the same; and the whole process might be gone over again, beginning with those as many times as you liked.

But, you will say, what is the use of telling me that motion is continuous, when I cannot conceive of it as being anything else? Then I will try to tell you what discontinuous motion would be like. If this piece of wood were to be annihilated as soon as it got here, and then to come into being again over there, so as to have got from one position to the other without passing through any intermediate positions, its motion would be discontinuous. It would go by a jump from one place to another; and continuous means *holding together* all through, without any jumps. But

this would not be *moving*, you will say; and besides, the state of things is impossible. Very well; I said (if you recollect) that the idea of continuity was implied in the word *move*, and that it was so exceedingly simple and elementary that it must have been almost the first clear idea that got into our heads. It is no wonder, then, that it should be firmly lodged there now. At another time we may be able to see some of the consequences of this idea. At present we have only to remember our third observation about surfaces; that any surface may be moved continuously from one position to another.

Now a surface, you will remember, is that which separates two different regions of space; the difference between them being that something is in one and is not in the other. But two regions of space may differ in this way: that, five minutes ago, a thing *was* in one of them and was not in the other. These two regions are still adjacent, still separated by a surface. So that although a thing is moved away and its surface is moved away with it, yet it is also true that the surface remains in the same place. It is no longer the surface of the thing, but it is the surface of those two regions which *were* marked out by the thing. The two regions, of course, are always there, and from having been different once they are distinct for ever. Thus when any thing has moved you see that there must be an infinite number of surfaces, each of which has at some instant or other been the surface of the thing. Now here there are two cases to be distinguished. Consider the surface of this water; when I agitate it the water moves about, and the surface continually changes. All this time the water has been changing its shape, and at any one instant it would not fit the surface which it had at any other instant. But if I move this piece of wood, which does not change either in size or shape, the surfaces which it has at different times are such that any one of them would fit the wood at

any time; they are all exactly of the same shape, and all exactly of the same size. This being so, the regions of space which are filled by the wood at two different times are called *congruent* regions. Two regions of space are congruent when a thing which exactly fills one of them can be made to exactly fill the other by moving it, without changing its size or shape. Or we may express the same thing by saying that the surface of the two regions can be put together so as to fit each other all over.

Let us now put together the observations that we have made so far. Only instead of the word *thing*, which I have used hitherto, I want to use the word *body*, which is rather more accurate. A body is any thing that takes up room. This piece of wood is a body; the water in the glass is a body; the air all about is a body. We have observed, then, that every body distinguishes two adjacent regions of space; that the surface of the body divides these two regions from one another; it is surface to both of them equally; it takes up no room; it can be moved continuously with the body, and yet it remains when the body is taken away. We have also given a name to those regions which are of the same shape and size: we have called them congruent regions.

Now if you will look at the surface of this sheet of paper you will observe that a part of it is coloured red. That red patch takes up room on the surface; but this is surface-room that is taken up, a different kind of room from that which is taken up by a solid body. The red colour distinguishes between two regions of the surface, precisely as a body distinguishes between two regions of solid space. And the two surface-regions are adjacent, that is to say, you can get from red to white on the surface without going over any part of the surface except red and white; exactly where the red ends the white begins. That which divides one of these surface-regions from the other is the

boundary-line of both of them. This line is neither white nor red, it takes up no room whatever on the surface. If with a very fine pen I try to draw a line on the surface, what shall I in fact have done? I shall have made a portion of the surface black, and the boundary of the black portion is a line. It is certainly a long narrow portion that I have made black, so that we may say it has a line on one side, and a line on the other side. Between those two lines there is an infinite number of other lines. No matter how microscopically fine was the mark that you made, it would always be a portion of the surface that you had made black, a region taking up surface-room. There would always be a line on one side and a line on the other side, separating black from white, and between these two there would always be an infinite number of lines.

Moreover; if I move about this sheet of paper, then I shall move about all the lines that are on its surface. And yet the lines will remain where they were. For there is a distinction between the space where paper was and the space where paper was not, at any instant; and of the surface that parts those two spaces there is a distinction between that which was surface of red paper and that which was surface of white paper. The boundary between these two surface-regions is a line still existing, because the distinction between those two surface-regions still exists. A line may even move upon a surface while the surface remains still. If, for instance, we cast a shadow on the paper, then the boundary of light and shade is a line; and when we make the shadow move about the line moves about too, though it still remains to mark the distinction between what was shadow and what was not shadow.

Thus, you see, all the remarks that we made about regions of solid room and their boundaries have their counterparts when we come to speak

about regions of surface-room and their boundaries.

But there is one more remark to be made here, which is not similar to any that we have made before. And that is, that a line may be regarded from two entirely distinct points of view. One of these we have already considered. We have already looked upon a line as the boundary between two adjacent regions of surface, and we have noticed the analogy between this idea of a line and the idea which we have previously formed of a surface as the boundary between two adjacent regions of solid space. But now, suppose that I dip a part of this piece of paper into water; and please to imagine that the surface of the water goes on through the paper to the other side, and is not stopped by it. Then there is a line upon the surface of the paper, viz., the line which divides paper-surface which is in water from paper-surface which is out of water; and there is also a line upon the surface of the water, viz., the line which divides the water-surface on one side of the surface of the paper from the water-surface on the other side. And these two lines are exactly the same line; a single line lying both on the paper-surface and also on the water-surface. Moreover, if you were asked, "Where do those two surfaces meet?" you would answer, "They meet in that line which is common to them both." It is just at that line that each surface intersects the other, or cuts between two portions of it which are thereby separated. So that the line is to be considered as existing in space, quite independently of the particular surface which it divides into two portions. It might be possible to agitate the water or move about the piece of paper so as to leave the line quite still, and in that case there would be an infinite number of surfaces all passing through the line. Now when I say that the line exists independently of the particular surface which it divides, I do not mean that you can get at the idea of a line without thinking of a surface

which it divides, but that there is no reason why out of that infinite number of surfaces you should choose any one in particular. You must have a surface, but you are not bound to any one.

A line, then, is not only the boundary between two adjacent regions of a surface, but it is also the intersection of two surfaces.

Let us return to the contemplation of the red patch on the surface of this paper. Especially consider the line which bounds it. I will throw a shadow on part of the line. Now the shadow takes up line-room; there is a part of the line which is in shadow, and a part of the line which is not in shadow. That which divides one of these parts from the other is the *point* which is the boundary of both; which marks where one of them ends and the other begins. The point takes up no room of any kind whatever, not even line-room, the last kind that we have considered. Here, then, we have come to something quite different from the other two boundaries that we talked about. A body takes up more or less space; it is quite intelligible to ask how much space it fills. So a patch may take up more or less surface, and you may say, "How much line does the shadow cover?" But if you said "how much point?" you would be talking nonsense; that is to say, you would be putting words together when the ideas that correspond to them will not go together. The idea of *how much* is utterly foreign to the idea of *point*. Point cannot be measured; there are no parts of it to be distinguished from one another. Here we are at the first word of Euclid—"A point is that which has no parts, or which has no magnitude." Only we are very much richer than any one who begins at that first word, for we are making a statement which we see to be true about something which we know independently of that statement, and which, moreover, we can look at in four different lights. A point, namely, is not only a boundary, and so may have made about it the

remarks that we made about other boundaries, but it is an intersection, and that in three several ways. First, it is the intersection of two lines on a surface; for instance, of this boundary of red crossed by the boundary of shadow. There is a point on the first line, dividing light from shade, and a point on the second line dividing red from white; and these two are the same point, common to the two lines. At this point the two lines meet, and each intersects the other, or cuts between two parts of it which are thereby separated. Next, it is the intersection of a line and a surface, dividing that part of the line which is on one side of the surface from that part of the line which is on the other side; as when I dip a piece of paper which is half red into water, there is a point dividing that part of the red boundary which is in water from that part which is out of it. And lastly, a point is the intersection of three surfaces, a remark which you will find very easy to illustrate.

We have now considered in succession four different ideas: solid space or volume, surface, line, and point; and each of them we have regarded as the boundary between two adjacent regions of the preceding. It remains for us to go straight back again over the same route, to consider point, line, surface, volume in succession, regarding each as the *path* of the preceding. For when a point moves, it moves along some line; and you may say that it traces out or describes the line. To look at something definite, let us take the point where this boundary of red on paper is cut by the surface of water. I move all about together. Now you know that between any two positions of the point there is an infinite number of intermediate positions. Where are they all? Why, clearly, in the line along which the point moved. That line is the place where all such points are to be found. But because this statement, so made, is quite simple and sensible and easy to be understood, we must needs trans-

late it into Latin, and say, "The line is the *locus* of the successive positions of a moving point." *Locus* means merely *place*, both naturally and technically. There is no meaning whatever in the statement "that line is the locus of the successive positions of a moving point" which is not fully and entirely conveyed by this other statement of the same thing; the line is the place where all those successive positions are.

I have laid some stress on this, because it seems to be a fair opportunity for warning you of a very serious danger: the danger of thinking that there is any mystery in a technical term. So long as you use it merely to save time and trouble—as an abbreviation, namely, for other simple words or phrases which everybody can understand—a technical word will be useful and harmless. But directly you begin to think that there is some hidden and mysterious meaning in it, which cannot be expressed in simple ordinary words that everybody could understand, there is no end to the nonsense that it will help you to think and talk. And when I have been using technical words, and am not quite sure whether I have been talking nonsense or no, I have one very safe way of finding out. I translate the whole thing into English, that is to say, into short easy words of Saxon origin. For there is an amazing amount of mystery in Latin and Greek terminations; and so long as any of these are left, I am never quite certain that I know what I mean.

Then you must not imagine that the Latin word *locus*, as used in geometry, means anything more or less than the English word *place*. When a point moves along a line, that line is the locus of the successive positions of the moving point, or the place where they all are.

In an exactly similar way, if a line moves about, it traces out a surface which is called its *path*. Between any two positions of the line there is an infinite number of intermediate posi-

tions; and the surface is the place where all these are, or the locus of the successive positions of the moving line. Lastly, by the motion of a surface a solid space or volume is traced out; and this volume may be called the path of the surface or the locus of its successive positions. Thus we have three kinds of room, solid-room, surface-room, and line-room; and three several boundaries to them, surface, line, and point; four intersections, surface with surface, surface with line, line with line, and three surfaces together; and three paths whereby a boundary, moving, may trace out that of which it is a boundary; namely, a solid is the path of a surface, a surface of a line, and a line of a point.

But we have not quite done with this last idea. We have first to make ourselves secure against a possible mistake about it, and then to observe some very important consequences that flow from it.

It seems a very natural thing to say that space is made up of points. I want you to examine very carefully what this means, and how far it is true. And let us first take the simplest case, and consider whether we may safely say that a line is made up of points. If you think of a very large number—say a million—of points all in a row, the end ones being an inch apart; then this string of points is altogether a different thing from a line an inch long. For if you single out two points which are next one another, then there is no point of the series between them; but if you take two points on a line, however close together they may be, there is an infinite number of points between them. The two things are different in kind, not in degree. The failure to make a line does not mean that you have not taken a large enough number, but that number itself is essentially inadequate to make points into a line. However large a number you imagined, we might divide an inch into that number of parts, and each of these parts would be a little piece of line-room

with a point at each end of it, and an infinite number of points between them. So that if, when you said, "A line can be made up of points," you meant this: "If I count a large enough number, and take that number of points, and lay them in a row, then I shall make a line," it would not be true. It is not at all true that a line can be made up of points in that way. Nor is it any more true in that sense that a surface can be made up of lines, or a solid of surfaces. If you took millions and millions of lines and laid them side by side, you would have something which is not a surface at all, but an entirely different thing, viz., a large number of lines. Between two of those lines there would be nothing belonging to the series of lines; but between two lines on a surface, however close together they are, there is always a little strip of surface-room, in which an infinite number of lines can be drawn on the surface. And so if you took any number of surfaces, it would be utterly impossible to make a solid with them. Two of your surfaces must either be distinct, in which case there would be solid room between them; or they must coincide, in which case they would take up no more room than one surface, that is to say, absolutely none at all. So far, then, it would appear that we must answer *no* to the question, "Is space made up of points?"

In fact, when we said that there is an infinite number of points in a piece of line-room, we might have said a great deal more. Suppose, for instance, that any one said, "How many miles is it possible to go up into space?" the answer would of course be, "An infinite number of miles." (Don't be frightened at this continual occurrence of the word infinite: it still means "without any end," and nothing more.) In this case, if you go a mile and count one, then another and count two, and so on, all we mean is that the process would never end. There would still be space left to go up into, however many millions of miles

you had counted. But still all those miles would be counted and done with. Your task would have been distinctly begun, and there would be nothing more to say to the miles behind you. But try now to count the points in a piece of line. You count one, two, three, four, a million points; and your task is not even begun. The line is all there, exactly as it was before; absolutely none of it is done with. The million points take up no more line-room than one point; that is to say, absolutely none at all. When then we are talking of the points in a piece of line, we must say not merely that there is a never-ending number of them (which there is), but that they are out of the reach of number altogether. All the points in a line are not properly speaking a number of points at all. If we are going to speak about the *number* of points in a line, we must settle beforehand that we are going to use the word in a new sense, which is not derived from counting, but from this very observation to which we have applied it.

Let us now make use of our idea of a path. When a point moves along a line, we know that between any two positions of it there is an infinite number (in this new sense) of intermediate positions. That is because the motion is continuous. Each of those positions is where the point was at some instant or other. Between the two end positions on the line, the point where the motion began and the point where it stopped, there is no point of the line which does not belong to that series. We have thus an infinite series of successive positions of a continuously moving point, and in that series are included all the points of a certain piece of line-room. May we say then that the line is made up of that infinite series of points?

Yes; if we mean no more than that the series makes up the *points* of the line. But *no*, if we mean that the line is made up of those points in the same way that it is made up of a great many very small pieces of line. A

point is not to be regarded as a *part* of a line, in any sense whatever. It is the boundary between two parts. The parts of a piece of solid room are smaller pieces of solid room, and not surfaces. The parts of a piece of surface are smaller pieces of surface, and not lines. The parts of a piece of line are smaller pieces of line, and not points. So you must be very careful to remember that a line is a different thing from the aggregate of all the points upon it; the points are on the line, but they are not the line itself. And the same distinction must be kept between a surface and all the positions of a line which traces it out; the surface is the place where all the lines are, but it is not the lines themselves. Finally, there are innumerable points and lines and surfaces in solid space; but space itself is essentially a different thing from all of them; which can be traced out by their continuous motion, but cannot be built up by putting them together.

On the whole, then, we must answer *no* to the question that we have discussed. To say that space is made up of points would be to say that space is the same thing as all the points in it, which is certainly untrue. And we may now, I think, without fear of mistake, use the word number in that extended sense which we proposed to give to it. We said, you remember, that in speaking of the number of points in a line, we must mean a great deal more than when we speak of the number of miles; that you can go before coming to the end of space. For this last number is a number of *parts*. Every mile is a part of the whole distance; an immeasurably small part, of course, but still a distance, a thing of the same kind as the whole distance. But the other number is not a number of parts; it is a number of points which trace out a line not by repetition of themselves, but by continuous motion. And the idea which you have to attach to the word number is not to be got from elsewhere, but from the contemplation

of this fact itself. I can recommend it as a very fruitful subject of contemplation, which has led people to the most important discoveries.

The number of points on a piece of line is singly infinite. You understand all this now, excepting the word *singly*. And that is what I am going to explain. Let us consider what is the number of points on a piece of surface. It is at least infinite, for if you draw any line on the surface, all the points on that line must be reckoned, and there is an infinite number of them. But it is more than that. For when you have traced out a line by the continuous motion of a point, you can trace out the surface by the continuous motion of that line; so that first you have an infinite number of points on the line, and then an infinite number of these infinities. Thus you see that the number of points on a piece of surface is twice as infinite as the number of points on a piece of line; or, as we are accustomed to say, the former is doubly infinite, and the latter singly infinite. Let us next consider what is the number of points in a piece of solid space. First you trace out a line by the continuous motion of a point; that gives you a singly infinite number of points. Then you trace out a surface by the continuous motion of that line. This gives you a singly infinite number of such lines, and a doubly infinite number of points. Lastly, you trace out the solid by the continuous motion of the surface. The number of surfaces is then singly infinite. Of lines, there is an infinite number of such infinities; that is, the number of lines is doubly infinite. Of points, there is an infinite number of double infinities; so that the number of points in a piece of solid space is three times as infinite as the number of points in a line. This number is called triply infinite.

In how many directions can I look without moving my head? If I put myself in front of a wall, every point on the surface of the wall is in a definite direction from my eye, and every

direction leads to a definite point on the wall. Thus there are just as many directions as there are points on that surface; that is to say, a doubly infinite number of directions.

How many pairs of points are there on a piece of line? Let the first point move along the line; it will have a singly infinite number of positions. Select one of these, and then let the second point move along the line. It will have an infinite number of positions for each position of the other; thus altogether there will be a doubly infinite number of pairs. In the same way you will find that there is a triply infinite number of sets of three points, or of triads of points, on a piece of line.

All these things can be said in another way. Suppose that all you knew about a point was that it was on a certain line. That would not enable you to identify the point; for you would not know which it was out of a singly infinite number. The point might vary among all the points on the line, and still fulfil the condition of being a point on the line. Still it could only vary in that one way. Such a point is said to have one variation. It is able to move about, but only on a fixed line. But to tell you that the point is on a certain surface would be to tell you less than this, for you would have a doubly infinite number of points to choose from. Suppose the surface traced out by the motion of a line; then the point might lie on any position of the line, and anywhere on the line. It could move along the line, and then the line might move along the surface. Such a point is said to have two variations. If now you are told merely that the point is in a certain region of solid space, you have a triply infinite number of points to choose from, and the point is said to have three variations. It may move along a line, then the line may move on a surface, and then the surface may move in space. Now the three kinds of room are distinguished by the number of dimensions that they

have. Solid-room has three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness. Surface-room has length and breadth but no thickness. Line-room has no breadth or thickness, but only length. So we may now say that a point in space of three dimensions (solid-room) has three variations; a point in space of two dimensions (surface-room) has two variations; and a point in space of one dimension (line-room) has one variation.

You must not suppose, however, that the idea of a number of variations is confined to single points. A pair of points on a line has two variations, for the two points may move independently. A direction in which you can look has two variations; for it may take up a doubly infinite number of positions. And by and by we shall be able to see that a space has four variations; three of position and one of size. In order to identify a thing, you must be told as many facts about it as it has variations. Thus a point on a line is identified if you know one fact about it, say the distance from one end of the line. But to identify a point on the earth's surface you must know two things; for instance, the latitude and the longitude. And to identify a point in space you must know three things;

the latitude, the longitude, and the height.

I dare say, now, that you are rather indignant at being kept so long making perfectly obvious remarks that are true of everything, you may think it is beneath the dignity of human nature to spend all this time in contemplating the size and shape of a piece of wood. Very well; it is written in the fifteenth chapter of the Koran that when Adam was created all the angels were commanded to worship him. But that Eblis, the chief of them, refused, saying, "Far be it from me that am a pure spirit to worship a creature of clay." And that for this refusal he was shut out for ever from Paradise. Now the doom of Eblis awaits you if you fail to give due reverence to these little obvious every-day things; things that are true of every stone that lies on the pavement, of every drop of rain that falls from heaven, of every breath of air that fans you. Like him, you will find with astonishment that the creature of clay which you despise is the Lord of Nature and the Measure of all things, for in every speck of dust that falls lie hid the laws of the universe; and there is not an hour that passes in which you do not hold the Infinite in your hand.

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HISTORY AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

II.

WE may say in general of the different studies which together make up education, that in England some of them are alive, others have only an imperfect vitality, and others have no vitality at all. As an obvious illustration of the difference I may refer to the classical and the modern languages. At our great schools all is zeal and emulation where Latin and Greek are in question, but the French lesson is languid; and while all the classical knowledge acquired there is carried away to the university to receive further augmentation, the little knowledge of French that has been picked up is dropped again almost immediately.

When we inquire whence arises this difference, we discover two causes which may give vitality to a study. The first and most obvious is its intrinsic importance. And yet that this cause does not operate so powerfully as we might expect is evident from the example just given. The advantage of knowing French is evident to every one, but the use of knowing Latin, though conceivably it may be greater, is at any rate not so evident; yet the study of Latin flourishes, and that of French does not. More effect seems to be produced by a certain extrinsic importance which is given to some studies either by accidental

circumstances or by deliberate design. What are called the "bread-studies" never quite lose their vitality; thus there will never be any difficulty in keeping alive some sort of study of law so long as a number of people get a livelihood from it. And classics, though not in the same strict sense a bread-study, have taken the lead of all studies among us mainly in consequence of the endowments which have been attached to them by those who, on various grounds, were convinced of their value.

When a study has through one of these causes, or more than one, acquired vitality, the teacher of it has an easy task before him. He no longer throws away his expositions upon empty benches, or upon unwilling hearers whose attention he can see to be comfortably absorbed in their novel. What is no less important, on such a subject text-books, manuals, and helps of all kinds are continually issuing from the press, whereas if the subject wants vitality it is to little purpose that the teacher here and there strikes out a flash of interest; the awakened mind goes to sleep again, the newborn ardour dies for want of nutriment.

Now, of the study of history we may say that it is slowly emerging out of a state in which, except at certain points, it was not kept alive in any of these ways. As to its intrinsic

importance, this could only be political, and there were few politicians indeed who would have recognised the importance of any historian except Hansard. It had few prizes at the universities, and there were few means of making a livelihood by it. But at some points it was warmed into life by contact with other studies. Their provinces had *enclaves* within its boundary, so that we might occasionally see a public which did not in general study history, profoundly interested in some controversy which was really historical. Church controversies kept alive an interest in one set of historical questions, and our organised classical education diffused a considerable interest in another set. It used to be said, though I fear without much justice, that Niebuhr's speculations excited more interest here than in Germany; at any rate Mr. Grote could not complain of want of appreciation. Moreover, a great nation like this cannot but feel a good deal of interest, because it feels a great deal of pride, in its own history. Certainly English history has not been able to compete for a moment with Greek and Roman either in schools or universities. I do not think it can be said that the highly-educated Englishman, as a rule, includes among his acquirements an accurate or intelligent knowledge of English history. But even the moderately-educated Englishman reads with interest whatever appears on the subject, if it is not too long and has but a reasonable seasoning of "pictorial writing." And in this country, as in other parts of Europe, there has been of late much diligence in exploring the national archives, and out of the newly-acquired materials solid historical works in no small number have been built.

But it may still be observed that the study of history, as such, is only beginning to show signs of vitality. A historical subject which is not classical or English or ecclesiastical hardly yet excites interest among us, from which it appears that we are in-

terested in Greece or Rome or England or religion rather than in history. Hence it is that there is a great gap, not only in the historical knowledge of our educated class, but also in our historical literature. Modern continental history is very much neglected; no one thinks it necessary to pretend to any complete knowledge of that subject, and we have extremely few elaborate English books upon it. It seems to be supposed that no part of modern French or German history need be studied unless it is of the most thrilling interest. Books on the French Revolution and Frederick the Great have been well received, but they have been full of everything that is amazing and astonishing. I have been lately told by reviewers that it is doubtful whether the German War of Liberation is of sufficient interest to deserve careful study! Now we are not nearly so nice when the question is of one of those parts of history the study of which is really alive among us. We do not then think that the ordinary course of historical affairs is not worth attention, and that only what is exceptional and astonishing should be studied. In ancient history we follow with painful exactness the petty campaigns of the Peloponnesian War; we speculate with insatiable curiosity upon the original constitution of Rome. About the duller periods in our own history what volumes we write and read! How eagerly we inquire who wrote *Junius*! But our curiosity is dormant where it has not been awakened by one of those accidental causes that I have mentioned. We write no elaborate histories of modern France or Germany or Russia, and we do not think that such histories ought to be written.

Here then I note one great deficiency; but there is another. I have spoken of English history as a subject which has some vitality. And yet it has not vitality in the same sense as Greek and Roman history. The interest in it does not with most people awaken till their education is over. In schools it is almost as dead as the

modern languages, and so it has been till lately in the universities. Hence with most people the study of it is never more than an amusement of leisure, and accordingly it is pursued without rigorous method or purpose. The curious questions take precedence of the important ones; what is abstruse or technical is passed over lightly; and since amusement is the object, the self-denial of sacrificing prejudices to better knowledge and of recognising unwelcome truths is little practised. And now the inquirer, being in this not too serious frame of mind, is exposed to a great temptation, which comes from party-spirit. He is, or fancies himself to be, a Whig or a Tory, a Conservative or a Liberal, and this fact has the greatest possible influence upon his studies.

Upon the direct effect of party-organisation upon politics much has been written both favourably and unfavourably. After its first appearance, and through the reigns of William III. and Anne, it was supposed to be mischievous, but with the advent of the Hanover family it became supreme, and began to be pronounced beneficial. After being bitterly attacked by Bolingbroke, it was supposed to have been triumphantly vindicated by Burke, and since that vindication few doctrines have been more generally received among us than the indispensable use of party organisation, though occasionally a faint voice is heard suggesting that the system has its disadvantages, and may perhaps by this time have played its part. I have no intention of contributing here a single word to this controversy. But it is evident that the system must have an indirect as well as a direct tendency. The custom which enlists almost all intelligent Englishmen in every generation from youth to age in a political party, whether good or bad for its immediate purpose, must have further and very serious effects upon the national mind. If party-spirit make people one-sided, as is sometimes said, it must be a

rather serious matter to subject a whole nation deliberately and on principle to the influence of party-spirit. If the study of history be important, and that of the national history pre-eminently so, it is surely worth consideration whether our party-organisation is or is not unfavourable to the growth of a true and grand view of the national history. Not only in political action but in the study of English history we are all alike Big-endians and Little-endians!

The important point is not that we differ and form parties in politics—this would not be worth discussing because it is certainly unavoidable—but that we carry back our party differences into history. In practical politics we have a sensible rule not to disturb the settlement once fairly reached of a controverted question, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. If we could in some similar way limit our political controversies retrospectively, and honestly differ about the questions of the day without allowing the dispute to spread back over all past history, no great harm would be done. The important point is that habit of generalising or idealising our party-quarrels which leads us to see them reflected in past history. It would not matter so much that we are all either Liberals or Conservatives, if we had not persuaded ourselves that this difference is but a transient phase of an eternal and necessary conflict between two different classes of men. But when we idealise our party-war and picture it as an Armageddon, or battle between the good and evil principles, between the children of light and the children of darkness, we are driven to assume that the Liberals and Conservatives of the present day answer to the Whigs and Tories of the Revolution, and these to the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the Civil War, and these again to the parties of Strafford and Eliot. We go further and assimilate religious parties to political. From the Reformation onwards we regard the Puritans

as religious Liberals, and the Anglican party as Conservative. Nay, we go much further, and see the same eternal controversy raging in all countries and ages. Julius Cæsar and Pericles become Liberals, and their opponents, predestined to failure, are Conservatives. All history appears to be typified in the war of the gods and the Titans.

This grand generalisation is never established by reasoning, but is taken for granted, as if its grandeur and the easy explanation it furnishes of so many phenomena at once, made it self-evident instead of making it peculiarly suspicious. I believe it to be almost entirely baseless. Not only do I believe those analogies between Athenian or Roman and modern politics of which so much has been made to be almost entirely fantastic, but I do not admit the analogy between the politics of the present age and those of the seventeenth century, or of the eighteenth before the French Revolution. I do not believe that the modern Liberal answers to the Whig of the Revolution of 1688, nor the modern Conservative to the old Tory, nor the old Tory to the follower of Strafford. The resemblances seem to me to be superficial, and the seductive unity which they give to English history, to be an illusion. In this opinion I am not singular. Lord Stanhope in a well-known passage of his history has made a still stronger statement. He alleges not only that the Whig of Queen Anne's reign does not answer to the Whig of the Reform Bill, nor the Tory to the Tory, but the very contrary, that the Whig answers to the Tory, and the Tory to the Whig, and he supports this extraordinary position by a parallel, which is telling enough, between a Tory of Harley's school and a Whig of the Reform Bill. How or when such a marvellous transformation was effected, and effected too without any one remarking it, he does not explain, and I do not mean to defend Lord Stanhope from the criticisms which

his theory encountered from Macaulay at its first appearance, and has undergone from Mr. Lecky recently. But no such theory could have been broached if the party-war of our history had been the simple unvarying thing it is commonly imagined to have been, a perpetual conflict between liberty and servility, or between progress and sluggish inertness or caution. You say perhaps it has been such a conflict on the whole, but at particular points there is so much confusion that its true character cannot be discerned; the stream flows so, but it has occasional eddies, the tide sets this way, but a single wave may be seen moving the other. Very pretty metaphors; but few of us are aware how large and startling are the phenomena which they are invented to explain. Let me at least suggest that the true explanation may be quite different, that this grand theory of a steady uniform tendency of affairs, aided by all the friends of light, and thwarted by all timid, or faithless, or over-cautious friends of darkness, may be an illusion, and that the party-conflicts of different ages may really have little connexion with each other. Strafford may have been on the side of the Court, and yet not at all like a Tory. Burke may have been an anxious Conservative in his old age, after having been at an earlier time the great light and philosopher of Whiggism, and yet he may, as he said himself, have changed no opinion. Pitt may have sided with the Court, and yet not have been the "foul apostate from his father's fame" that Coleridge saw in him. It may be that it is not so much the unlikeness of parties at different periods that needs to be explained as their likeness. We may ask why it should be expected that the parties of one age should resemble those of another? It does not follow because there is a perpetual party-conflict among us that there is a standing difference of opinion. Where Parliament has the function of criticism, an organised Opposition becomes a necessity. Such

an Opposition need not represent any opposite theory of politics; it need not have a political doctrine of its own. In fact, Pulteney did not make a less efficient leader of opposition to Walpole because both were Whigs, nor Canning to Addington because both were Tories. On the other hand, a perpetual party-conflict will always *seem* to imply a standing difference of opinion. There is a strong temptation when rival parties have once been organised, have lasted some time, and when a new generation has been educated to follow in the steps of the first party-leaders, to *idealise* the party-war. At particular times the parties really are at issue on some grand point of principle, and when this happens the conflict is felt to be more interesting, and party-passions rise into a sort of religion. Hence arises the wish to keep the conflict always at this high level, and so an attempt is made to represent parties as united like sects or churches by a common creed, not by mere agreement on some passing question, but by a deeper agreement on universal political principles. It would not be very easy to make this out if the members of the party were critical, but they are not; they readily accept the grand maxims which are put into their mouths. And then the last step is taken; the creed of the existing party is identified in the same facile manner with the supposed creed of the famous parties of our past history, and at last with all the famous historical parties that seem to have been in the right anywhere, whether at Florence, or ancient Rome, or ancient Athens.

This has been done with so much success, that I may seem to be suggesting a kind of sceptical doubt, which deprives history of its grandeur and interest. It is so interesting to think that Russell and Sidney died for the principles for which modern Liberals fight, and that Falkland may be invoked as a kind of patron-saint by the modern Conservative. It makes history seem comparatively so dull to

suppose that the controversies of that age were really essentially different from those of the present day, that they are essentially extinct, and that we yield to an illusion when we suppose that we are engaged in the same struggle as our ancestors. But the truth is, that it is just this premature generalisation, this easy and popular philosophy of history, which in practice makes our history a sealed book to us. It is this which prevents us from learning anything from it, because it prevents us from studying it without prejudice; it is this which prevents English history from taking its proper place in education; it is this which makes the most learned works on it untrustworthy and unauthoritative.

It does not matter where we go in the history of England since the accession of the Stuarts, we cannot escape the influence of our party connexions. We cannot dream of looking simply at the facts, though in all other departments of study we recognise this to be the indispensable condition of obtain-trustworthy knowledge. In every statesman whose career we study, we see a member either of our own party, or of the party opposed to us. We form our opinion of each statesman, not by studying him, but simply by marking the uniform he wears. If that uniform is the wrong one he is condemned, and all his merits sink to the level of redeeming features, only pleaded in mitigation of sentence. Now the reason of this is not simply that there are parties, nor that we belong to a party, but that by a theory we have put those parties into history.

And what is it that prevents history from taking its proper place in education? *Prima facie*, you would say that no study could be more important. In theory what can be more desirable than that every Englishman should have the history of his country at his fingers' ends, that he should understand its position and vocation in the world, that in political questions he should be well-furnished with prece-

dents, and practised in forming a judgment? But practically there is the same difficulty that meets us in theology. Is the teacher to teach his own opinions, which may chance to be entirely opposed to all that the pupil has been taught in his father's house? Or are we to have a conscience clause? When this difficulty meets us in theology, we often try to meet it by saying to the teachers of religion, Do not you exaggerate your differences? Is there not a great deal upon which you can agree? Now the same might be said to the teachers of history, if we could convince ourselves that we have done wrong in idealising our party-war, if we could understand that our party differences do not run back far into the past, that they are for the most part purely practical and occasional, and that the sublime platitudes which we suppose to underlie them are for the most part only the weapons used in the rhetorical war or dreams of our own fussy imaginations.

And once more, what is it which disquiets us when we read the most esteemed histories? Can we pretend that we follow the teaching of Macaulay or even Hallam with the same confidence which we give to the teachers of abstract science? Who would for a moment pretend that Macaulay is an impartial writer? He does not pretend it himself. And this is because he identifies the Whigs of the Revolution with the Whigs of the Reform Bill, to whom he himself belonged. Perhaps if he could have rid himself of the influence of a name, if he could have rendered himself a candid account of all the changes of meaning which that name had suffered in travelling through a century and a half, realised fully how different were the Whigs of Walpole's time from those of the Revolution, and the Rockingham Whigs from both, and the Foxites from all; and if from all these considerations he could have drawn the conclusion that his party-ties put him under no obligation to the Junto of Queen Anne's time, and that his con-

nexion with Lord Russell left him perfectly free in respect to Lord Russell's ancestor, he might have been impartial as well as brilliant. As it is, the difference between historians and investigators in other departments in respect of dispassionate candour is most startling. In other departments it is acknowledged that prejudice or partiality disqualifies a man for ascertaining the truth. On a serious scientific question, who cares for the rhetorical arguments of a partisan? We put them on one side at once as not worthy of attention. It is not so in history. There too, no doubt, we acknowledge impartiality to be a virtue, but it is impartiality in a secondary and very modified sense. It is the impartiality of one who can acknowledge faults in his own side, and admire the virtues of an antagonist. It is the impartiality of one who controls his inclination by a violent effort. It is not that more complete impartiality which the Germans call objectivity. It is not the cool indifference of a judge who does not form any opinion at all until the investigation is finished, and who, if he detected in himself any initial bias towards either side, would desire to withdraw from the decision of the case. In a historian impartiality of this kind would seem almost monstrous. What! When he narrates some war in which his countrymen have been engaged, is he not to betray the smallest personal interest in the cause or the conduct of his countrymen, no inclination to believe their cause just, no wish to find their valour heroic? To expect this of him would surely be to require him to divest himself of his humanity.

But I suppose it is none the less true that all such personal feelings are fatal to scientific investigation because they are natural or praiseworthy in themselves. If we cannot see this when we read our own historians, because their prejudices are our own, we see it without the least difficulty in foreign historians. What reader of Michelet, for example, does not smile at the

furious zeal with which he pleads the cause of France on all occasions, the petulant contempt with which he treats all nations that may pretend to rival her? What reader does not feel that it would be waste of time to argue with such transparent partiality, and that it cannot be regarded seriously? We do not question that Michelet's patriotism is a very proper feeling, nevertheless we are sorry to see into what puerilities it can betray a grave writer. It is no doubt difficult to say how this particular bias, which is given by national prejudice, should be overcome, though it is easy to see the necessity of overcoming it. But the other bias, with which I am now principally concerned, the bias which arises from party-spirit, cannot this be dealt with? It may seem at first sight not less natural and inevitable. You cannot require the Whig to give up his love of liberty, or the Tory his dread of innovation or anarchy, any more than you can require the patriot to give up his patriotism.

Well! but if it should turn out on examination that these simple issues have not been so often tried in our party-war as is commonly supposed, then the difficulty may be very much diminished. If it should appear that this popular conception of the rival parties is not derived from plain undeniable facts, but that it is a generalisation, and a very loose and questionable one; if it is certain that Whigs have sometimes been what Tories are thought to be, and that Tories have over and over again played the part of Whigs; if the questions agitated in past times turn out on examination to have been much less closely similar to those agitated at the present day than we are apt to suppose; then we may take up past history in a more unprejudiced spirit. Let us only not assume too readily that universal history has for a second title, like a modern novel, *Old Friends with New Faces*. Let us think it possible that the controversies of our

day have not always occupied mankind—nay, that they may have been unknown and inconceivable to our forefathers at no very distant time. Possibly if we give ourselves this chance, we may gradually come to think that we have been all along the victims of a superstition in supposing that an eternal war has always gone forward between the principles of progress and conservation, between youth and age, between the past and the future, and that this grandiose generalisation, so far from explaining the history of the world, disguises and perverts it, which is worse than if it left it unexplained.

I may enter more fully into this question later. Meanwhile let me call attention to the mischievous effect of allowing our history to remain the battle-field of parties. In my former paper I sketched the outline of a plan for making the study of history at once scientific and practical. It was to be made scientific by the strict limitation of its subject-matter. It was to be confined to one class of phenomena among the many which human affairs present, to the phenomena of government. It was to deal in the first place not with individuals but with societies, and in the second place with societies only in so far as they form states, that is, exhibit specimens of the phenomenon called government. History was to be treated as the material of a science, but the science was to be strictly political, not merely anthropological or sociological. Thus treated it would become practical in the same degree that it became scientific. For it would become the basis of an education which should aim at explaining the relation of the individual to the state or government, precisely the education most wanted—and also unfortunately most wanting!—in a country which attaches so much value to the idea of self-government. Now of such a system of political education the very core would be a full view of the history of our own state, deduced on the one hand from

the general principles of the political science and resulting on the other in an exposition of its present situation, of the phase of internal development at which it has arrived, and of its present relation to other states, to its own colonies and dependencies, and to the community of nations. In this scheme English history instead of being called, as it is now, merely interesting, instead of being valued as a stirring, or flattering, or romantic story, would become a source of the most potent practical influence, a principal and fundamental instrument of culture.

I have often before quoted, and yet I must quote again, because I find myself brought back to it in spite of myself, the *dictum* that the true Bible of every nation is its national history. So it was to the Jews, and so in some vague speculative way it has generally been admitted that it ought to be to us. Yet we seem to make no progress towards this goal. Let each of us ask himself whence came the influences which worked most powerfully in the formation of his intellect and character, what studies took most hold of him. Many such influences there are, religious, philosophical, literary or artistic, which one may observe every day seizing upon men and determining their vocation. It is very seldom that English history shows this power. Among the great educational influences it scarcely seems to have a place. And yet one would think that it ought to have one of the first places.

Now the principal reason of this surely is that it has been given over as a prey to parties. What paralyses religion so much paralyses also English history. There is no sort of agreement about it. Not only in details but in the largest and most important matters the cherished belief of this man is deadly heresy to that. Meanwhile as the controversies can only be settled by minute research, for which few have leisure, and as the investigators themselves are more or

less pledged to a party, there is little prospect of any agreement being arrived at. The dispute becomes chronic and interminable, till those who love serviceable knowledge abandon the subject in despair, adopt a theory of Agnosticism, and conclude that in English history, or perhaps in all history, nothing like certainty is attainable. And as in religion the most ardent believers are often forced to agree with the Agnosticists that, whether or no religion can be known, at any rate for peace sake it must not be taught, so English history, if not excluded from education, is at least slurred over and pushed into the background because of party differences.

Let us try and measure roughly this complete, radical discord of Englishmen about their own history, a discord which scarcely any one expects ever to see healed. Roughly, then, we may say that three great events, or groups of events, in English history have still a living and practical interest which every one can recognise. These are the Reformation, the long Stuart controversy, and our war with the French Revolution and with Napoleon. Almost all the practical instruction which our history can afford must be contained in one of these three great transitions. All ecclesiastical policy must depend on a true view of the Reformation, the Stuart controversy raised and settled all the principal constitutional questions, while the relation of England to the Continent and to modern ideas was determined mainly by the great war. But what makes party-spirit so peculiarly mischievous in culture is that it seizes upon everything that is specially interesting and instructive, and upon nothing else; thus it has well-nigh destroyed religion precisely because religion is of such sovereign interest. In the same way it has possessed itself completely of these three great transitions in our history. Instead of drawing our politics from them we are all intent upon putting our

politics into them. An interminable debate rages over every important question they suggest, a debate which in the nature of things can no more be settled than you can hope to bring the *Daily News* into agreement with the *Standard*. And the effect of this interminable sham-discussion upon the average Englishman who watches without sharing in it, is to produce in his mind a rooted Agnosticism, an unconscious but not less real disbelief in all historical conclusions and in the value of all historical study. While the parties are absorbed in dressing up and maintaining their rival versions of history, scientific men and serious students are saying with a sneer, See how history is written! and exhorting people to abandon it for more fruitful studies. And probably they will soon be prepared with a proof that from the essential constitution of the human mind it is not capable of determining who wrote *Icon Basilike*, and will demonstrate *à priori* that the character of Cromwell must always remain "unknown and unknowable!"

As in theology so in English history, the ultimate result is that we hear the same questions discussed all our lives but never arrive at any conclusion about them, nay, at any clear conception of them. The ordinary Englishman, who has all his life heard of the settlement of the Church under Elizabeth, of the discontent of the Puritans, and how out of Puritanism gradually sprang the modern Non-conformity whose quarrel with the Church fills the world still, can give no precise account of that momentous settlement. Ever since he spoke in the debating society of his school he has canvassed the conduct of Charles I., Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell, and of James II. and William of Orange; but he never to the end of his life arrives at any rational well-weighed opinion on these personages. There is sometimes a superficial appearance as if progress were made, as if general agreement were arrived at. Thus, since Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle,

it has become the universal fashion to admire Oliver Cromwell, the Puritans and the Whigs, and the opposite view may seem to have been silenced by the force of reason. But I am persuaded that this agreement is no more founded on reason than the old fashion of the days of Hume and the Waverley Novels. The fascinating pens have gone over to the other side; that is all. Men agree with Macaulay, not because they have weighed his reasoning, but because it is put in such a form that they can understand, remember, and repeat it. I can see nothing final in the present phase of that old controversy. Already we have seen Mr. Matthew Arnold giving his vote for Falkland against Hampden, condemning Puritanism as a mistaken creed, and pronouncing Oliver a Philistine of genius.

But perhaps the strange and deplorable result of handing over the high interest of English history to the issue of trial by combat, is best seen in the way we treat the third of the transitions in question. How Englishmen ought to regard the long war their fathers waged with the French Revolution and with Napoleon, is a more momentous question than those which relate to the Stuarts, as it refers to a time so much more recent; and as it is intimately involved with questions we have ourselves had, nay, with questions we still have, to solve. Are we to think of the victories of Nelson and Wellington, with pride and satisfaction? or are we to think of them and of all the sacrifices in blood and treasure which we made for twenty years as parts of an erroneous and pernicious policy, a senseless struggle against modern ideas and enlightenment? What question can be of importance more fundamental? And why should it not be settled rationally? There is no great difference among us in our views of the French Revolution itself, or of the character of Napoleon. At any rate, the negotiations upon which everything depended were not generally broken off upon any of those

fundamental differences which are supposed to divide English parties. Yet this question too is decided among us purely on party grounds. The Conservative asserts as a matter of course that the war was glorious and necessary; the Liberal equally as a matter of course that, at least in its beginning and for a long time, it was wicked and pernicious. And here, more even than in the other controversies, it may be observed that the ardour which inspires both sides does not for a moment prompt them to study the subject or acquire precise information about it. For that would lead them to inquire into Continental affairs, to make themselves acquainted with the modern history of France and Germany, and the Englishman is firmly of opinion that to do this is more than can be expected of him. And indeed in election speeches and leading articles, who feels the want of precise information upon a subject upon which the audience is wholly uncritical? Who would be so weak as to hesitate for a moment in dogmatizing about the great war, because he knows nothing about it beyond the names of a few battles?

But you may ask, what remedy for this plague of party-spirit? Is it not vain to deplore it, as it has hitherto proved vain in theology, where the evil is even more serious? Well! at least in history we have not to struggle with a positive system of tests. An independent and systematic study of history at the universities might do much. If a sufficient number of men would consecrate their lives to historical study without casting any side-glances towards a political career; and if, while renouncing the prizes of politics they would keep the subject of politics constantly in view, that is, if they would choose by preference those parts of history from which politicians most commonly draw their examples, and resist the temptation of plunging into remote periods where cheaper laurels can be won, because no prejudices are offended, much, perhaps, might be done. The work of such men would be as useful in culture itself as in practical life. While on the one side it gave the politician better and sounder materials to work with, on the other it would give the universities a stronger influence in the country.

J. R. SEELEY.

To be continued.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MY LORD.

THE Château Arnaud garden had not kept even as much pretension to be called a garden as the pleasure grounds around Madame's house at La Roquette. There were a few traces of past grandeur, but utility had long since asserted its supremacy over ornament. Stately terraces and parterres had had their spaces invaded year after year by corn, and vines, and lucerne, till there was nothing to distinguish them from the adjoining field, but here and there a flight of broken, lichen-cruste'd marble steps, or an armless statue, or mutilated fountain basin, which some flowering gourd, or climbing bean-stalk, was making gay and useful at the same time.

Madame de Florimel, in her morning costume, was quite equal to the task of threading her way among the vine and vegetable patches without any help of gravelled paths, and found amusement enough in prying into their promise of fruitfulness for the summer, but Alma soon grew weary of following and listening.

Long before Wynyard made his appearance outside, she had found out the only seat the place afforded. A massy-carved stone bench, under a Judas tree at the lowest point of the garden, where the inevitable château pond still existed and nourished its army of green frogs. It may well have been some patched and powdered pre-revolution beauty, who last, before Alma, sat lazily on that bench in the working hours of a spring morning, waiting for a lazy lover to come to her, and who watched the glowing Judas blossoms overhead, and the green slopes stretching upwards towards a blue sky in front, with as

little heed to their beauty as Alma had to give them to-day.

She could not understand Wynyard's long delay in coming out to tell her the news which he surely must have learned by this time. A thousand doubts and misgivings tortured her mind, and made that lovely spring morning, the morning after her betrothal to the man she loved, a time of torment instead of joy. Is one never to be quite happy, she kept asking herself—is the prospect of success beyond all one's hopes, really worse to bear, because of the deadly anxiety it brings, than disappointment? She had been reading her father's letter aloud to her mother just before she left the house, and its tone of taking for granted that life was going on as usual with them had worked her up into a state of unreasonable impatience and irritability. It was a long chatty letter, but there was, from first to last, no allusion in it to Lord Anstice's death, or to Wynyard's changed fortunes. Either her father had not yet heard Constance's news, or he did not believe it, or he passed it over as less likely to affect her and her mother than details about the poor circumstances in which the West children were left by their father's death. Then came the dreaded Kirkman name, and how hard Alma had found it to read aloud the sentence in which it occurred, without faltering or changing countenance!

"I found Horace Kirkman waiting at the house for me when I returned from Saville Street last night. He seemed anxious, and complained bitterly of not having heard anything from any of us for many days. Tell Alma, I think, considering all the circumstances, she ought to write to Mrs. Kirkman, if not to Horace. She must at all events *not* leave the young

man on my hands. I have a great deal too much business upon me just now, public and private, to be complicated with a lover's grievances."

Clearly Alma would get no help from her father in extricating herself from her difficulties in that quarter, though, as she remembered with some bitterness, it was, more than anything else, a word from him that had led her to involve herself with the Kirkmans. If he had not given his support to that intimacy, how much fewer thorns would be in their paths now! And yet again, was it possible that Constance's news might be a mistake after all? Had young Lawrence brought her a hasty report which had received contradiction before her father arrived in London. Were those letters now lying under the cut corks in Madame Mabile's commode merely proofs of some magazine article, about whose mysterious miscarriage she might have to hear conjectures through years to come?

Alma's face and figure stiffened into an attitude of weary despondency as this supposition confirmed itself in her mind by many circumstances of Wynyard's conduct last night and this morning. Her enthusiasm of yesterday, when she had longed to sacrifice everything for love, deserted her when the possibility of being called upon to do so presented itself as close at hand. She could see nothing but irony in the fate which brought her to take the unprosperous lot at the moment when she had forfeited all claim to inward self-approval for the choice. She must in this case face the Kirkmans' displeasure, without any gilding of success to blind people's eyes in judging her, and bear her mother's disappointment, unsupported by a sound conscience, or by that free-hearted enjoyment of her lover's gratitude, which might have been hers if she had honestly deserved it. Outwardly and inwardly her prospects looked black every way. She had lost her self-respect, and gained nothing.

During a pause in counting her arti-

chokes, Madame de Florimel turned round to look at Alma's motionless figure on the garden seat, and wondered at her apathy. She hardly looked handsome this morning, Madame thought, when all animation was banished from her face, and with such an air of indifference, if not of gloom in her attitude. One could no longer feel surprised that she should have a younger sister married before herself, for the sight of one such fit of abstraction would be enough to frighten away from any man the wish to make her his companion for life. With this conclusion, Madame was going back to her artichokes when she saw Wynyard come out of the house, and look round the garden as if in search of some one. She beckoned him to come and join her, and when his eye persistently looked over her head towards the bench at the bottom of the garden, where Alma was seated, she left her spud sticking in the mould, and hastened up the hill to intercept him. Madame could not bear to lose her last chance of getting a sympathetic listener that morning.

Alma saw the meeting between the two, and interpreted all the little signs afforded by their looks and gestures, as they stood talking together, with anxious heart-throbs. Was it an ordinary conversation about the artichokes and the weather that kept them standing face to face so long on the slope of the hill, or was Wynyard telling his cousin *that* news?

They turned at last to come down the hill, talking as they came—and now Madame's hand is on Wynyard's arm, and her face has a startled expression, while his is very grave. The nearer they approached the bench the stronger grew Alma's hopes that no ordinary topic occupied them. Ah! they pause again close to the Judas tree to shake hands. Madame is looking up at Wynyard with a glance of proud satisfaction that makes Alma's face glow, and changes the fear she has been feeling into a new dread—a dread lest, when the supreme moment

of hearing comes, as it must do immediately, she should show too little surprise at the long-expected news, or too much triumph. Scraps of conversation reach her ears when they move on again.

"Poor Mrs. Anstice!" Madame is saying, "No, Wynyard, I don't forget her grief, though I acknowledge that my first thought was of you. I am myself a mother; I know what her desolation must be. Poor woman! I will not say a single word against your leaving me at once to go to her; and indeed there are other friends whom at such a crisis in your life, you will be anxious to see at once. May I not say, another friend?"

But Wynyard's eye had caught Alma's by this time, and he did not wait to hear the end of Madame's sentence. He hurried forward, his face glowing with sudden emotion, and taking Alma's hands in both his, he raised her from the seat, so that they stood together before Madame de Florimel.

"I have another piece of news to tell you this morning," he began, "of even deeper importance to me than the last, of which Miss Rivers, as yet, knows nothing. You must congratulate me without any reservation this time. Yesterday Miss Rivers and I came to the happy ending of a long wooing, and it is two betrothed people you see before you this morning. You will give us your blessing before any more is said, won't you?"

There was a moment's profound and embarrassing silence, during which an energetic green frog, croaking in blind forgetfulness of the daylight, and a cicada, half way up the Judas tree, had the throbbing ears of two anxious auditors all to themselves. Then, Madame, her keen grey eyes pitilessly fixed on Alma's face, said interrogatively—

"And Miss Rivers knows nothing as yet of what you told me, while we were walking down the garden."

"Nothing whatever," said Wynyard. "I did not know it myself till after

we parted last night. Pray don't let us frighten her by growing mysterious."

He felt Alma's hand tremble and twitch within his own, but he closed his fingers over it and held it firmly, avoiding another look into her face, lest he should increase her agitation, which he tried not to think more overwhelming than the occasion called for.

"Well, then, I will go back to my artichokes, and leave you to tell what will not frighten her, I am sure. It is not news of that sort which makes young ladies take fright at their betrothal."

"And you congratulate us," persisted Wynyard. "Come, Madame, you are not going to turn crusty with me on the morning when I bring you such tidings as this. You will have to promise to visit us in England now, and look at the place where your primrose roots were dug from. You must bring Joseph Marie to study English farming under my uncle's old tenants."

"I am too old for such a journey, and I would not expose either myself or Joseph Marie to ridicule," said Madame, shortly. "As for congratulations—yes, Wynyard, I congratulate you as heartily as I can congratulate your mother's son on an engagement. You must really forgive me if recollections of past times make my manner less cordial than I could wish it to be. In an hour or two—perhaps, by the time Miss Rivers has recovered from the shock you are about to give her—my ideas will have arranged themselves, and I shall be equal to speaking as I ought. Meanwhile, I had better, ungracious as the suggestion may sound, see what can be done to hasten your departure, since you are determined, you say, to start in an hour's time."

Madame turned away, and Wynyard led Alma back to the seat under the Judas tree, and placed himself by her side.

For another minute or two the duet

between the green frog and the cicada was the only audible sound in the garden.

Wynyard, who had passed his arm round Alma's waist, felt that her heart was beating wildly under his hand, and her agitation affected him with the chill of reserve. He almost dreaded to end the suspense lest her fear should be succeeded by a burst of relief or joy that would jar upon his present mood.

"Why should she," he jealously asked himself, "care so agonisingly for anything beyond what was settled yesterday?"

"Well, dearest," he said, at last, "I don't know what keeps us silent, for there is a great deal to be said, and only an hour to say it in. Why won't you look at me this morning? Are you angry with me for leaving you so long alone, or have you partly guessed what I have to tell you? I think Madame's talk and manner must have suggested the news to your mind. Can you not guess what has happened?"

"No, no," Alma whispered breathlessly; "tell me. I cannot guess. I could not bear to guess."

"You are right," he said. "Yes, I should be sorry if you had thought of it. It is too sad and terrible a thing to come lightly into one's mind, and I am forgetting that a few hours have already made it familiar to me, so callous, so full of ourselves are we. I think you only saw my cousin, Ralph Anstice, two or three times; the last time was at Constance's wedding. You will be greatly shocked to hear that I have had news of his death. He died quite suddenly, a week ago, and but for our being out of the region of letters, I should have heard sooner. Poor fellow! I wish you had known him better, that you might help me to remember him as affectionately as his kindness for me deserves."

There was a long pause. Alma could not bring herself to utter an exclamation of surprise, or to ask a question about the manner of that

death which had constantly been in her thoughts for four days; and when Wynyard, impatient at last, took her chin between his finger and thumb, and turned her face towards himself, he was surprised to see how white it was, even to the lips.

"My darling," he cried, kissing her tenderly, "I did not know that you would feel this so deeply. I ought not to have told you without more preparation. How good and tender-hearted you are, thinking only of the sorrowfulness of this event, and not at all of how it affects ourselves."

"No, not so," cried Alma, wrenching her face away from his touch, with a gesture that was almost fierce. "I wish you would not interpret my feelings for me. I can't bear you to do that; I never could, you know. Let me alone to think and feel in my own way, the only way in which I can feel."

Then, seeing his surprise, she made a great effort to control herself, and added, in a calmer tone—

"I wish you would tell me more about what has happened. Never mind what I am feeling. What does that signify? No one, not even you, can understand that. Tell me the whole of what you have heard, and how your poor young cousin came to be drowned."

"Well," he said, without noticing the word "drowned," which struck him with a stupid surprise that he let pass for the moment, "if you think it reasonable to expect me to remain satisfied with not understanding your feelings, or having any share in them, I will try to go on; or stay, as we seem to have stumbled into a mood of cross-purposes, I will give you young Lawrence's letter to read, and leave you for a little while to think over it alone. I can't keep away long though, for I must start for England in another hour; and surely we have, or ought to have, a great deal to say to each other this morning, Alma. Shall I go and find Lady Rivers; she must be expecting me, and I owe her an explanation for yesterday, don't I?"

"Not yet," said Alma; "I have not told her yet. Yes, Wynyard, go away for a little while, and come back when I have read the letter."

He turned away from her, walked a few paces beyond the Judas tree, and crossing his arms on the low stone wall that divided the garden from the next field, he stood for some minutes watching the progress of a string of migratory caterpillars across the grass, determined not to let his mind fasten on any of the particulars of Alma's conduct, so as to stray into suspicion or discontent at her behaviour on this first morning of feeling her his own. She had taken him generously when he had little to give, and now that the worldly advantages lay all on his side, it would be churlish indeed to begin reckoning up the more or the less love she was likely to give in return for them.

In a shorter time than seemed necessary to read through the letters he had given her, Alma beckoned him back to the seat under the Judas tree. Lawrence's letter lay folded in her lap, her hands crossed over it. She had only read one sentence, the sentence in which Lawrence mentioned his visit to Constance, and it was with a great effort she now turned a wistful glance at Wynyard's face, dreading, yet longing to read his thought. Could he have taken in that part of the letter, and yet be so stupid, or so loyal, as not to doubt her in the least?

"Well," he said, taking her hand, and smiling in answer to her questioning look, "do we want a fresh introduction to each other, dear, or what? Is an unexpected inheritance such a very alarming thing that you can't recollect anything else about me than that? Not, for instance, that I am going away in an hour, and that it will be a week or two before we shall sit together again?"

She coloured, and left her hand passive in his, but the anxious expression remained on her face. Difficulty after difficulty, which her previous knowledge of Lord Anstice's death would

surely bring her into, occurred to her busy mind, and crowded out all the tender and loving thoughts that would have been natural to the occasion.

"There are some things that I can't bear," she exclaimed, vehemently, after a long silence.

"So long as you don't tell me that I am one—" Wynyard interrupted.

She shook her head.

"No, no, I am in earnest; you must let me speak."

"And you must let me say first that from to-day you shall never, if I can help it, have anything to do with these unbearable things, unless indeed," he added, playfully, "*I am one* of them, which I shall begin to think, if you won't look at me."

"No, no—oh, Wynyard, it is hard enough for me to say this without looking. What I feel I can't bear this morning is the being left here with mamma after you are gone, to hear all that Madame de Florimel will say about our engagement, and my mother's talk when this news is broken to her. How little Madame de Florimel and she will understand each other. How grieved I should be if Madame should guess the difference that——"

"Poor Ralph's death makes in your mother's estimation of me as a son-in-law, in fact," said Wynyard, concluding the sentence over which she hesitated.

"You must not blame poor mamma for that."

"And I do not, dearest. It is very natural, and you may depend on my burying all recollection of old slights, and taking the future complaisance I suppose I may reckon on in good part for your sake. You have made all that easy to me. While I have the recollection of our yesterday's walk by the river to prove that you took me for myself, what care I for other people's way of looking at me? Alma, you don't know how precious it is to me that your yielding came first. Nay, give me one of your own frank smiles at last, dearest, and let me read in

your eyes the same thankfulness with which my heart overflows. I suppose I am naturally of a jealous temper, and the experiences of my first reverse of fortune have embittered me. If you had not shown me the truth and constancy of your heart yesterday, I might, I don't say I should, but I might have been so mad as never to have sought to learn it."

She tried to give him the response he asked for, but there was far more shame than joy in the tear-filled eyes, and on the trembling lips she raised to his face. Even while he kissed the tears away, a bitter impatience against his persistent dwelling on her disinterestedness, as a chief claim to his love, gnawed at her heart. She soon drew herself away from him.

"I must go to mamma," she said, "for I think you mean to let me do as I wish, and leave the *château* this morning, and our preparations must be begun at once. Mamma did not sleep well last night, and does not find herself comfortable in this tumble-down old house, which, she says, is full of strange noises. She will catch at the idea of escape when I tell her that you are going, and that we may make this an excuse for taking the carriage on to Aix les Bains at once, instead of resting here. You must make the best excuse for us you can to Madame de Florimel. I don't think she will be very sorry to miss our company as things stand now."

Wynyard found Madame impetrate, and disposed to be sarcastic, and though sorry to part with her in such a mood, he was on the whole relieved that no further opportunity was given him for explanations or remonstrances that might have become embarrassing. He did not want to have Emmie West's name brought into the talk between them, and was still less disposed to receive further enlightenment as to Madame de Florimel's reasons for the distrust of Alma, which she hardly restrained within bounds of polite willingness to "speed a parting guest."

However, Madame de Florimel's manner softened at the last moment when the carriage was packed, and Wynyard came back from placing Alma in it, to repeat his hope that his cousin would be persuaded to visit Leigh some early day after he had taken up his abode there. Her eyes, which had been quite dry hitherto, suddenly filled with tears as she wrung his hand a second time.

"I am an old fool," she said, "and one would think I was twenty instead of sixty, to be ready, as I was a minute ago, to quarrel with the single member I have left of my own family, connecting me with my old English home, just from the feeling of partisanship with—well, we won't say whose cause. I suppose as long as there are young people in the world I care for, I shall want to have a finger in arranging their love affairs for them, and be bitter against them when they shut their eyes to their own good. I was made so—and—yes, after all the disappointments I have seen, I should have liked luck in the shape of a true love to have come into the old house at last; but there, you are your mother's own son, Wynyard, and I don't know that you deserve better fortune in that way than the rest of us."

Here Alma called from the carriage, and Madame de Florimel, releasing Wynyard's hand, turned to mount the shallow, winding steps, leading to the upper story of the old house. With the vanishing of her slim, upright figure the place all at once lost its aristocratic air, and sank down into a mere little wayside inn, with wine carts and wood waggons thronging the back regions, and a buzz of country business about the tree-shaded front door.

Wynyard could almost have fancied that a dream had vanished suddenly, and that all the emotions of the last twenty-four hours would pass away with it. A conviction of the reality of his own new importance came back to him, however, as soon as he was

seated in the carriage and the bustle of the departure was over. Lady Rivers's "altered eye," and the eager, deferential gesture with which she made room for him to sit by her side was as potent as a proclamation of heralds to impress his new rank on his consciousness. A real earl, and one of the richest in England, whom she had perhaps lost for her daughter through lack of fore-knowledge of what was about to happen—good heavens, could one be humble and repentant enough! The trembling fingers she laid on his arm to keep him near her when, in dread of what was coming, Wynyard drew back and muttered something about changing places with Ward on the box, had a volume of deprecation and eager apology in their clinging touch, and they could not be shaken off while Alma looked on. He had to resign himself to the front seat, and to listen to an avalanche of congratulations, explanations, flatteries, false colouring of past events, in endless repetitions, which flowed on through the whole day's drive, and broke out again, *à propos* of some new topic, as often as he thought he had quenched them by turning the conversation to non-personal matters.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MAGNA EST VERITAS.

It is strange how soon when one phase of life is irrevocably broken up, breaking, as we may say, hearts with it, the shattered elements arrange themselves in a new order. The revolving wheel of moments, hours, days, moves on a little more or less smoothly, but taking up the old tune, and carrying us forward to ends which by and by engage our thoughts with almost the same intensity as did those that we have had to abandon for ever.

During the first weeks after her husband's death Mrs. West could hardly have believed that she should ever again set her heart strongly on an earthly good; that any plan of life would be personally very preferable to her

beyond another when he on whom all her anxiety had so long been fixed had passed out of her sight. It was not very long, however, not a month after the funeral, before a new hope began to grow up in her mind, and shed an unexpected light on the dark future. When Sir Francis made his hasty evening visits to talk over her affairs, and sat, provokingly business-like, with papers spread before him, making dismal calculations which always had the same poverty-stricken results, she would sit by, dry-eyed and acquiescent: she listened to his plans in a half dreamy way as to something quite remote from herself and her children, fixing her thoughts all the while on the young sprouts of that new hope which each day seemed to render stronger and more beautiful. Emmie go out as governess in a family, recommended by Mrs. Kirkman—the two younger boys be sent away to a cheap, distant boarding-school, while she and Mildie settled in a lodge cottage at the gates of the Rivers's country-house to nurse their poverty in the sight of the other family's riches! If it had been the will of God, of course one could walk through such a valley of humiliation, thankful for shelter and food and such scraps of kindness from one's prosperous relatives as might come, if—

but here Mrs. West always smiled faintly to herself, and looked across the room at Emmie. She thought she knew for certain that this valley of humiliation was not God's will for her and her children,—nor Dr. Urquhart's. There had not been a single word said. Dr. Urquhart came less frequently than formerly into the rooms the Wests continued to occupy, he was apparently afraid of intruding upon them now that the entire house had passed into his ownership. Emmie, too, was less often invited to spend an evening in the Land of Beulah, and when an invitation came she generally excused herself, and sent delighted Mildie to study the microscope and read the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in her stead.

Mrs. West could not make out that her eldest daughter and Dr. Urquhart had ever had more than five minutes' conversation since Emmie's return from abroad; and yet the secret hope grew and grew, and was the ever-widening foundation on which all her plans for the future were built. Was it an electric glance of sympathy exchanged between the two mothers that had conveyed this certainty to Mrs. West? or was it some still more subtle inflowing of knowledge, such as will sometimes pass between persons interested in the same object, when a strong hope exists in one resolute heart? No one knew how much Emmie read the thoughts and hopes of which she was thus made the passive centre. Nothing had been said, scarcely anything looked—a kind of lull and hush of expectation pervaded the house.

Uncle Rivers came and went, and talked about another quarter-day being close at hand, and brought measurements of the rooms in the cottage, and even patterns of wall-papers for Mrs. West to choose from, but no one showed any interest in these things. Even old Mary Anne went on with the summer cleaning of her kitchen, as if she had no more idea of ever moving out than she had had any time this last twenty years.

July stole away, and now it was the end of August. Uncle Rivers would be leaving London in another ten days or so, and yet no one seemed in a hurry to settle anything. Emmie had a little fit of impatience sometimes, and felt a longing to struggle against this quiet onflowing of the days, as if the hours as they slipped by were weaving a spell round her which would become too strong for resistance if she did not rise up against it soon. She exhaled this impatience chiefly in solitary paces up and down the deserted attic rooms, and in short fits of tears when she could find a few safe minutes for weeping, without fear of provoking after remark. Any talk might have brought the suspense to an end, and

Emmie did not feel ready for that yet. When Mrs. West, during the interviews with Uncle Rivers, looked across the room at her with a confiding smile on her lip which had more of appeal in it than the most moving words, Emmie kept her eyes safely glued to her work. Her heart swelled and her lips and eyelids trembled just to give the answering glance that was implored from her, but she restrained herself. An answering smile just then would mean so much, involve such a large promise—her whole life—and she could not take it back if she had offered it to her mother by so much only as a smile. Something withheld her constantly from giving that silent pledge.

Mrs. Urquhart meanwhile was more content with Emmie than she had been on her return home. Confidence is contagious, and sanguine-tempered people fall easily into the hopes of those they love, even against their better judgment, and Mrs. Urquhart had come to see all her son's arrangements with regard to the West family in such an amiable light that she could not help expecting them to come about sooner or later. Perhaps Emmie's coyness in the matter of her son's wooing was not altogether so displeasing in reality as in theory it would have been. Mrs. Urquhart began to regard it as a decent diffidence to accept an undeserved honour, and to value Emmie all the more for her discerning humility. Emmie felt the silent pressure of expectation even more strongly in Mrs. Urquhart's presence than in her mother's, and was obliged to watch opportunities for flights to the attic past the open drawing-room door, feeling it now an entrance into the stronghold of her enemies, instead of the gate to the heavenly hills as it had formerly been. From the Land of Beulah to the remotest kitchen regions the same oppressive atmosphere pervaded the house, the same anxious expectant looks were turned upon her, claiming from her something that she was not able to give—wealth from an empty

purse, water from a vessel which had been drained to its last drop.

It was only in the deserted attics, from which Christabel's easel and Katherine's desk had been long since sent away, that Emmie was able to breathe and think freely. She had all her life been better at feeling than at reasoning, and the problem rose before her in all sorts of confused and confusing forms, and had to be settled and re-settled on very different counts each day. There were remorseful impulses which urged her towards the solution that would win her mother's gratitude, and put a happy termination to the family difficulties. "What was her own life," she sometimes asked herself, "compared to the good of all the others?" If she could make any one happy, she who had made so great a mistake as to give her heart too hastily, why should she not do what she could? She knew she should feel deep gratitude to any one who would love her and she might love again, in a way, by and by. What really withheld her was an instinct of honesty and purity, rather than any counter-reasoning against this specious appearance of duty that so often presented itself.

When, one day, Mildie put into words this secret instinct, it came upon Emmie almost as a new truth, bringing unexpected strength and light. Mildie was a frequent visitor to the empty attics, for Katherine had left her a legacy of old schoolbooks, too dilapidated to bear a second packing. When she found Emmie there she generally made a great show of not taking any notice of her, and settled herself ostentatiously with her Greek Grammar in her lap and her face turned to the wall against which her treasures were piled and began to repeat *τύπτω, τύπτεις, τύπτει*, under her breath.

It was a grievance to Emmie to have her solitary retreat invaded, and yet perhaps she received some bracing influence from the sight of that square-set, resolute figure crouched in the

dust, and murmuring monotonous words over and over in a tone that had a subdued relish about it; and one day Mildie found an opportunity of speaking a word or two that acted like a healthy wind in clearing Emmie's atmosphere. Mildie had borrowed a volume of Urquhart's *Encyclopædia*, and, presuming basely on the complaisance with which the whole family were treated (for learning may as well get its little bit of advantage out of love follies when it can), carried it up into the attic for thorough enjoyment. On coming suddenly into the room she found Emmie standing by a table on which the book lay open, apparently reading a page. Could Emmie have taken such a sensible turn as to be reading the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by way of comfort? Alas! no. A second glance assured Mildie that she was not reading but—oh, sacrilege—crying over the beautiful, creamy, double-margined page, actually letting slow tears fall one by one on the book itself! Mildie's exclamation of horror sent Emmie, penitent and shame-faced, to the window to wipe her tears away, and Mildie, after tenderly performing the same office for the insulted book, propped her elbows on the table and read on the tear-wet leaf, "The history of the edible green frog," over which Emmie had been weeping so profusely. When she had satisfied her thirst for knowledge, she began to wonder a little about these tears, whose traces would always distinguish the frog's biography from that of every other reptile in the volume. As she mused, piecing together little links of past observations, and arriving swiftly at a conclusion by true inductive method, a fire kindled within her, and she spoke out, taking care to make her words distinct enough for Emmie to hear, without turning her head round.

"If I were you," she began, resolving to avoid any mention of names that might be too startling for Emmie's modesty, "If I were you, I should just tell *him* the whole truth. It is

the only fair thing to do, however much it may vex him, and in fact bother us all, just now. Oh, yes, I know it will be bad enough for mamma and every one; I know I shall hate living in that cottage close to the Rivers's horridly enough, unless Mrs. Kirkman's cousin would have the sense to take me for a governess instead of you. However, it's not *me* that's of consequence, and you are thinking, I know, that you are of no consequence either, and that you ought to do what is best for mamma and the children, without considering yourself. But look here, Emmie, you *must* tell him the whole truth. I can't put it any better, but it seems to me that it would be such a mean thing to take the Encyclopædia and the house and everything that he has, and himself too, as far as that goes, and—well—not to tell him the whole truth. He might marry you if he liked afterwards, you know. But I don't think," fixing her eyes on the tear-blister, "that he would. Why should he? What would be the use of marrying a person to make her unhappy, and have her crying over his best books? No, Emmie, dear, don't begin to cry again; I've done now, and I don't want you to speak a word to me ever about it, but just remember, there's one person in the family who will always stand up for you if you will speak the truth, and I'll go and be governess to Mrs. Kirkman's cousin instead of you, if that will make it any easier."

Mildie shut the Encyclopædia and marched off without waiting for an answer, but when she and Emmie met again at the dining-room door just before tea-time, Emmie surprised her by stooping down and kissing her cheek softly as they entered the room together.

After tea Emmie took the wallpaper patterns from the chimney-piece, and began to turn them over, and ask her mother's and Harry's opinion as to which pattern would best match with the old furniture, and make the little cottage parlour look most homelike.

"Roses. Had not Uncle Rivers said there were roses on the trellis outside—monthly roses that peeped in at the windows all the year round." Emmie's voice shook as she pronounced the word "roses" the first time, but it grew stronger as she went on talking, and though Mrs. West took out her pocket-handkerchief and could not bring herself to say that the rose-bud pattern was at all pretty, the subject had been broached, and when bed-time came everybody felt that an important step towards settling the family affairs had been taken that evening.

When a current of feeling sets definitely towards a certain course it generally happens that succeeding events are found to bring new forces to sustain and swell it. Thus it happened to Emmie that the very day after she had made her first feeble effort, an unexpectedly strong support in the resolution she had taken, came to her. There was a letter waiting for her on the breakfast-table when she came down stairs next morning, whose appearance startled her as much as the sight of a full-blown rose in an open garden during a snow-storm, or the face of a person who had been dead a year. One is never in a hurry to open a letter that arrives very long after it is due, when all hope and expectation about it have died down into ashes in one's heart. An untimely comer like that is sure to bring renewal of pain, and had best be faced with deliberation. With this conviction Emmie put the letter into her pocket and left it there while she despatched the various items of household business that fell to her share now in the mornings. Later in the day she took it up to Air-throne, to read it where no eyes were upon her. It was a short letter, dashed off, she felt, by instinct, in a mood where resolution was mixed in some sort with impatience and pain:—

"MY DEAR MISS WEST,—Will you believe, I wonder, that the recollection of a letter of yours, left un-

answered, has been a standing grievance and remorse to me for many months. Why did I not answer it, you will ask? Well, chiefly because I thought I had no right to impose on you the task of keeping a secret which I must have told you if I had written, and which a person, whose equal concern it is, had decided to keep silence upon for a while. My tongue is loosened now, and I will tell you at once that I am engaged, have been engaged for four months, to your cousin, Alma Rivers, and that we shall probably be married very shortly after her return to England in September. The wedding will be in London; but Lady Rivers is coming with her daughter to Leigh for a short visit first, and I am trying to persuade Madame de Florimel to meet them there, and remain to stand by me on the great day. Up to the present moment, I am sorry to say, she remains obstinate against leaving her vineyards at La Roquette to ripen without the help of her watching. This is all preliminary to the real object of my letter, which I find must after all be entered upon bluntly, if entered upon at all. I am guilty towards you in another matter than that of the long-unanswered letter, and I have reflected that since, if I had injured or misled a man in a small thing or a great, I should owe it to him to acknowledge my fault in so many words. I owe the same openness to you, though in matters of feeling between men and women such outspokenness is not, I believe, usual. I think it ought to be. If I blunder in writing this and make my fault worse, forgive me. It is written in utter reverence for your sincerity and purity of nature; from a conviction that with such as you, truth never rankles as does falsehood or misunderstanding. Let us face the truth together then. I made a mistake last spring in letting you see feelings which, though very real at the time, were hasty and awakened during a misconception of the position in which I stood towards another per-

son. What I have to say is, don't let your belief in truth and sincerity, or above all, in your own worth be lessened through my fault. I submit that I ought to be lowered in your estimation. You cannot suppose my esteem for you greater than it is, and the false colouring came through me. I know your disposition to undervalue yourself, and I also know from past experience how prone we 'Air people' are when the light of life happens to burn low to translate everything into excuses for self-torture and self-contempt. That is why I have ventured on a confession of sins which may perhaps make it clearer to you than your humility would otherwise allow, on whose shoulders the blame of our spoilt spring memories falls. When the shadow has quite passed away from them, we shall meet on the friendly old footing. Meanwhile I have had a long letter from my friend Casabianca, and I am glad to find that he has sensible views upon the rabbit-warrens at Leigh, and considers that next Christmas holidays will be a suitable season for his introduction to their numerous population; we shall perhaps be able to persuade your mother to journey northwards earlier than that. You see I count so certainly on your forgiveness that I look forward to being received as a useful cousin by all the members of your family by and by.

"Always yours,

"WYNARD ANSTICE."

Emmie folded up the letter and put it back into its envelope long before the half-hour she had given herself for solitude was over, and when Mildie came up stairs to look for her, she found her on her knees in a corner, turning over Katherine Moore's legacy of books, to choose such as were worth carrying away for Sydney's and Mildie's use at the cottage. "For," she observed, in answer to Mildie's exclamation of wonder, "if we are to make ready for the sale and to pack

up in ten days, it is quite time that we set ourselves to work in earnest."

Mildie took the books out of her sister's hands, declaring that this sort of thing was her business; but her eyes followed Emmie about the room while she dragged forward the old furniture which had served the Moores, and wondered whether mamma could get reconciled to using it at the cottage.

"Ah, here is the skeleton's box," Emmie said; "we will make a cover for it out of the old school-room curtains, and put it in the bow-window Uncle Rivers talked about, for a seat. It will remind you of the Moores, and of the evening when we all sat talking round their fire before I went to Eccleston Square."

Mildie could scarcely believe her ears when Emmie made this allusion to the past; it was the first she had been heard to utter since their troubles began. Something had certainly changed her, Mildie thought; her lips actually wore a smile, sad perhaps, but not down-hearted, and her face and figure, as she stood in the sunlight, had an alertness and life which had been sadly wanting of late. Mildie who had her fancies at times, in spite of her devotion to the Encyclopædia, thought that her sister looked just then like a slender monthly rose-tree that, after being beaten about and drenched in a storm, raises its branches, and opens its wet blossoms to the comforting of the first sunbeam.

Later on in the day, after a great deal of business had been got through, Emmie took out her letter again and read it once more. It had done her quite as much good as the writer hoped it would, and he had shown his knowledge of her nature, if not of the female heart in general, by writing. To Emmie there was an immense strength and rest in that one clear word spoken. She had been tormenting herself with the self-blame and indefinable shame, which enters so largely into the pain women feel when they have given more or less love in return

for a seeking which has not had its legitimate conclusion. A true word would often do much to dispel this torture, to put things in their real light, and give them their true proportion; an honest word of explanation or confession, recognising the woman's right to be surprised or wounded, and her just claim to be treated seriously in the most serious matter of her life. Emmie had got this honest word, so seldom, in such circumstances, offered, and though it left everything just as it was before, and had not removed a single thorn from the path before her, it had altered the whole complexion of her thought, and made quite bearable what had once seemed an overwhelming pain. She read her letter straight through once more in the twilight, while her mother was down stairs talking to Sir Francis Rivers; then she locked it up in her desk, in a secret drawer, seldom opened, resolving, as she did so, that she would not be ashamed of having loved a generous man, who acknowledged that he had sought her too hastily, and who was not to blame for the change of circumstances that had drifted them apart. She could soon learn now to look back, without regret, on something that might have been, but which was not ordered, and therefore could not have been best. And since she knew now by experience, that truth *did not* rankle, like mistakes or misunderstanding, she determined that she would act on this knowledge, and tell the whole truth, however hard it might be to speak it, when an occasion came.

During the following week, while preparations for the removal and the sale went on, Emmie began to hope that the dreaded occasion would not come. It was a miserable, hurried, tearful, noisy time, and did not need any fresh complications to make it worse. The boys were at home for the autumn holidays, and could not be restrained from getting a good deal of boisterous fun out of the topsy-turvy

state of the house, or from dragging forward recovered treasures, with inconvenient reminiscences of the jolly time when this was new. These reminiscences would often send Mrs. West back into a tearful state of clinging affection to impracticable articles of furniture, just when Harry and Mildie had brought her to see that the selection of goods must be made on strict principles of suitability to their new home, and not with regard to the memories connected with them: that, for example, a bureau six feet wide, might have belonged to Mr. West's grandfather, and held his school letters for thirty years, and would nevertheless not fit into a two-foot recess in the cottage. On these occasions Mrs. Urquhart was the great resource, and constantly had to be fetched to administer advice and comfort. Emmie was obliged to consent to her being summoned, though her conscience smote her sorely every time, for she felt that the style of reasoning which brought Mrs. West round, and induced her to allow the household god in question to be marked with the fatal ticket, ought to draw forth a protest from her which she never could bring herself to speak. "What does it matter?" Mrs. Urquhart would say, encouragingly. "Yes, yes, my dear Mrs. West, let the man put the bureau, and even Mr. West's arm-chair, and the nursery cupboard you bought when Harry was six weeks old, into the sale-list; it will be quite easy for Graham to buy in anything you particularly fancy when the time comes. You have only just to give him a hint, and he will manage it all for you—he is used to managing." And then there would be a triumphant glance towards Emmie, and she felt that, let her look as gravely irresponsible as she might, Mrs. Urquhart's confidence in Graham's power to manage all things as he wished was not in the least shaken.

Every one was to leave the house the day before the sale; Dr. and Mrs. Urquhart on a flying visit into Devonshire, and the Wests to Eccleston

Square, where they were to remain during Lady Rivers's and Alma's absence at Leigh, till the arrangements for their final departure from London were completed. Casabianca was not above consoling himself with vaunts about the grandeur of Eccleston Square, when his friend, Tom Winter, came to say good-bye, and in consequence had his ears boxed by poor Harry, who was too sore at heart on that last evening to give in to any nonsense. Emmie came to the door of Iduna's Grove at the sound of contention, and looked in, meaning to remonstrate, but the sight of Harry's set face, and of Casabianca sobbing under the table, for he had only blustered, poor boy, to keep up a sinking heart a few moments longer, sent her silently away. If Harry were to say anything to her—he had been very good hitherto, and had only once remarked casually, that for aught he could see, Dr. Urquhart was as good a fellow as any going—but if he should begin to urge anything upon her, on this last evening of coming home to his own house, Emmie did not know what promises she might not be induced to make. Sir Francis Rivers was in the dining-room, sympathetic, but evidently very glad that it had come to the last day, and that the press of disagreeable business was nearly over for him. He hailed Emmie from the hall, and though he could not fail to see the tears in her eyes, he looked at her with that same complacent expression with which other people plagued her. Not that he was thinking of Dr. Urquhart: he had given up all hope of Dr. Urquhart from the moment when he had received definite orders for the printing of the sale bills, but, lurking in a corner of his mind, he had a little scheme of his own invention, which struck him as so clever, and yet at the same time so strange for him to have thought of, that he could not help smiling to himself whenever it recurred to him.

"Ah, little woman," he said, chucking Emmie under her pretty dimpled

chin, "you have no idea what a battle I have just come out of on your account. I have bearded an angry lioness enraged on behalf of her only cub; yes, bearded her in her own golden cage, that I never thought to enter again, and would not, to serve any one but you. Such an avalanche of words, such a fluttering of enormous fans, such a slamming of doors in my face by gorgeous footmen! You guess rightly—Mrs. Kirkman; but don't look frightened, my dear, it's all right, and I ought not to say a word. She has a right to be very angry, poor woman, and I have found her more reasonable about you than might have been expected. You always have pleased her fancy it seems, and, however much her opinion of your relations has changed, you are of another sort, she opines, from your despicable kindred in Eccleston Square, and she is not disposed to withdraw her recommendation. You are to have the honour of governing her cousin's children all the same. Who knows what may come of it, eh, Emmie?"

"The Christopher Kirkmans live a long way off," put in Mrs. West, mournfully, "and Emmie has never lived in the north; I wonder how the climate will agree with her?"

"Your own county," cried Sir Francis. "It will be native air to her; and the elder Kirkmans have a place near Wigton, where they will probably spend the autumn. I have done the best I could for you, and I should not wonder if Emmie acknowledges some day that my plans work better than her aunt's, after all."

Sir Francis finished his cup of tea, and took his departure soon after this. The house began to grow dusky, for no one had the heart to light the gas only to show the tickets on the furniture and the sorrowful signs of speedy departure lurking everywhere. In the Land of Beulah alone all remained as spruce and bright as usual, and Mrs. Urquhart and Graham had lighted the chandelier and were taking

their tea as if nothing particular was to happen to-morrow morning.

Emmie stood at the curtainless dining-room window, watching the gas-lamps in the street as they started into radiance one after the other under the touch of the lamplighter's wand. She was recalling days when, every evening before going to bed, she and Harry used to climb the dining-room chairs to see this grand sight with faint delightful sensations of awe, as at something magical and unexplained, when her mother came in softly and stood beside her.

"Darling," she whispered, putting an arm round her waist, "I did not like you to be startled, so I came in first to prepare you a little. Dr. Urquhart has asked if he may come and speak to you this evening, and I said that you were alone in the dining-room. Was I right? Emmie, dear, he has been very good to us all."

"Yes," said Emmie, after a moment's pause, "he has been good to us, he is a good friend; but please, I will go myself and speak to him in the Land of Beulah; I won't give him the trouble of coming down here."

Mrs. West had knowledge enough of heart affairs to perceive that there was no good augury for Dr. Urquhart in this, and unconsciously she tightened her clasp of Emmie's waist, till it became an almost despairing clutch. She had so hoped that this support was going to be the prop for all their fallen fortunes, it was very hard to give up the last hope, yet she spoke in all sincerity from the depths of her yearning mother's heart when she said in faltering tones, "You know, darling, there is nothing I care for so much as your happiness."

"Yes, I know," Emmie whispered.

"I am very anxious you should judge rightly what is best for yourself and for us all, in this matter. There is no one else who loves you?"

"No," said Emmie, meekly, "no one else."

"Then, my dear, think a little. We have known him so long and he is

very good and kind, and he would be such a friend and protector for the boys. Dearest, I can enter into your feelings, for I know how it was with me when my mother came, in a day of trouble like this in my old home, and told me that Mr. West was in the drawing-room, and that he had made a very handsome offer to my father about me. I don't mind now telling you, Emmie, that it was not exactly what I had been expecting, and I had at first a little, just a little, struggle with myself. Yet you know how it all turned out, and how united we were. I don't think he ever felt any want of duty or love in me through all our years of trial. Look back as far as you can recollect, dear child: there was never any strife in our home, was there? I have failed in many things, but I don't think I could have done more for him, or lived in greater peace, if I had begun by being ever so much what foolish people call in love."

Mrs. West drew Emmie's head down upon her shoulder as she finished speaking. Listening thus to her mother's anxious heart-beats, Emmie *did* look back through the years. She followed herself in thought backwards to earliest, earliest recollections of father and mother, trying hard to see what her mother wanted her to see, for; just then she wished to yield, her mother's pleading had touched her so closely. Why was it that the pictures, as they rose, *would* convey warning rather than encouragement? Certainly there had been peace in the house, but had it not been a dead sort of peace? Emmie remembered days, before their troubles began, when the children and their mother had had merry games together in this very room, in the twilight, and how all the noise and mirth and chatter had died out when papa's knock was heard at the door. It was the master of the house who entered always, and everybody was ready to wait upon him, but the gaiety and fun and endearments of the previous hours were put away. Harry and she used to wonder whether papa might

not have been better pleased if mamma had laughed and talked with him as she did to them, instead of becoming so grave and silent all at once. When the troubles came, if there had been warmth and life in the house as well as duty and peace—such warmth, such life as strong mutual love can create—would poverty have seemed so very terrible? Could her father have felt that all his self-respect and dignity were gone when his riches failed him, if there had ever been a time when love had crowned him king? Emmie was not judging her mother, who had given all that was in her power to give. There had been nothing wrong, except perhaps, the *yielding*, which Emmie herself had been very near to, a minute ago.

"Mamma," she said at last, "if papa had never had any troubles, should you have been quite happy?"

"The troubles were needed," Mrs. West answered, "and—yes—they drew us closer together. I don't deny, dear, that we might never have understood one another so well if we had remained prosperous always."

"But perhaps Dr. Urquhart will never have any troubles. He will be always bright and confident, and full of things as he is now. Mamma, let me go upstairs, please, and don't be angry with me if, when I have told him the whole truth, it is settled in the way you do not wish."

Mrs. Urquhart and Graham were very much surprised when Emmie appeared at the drawing-room door, looking, Mrs. Urquhart said afterwards, very much as if she had come to have a tooth out, the silly, frightened child. Mrs. Urquhart thought that Mrs. West had blundered the message, and she was disposed, as she gathered up her knitting, to chuckle inwardly at the thought of Emmie's after confusion, when she found she had come up stairs to have an offer made to her. Graham, however, bit his lip, and in spite of his confidence and his cheery temper, turned almost as white as Emmie when

he saw who it was that was standing in the doorway. He felt in an instant what a different thing a talk in his mother's brightly-lighted drawing-room would be from that interview in the twilight down stairs, for which he had prepared himself.

Emmie was the most self-possessed of the three, as she stood, her hands clasped before her, and said, looking appealingly at Mrs. Urquhart, "Mamma told me you wished to see me, and so I have come up myself to say good-bye to you both this last evening. I did not want to give you the trouble of coming down stairs."

"My dear! I have not been thinking of coming down stairs," answered Mrs. Urquhart, implacably. "I was just going into the next room to fetch a fresh strip of knitting. There, there, sit down in my chair, my dear! Make yourself comfortable till I come back. I don't like to hear of last evenings, and don't mean to believe in them."

Emmie's eyes wistfully followed Mrs. Urquhart strewing her worsted balls in a long train as she went, but there was no going back now, and it would soon be over. She did not even regret that she had come when she saw how agitated Dr. Urquhart grew, and how rapidly he thrust his fingers through his hair, to get himself ready to begin. In the Land of Beulah, which had so often been a haven of rest to her, she felt that she should have courage to remain faithful. She would not be the one to bring the shadow which had brooded over the rest of the house in here.

Dr. Urquhart soon took courage to come a little nearer, and stood facing her, while she sat motionless looking down at her clasped hands. He wished that the dear, dark-fringed eyelids would tremble a little, or the sweet lips part into ever such a faint smile; it was so hard to speak to such a seemingly motionless statue.

"Miss West," he began at last; he would have called her Emmie in the twilight down stairs, but seated in his

mother's chair, with the full gas-light on her face, she was much more formidable. His natural hopefulness came to his aid, however, and the plunge once made, he pleaded his cause fluently enough, telling how he had begun by watching her, and thinking about her, and how the knowledge that she was his love had flashed full grown into his mind one evening, and had never been absent one moment since from his thoughts and his purposes. It was a little love history that might well have won a girl's ear, but Emmie was not exactly listening to it, she was so wishing that the end would come, and, almost against her will, recalling another face and another voice, that had softened in speaking to her,—not so true, alas, but ah, how much more dear! She wished Dr. Urquhart would not seem to think that nothing was necessary but to convince her of the truth of his love, as if hers was due in return, as a matter of course. Why would he take it for granted that to be very much loved by some one was all that a woman could possibly want? It made the explanation that must soon be entered upon much more difficult.

At length it came to the question needing an answer.

"Since I love you so well, will you not be my wife, and make us all happy?"

Then Emmie's dark eye-lashes trembled, and she raised her eyes to his, frightened, but resolute.

"I will tell you the whole truth."

"Yes, do," he said, as yet not alarmed, confident even, that a true-hearted confession, if it did begin with a few difficulties, would only lead to victory in the end. "There is nothing I wish so much as that we should be quite open with each other; I have told you how I came to love you, and that it is the only love that ever has entered or shall enter my heart."

"But I am so sorry," said Emmie, her uplifted eyes now filling with tears, "I am so sorry, for, Dr. Urquhart, I don't love you, though I know

how kind you are, and how happy it would make mamma, and how good it would be for every one if I did. It is very ungrateful of me, but I must tell you the truth, must I not?"

"But your mother——"

"Yes," said Emmie, sorrowfully, "I am afraid mamma misled you a little; I ought to have spoken to her sooner, but I will tell you the truth. Sometimes, while we have all been so unhappy, and there has been talk of our leaving London, I have thought of saying yes, if you asked me, just to make a home for mamma, and my brothers and sister; but you would not like it to be in that way, would you?"

Emmie turned her eyes away as she finished speaking, unable to bear the sight of the sudden pallor and anguish that overspread the face into which she had been looking. She heard some quick, gasping breaths, and saw that Dr. Urquhart raised his hand to the chimney-piece to steady himself. After a while he said in a hoarse voice—

"But are you sure?—think again; are you *sure* that it was only for your mother's and sisters' sake? Is my love nothing to yourself—*nothing at all*? Think again—you cannot mean quite that."

"Oh! I am sorry, I am sorry," groaned Emmie; "but there is no use in my thinking again. I have thought so much about it already, and I do mean what I have said. I am telling you the real truth—I thought I ought. Please do not be unhappy, I am not worth so much regret. I am a very silly girl, and full of fancies——"

"Fancies—you mean that there is some one else?—but does he love you as I do?"

"No," said Emmie, covering her face with her hands, "he does not love me at all. Don't let us talk of that. I told you to show you that you must not waste any more thought on me; but nobody else will ever know. Let me go down stairs now to mamma.

You don't know how hard it has been to me to tell you this."

The colour came back into Dr. Urquhart's face, and there was a strange flashing in his eyes of mingled tears and burning, indignant anger. The man who had trifled with Emmie West's love would not have been in a very good position if he had come before him just then. It was all he could do to prevent himself from bursting forth into execration; it seemed such a cruel, miserable thing to have won her from him for nothing.

Emmie got up in the silence that followed, and held out her hand to say good-bye. He took it, but could not let it go again immediately. He knew that it was almost as bad as inflicting unnecessary torture on a suffering creature to go on questioning her, and yet, with the prospect of tomorrow's departure, and of the utter emptiness in the house, and in his heart afterwards, he could not resist urging another plea.

"Time," he began; "you must let me hope in what time can do; you will come to think more kindly of me by and by. I will not give up all hope just yet."

"But you had better," said Emmie, gently. "If you did persuade me to give you a different answer from that which I have given you to-day, that would not make it right; I should give it more or less from the reasons I told you of, and it would not be well for you in the end. When some one you have come to love tells you she loves you with all her heart, you will be glad that I spoke the truth to you to-day."

"Why should I change more than you? You would marry that other one, even though he does not love you as I do?"

"No, I would not," said Emmie, with a little glow rising in her cheek; "I would not let him do for me what I will not do for you. And you must not think or speak about that again, please."

The momentary sting of anger gave her courage to draw away her hand and turn to the door. Dr. Urquhart followed, full of penitence and shame for having brought that flush of pain to her cheek.

"Forgive me! it is so hard to part when we have lived near each other so long, and when you have been all the world to me. Oh! Miss West, surely the other is a passing fancy, you called it a fancy yourself; surely you can look back to a time when you thought more—kindly of me?"

Emmie stood for a minute with her hand on the door, and looked back into the bright Land of Beulah, where she had spent so many happy hours, and which in its comfort and homeliness, was such a contrast to the desolate rest of the house to-night. To leave it was like turning away from a haven of security to battle with storms outside, but she was too truthful and single-minded to deceive herself. It was *not* of Dr. Urquhart she had been used to think when she came up here in the dusky afternoons last winter, to sit in the fire glow and dream her girlish dreams, while Mrs. Urquhart nodded in her arm-chair. It was not his face that looked out of the dark corners in the guise of some romance hero whose fortunes she thought herself following; not his voice that said all the fine or tender things; she might be ever so much ashamed, now she knew whose likeness it was that had given reality to every pleasant tale; but she could not deceive herself into believing that it was some one else's, or set up a new image

for worship because it was convenient to do so.

"I have always thought kindly of you, but not in the way you mean. No, not once," she added, with an emphatic, sorrowful shake of the head, that shattered Dr. Urquhart's confidence, and froze his hopes more than all her previous words had done. It was all over then; he saw the door open and shut behind her without attempting another word. And when Mrs. Urquhart came back a few minutes later, smiling and confident, though a little surprised that the interview had lasted so short a time, she found him seated at his writing-table with his face buried in his hands, and had no need to ask any questions.

It was a great blow, all the greater because it was the first failure in his successful, hard-working life, yet the first bitter hour had hardly passed before the wholesomeness of the maxim on which Emmie had acted, began to be verified in him. Truth does not rankle if it is accepted bravely, and he soon began to be thankful that it was a bitter truth he had to take into his life, and not a fair deception. Emmie had judged him rightly; it was the reality of love he wanted, not its pale counterfeit, heart-understanding and comradeship, if any at all, to bear him through an anxious life. Even before he had brought himself to repeat one or two of her bitter truths to his mother, Emmie's prophecy had a dawning of fulfilment, and he acknowledged to himself that if things were so, she had done well by him to be so pitilessly truthful.

To be continued.

AN EDITOR'S TROUBLES.¹

UGHT private letters to an editor from his contributors to be published? Mr. Macvey Napier was editor of the *Edinburgh Review* for eighteen years, from 1829 to 1847. Among his correspondents during that period were some of the most distinguished men of the time: Macaulay, Brougham, Lytton, Jeffrey, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, John Mill, and many others of less note. They wrote to him long letters—letters were as a rule longer then than they are now—proposing articles, deprecating corrections, expressing opinions about the work of their fellow-labourers, making themselves agreeable or disagreeable as the case might be, and occasionally throwing in scraps of gossip about common acquaintances, and the events of the day. It was Mr. Napier's practice to keep these documents, and a selection from them was recently printed by his son for private circulation. The privilege of reading them is now extended to all who choose to avail themselves of it. Many doubtless will avail themselves of the privilege, for the letters contain abundance of dainty morsels for the curious; but while we read and smile, it is impossible altogether to banish the thought that what we read was not intended for our inspection, and that much of it could only have been written in confidence. In fact it is only the confidential part of an editor's correspondence that possesses any lively interest for the general reader. The business communications which pass between editor and contributor have some value for the minute biographer, the close student of character and literary development, but for all but this small fraction of mankind the passage

of a few years, or even months, makes them flat and stale. What the multitude likes to pick out of such papers is precisely what the writers of them would have been most anxious to conceal from the general eye, their opinion of their own work, and their opinion of the work of their fellow-contributors. There is not so much of this in the selection from Mr. Napier's letters as there might have been if some of his correspondents had been less guarded, or if the selector had been less scrupulous in his choice; but there is a good deal, and it is undoubtedly the salt of the volume. Yet it is a troublesome question in rigid ethics whether the individual, who would as soon think of publishing his love-letters as his private letters to an editor, ought thus to be sacrificed for the amusement of the majority. All who love gossip, with a tender conscience, must be secretly glad that the owners of interesting confidential correspondence are seldom unwilling to take the responsibility of deciding this delicate point. Unhappily, it will not trouble the inheritors of the letters, telegrams, and post-cards of the present generation.

We are helped to get rid of any lingering scruples that we may feel about our right to enjoy the amusing lights in which some of Mr. Napier's correspondents are placed by the publication of their letters, by the fact that it is an act of justice to the editor himself. An editor in his lifetime gets but scant justice. He is lucky if he possess a self-approving conscience. Very rarely does a voice of approval reach him from the outside. Good-natured friends who write to congratulate him on his last number, invariably append some irritating "but" which turns the praise into bitterness. It is an excellent number

¹ Selection from the Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, Esq. Edited by his Son, Macvey Napier.

on the whole, but why did he not draw his pen through such and such? And how can he allow So-and-so to go on writing on subjects on which he does not know the merest rudiments? When people are displeased with anything in their periodical, they lay the blame upon the editor; when anything strikes them as particularly good, they wonder who wrote it. This is as it should be, but the poor editor,—to whom, it may be, some touch of the goodness is due, and who has been compelled to retain passages intensely objectionable to his own taste, out of regard for the feelings or the services of a valuable member of his staff,—is apt to think that hard measure is dealt out to him. The world knows nothing of his difficulties. On one occasion, when Mr. Napier was more than usually distracted and perplexed, and had taken the advice of his predecessor, Lord Jeffrey, that experienced and logical authority began his reply with a clear classification of the main considerations by which an editor ought to be guided in deciding the all-important question of admission or rejection. These considerations were three in number—the effect upon the general body of the contributors, the effect upon the general body of readers, and the effect in the editor's deliberate opinion upon the advancement of what he believed to be right. Here alone is a sufficiency of embarrassing considerations for a hesitating mind, disturbed by circumstances from the healthy rule of trusting to its instincts, and Lord Jeffrey could probably have given many others of a more subtle and annoying kind. An editor, in fact, has all the worry of a police magistrate, without statutes to direct him, without the majesty of the law to hedge him round with respect, and with the paralysing disadvantage that many of the offenders who appear in his court are his own personal friends and indispensable associates.

It was due in common fairness that the world should have an oppor-

tunity of seeing the difficulties with which Mr. Napier had to struggle, as the head of a famous organisation, and the dignity, firmness, and tact with which he maintained his position and did his duty. He came after a more famous man than himself in the management of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was placed in authority over other men of note who had been connected with the *Review* from its commencement. Very rare qualities indeed were needed to preserve the necessary discipline without estranging support essential to the very existence of the great quarterly. Mr. Napier's task was comparatively easy in dealing with outsiders who knocked at his door seeking admission. "There can be no more respectable vehicle," Mr. Carlyle once wrote, "for any British man's speculations than it (the *Edinburgh Review*) is and has always been." It was not only honourable to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, but profitable, for it paid liberally, as a respectable journal should. Hence, Mr. Napier's offers of contributions were numerous. All the highest talent of the country, with the exception of the attached fuglemen of the opposite party, was at his service. The large body of political indifferentists, of men of letters pure and simple, desired no more respectable, and could obtain no more profitable, vehicle for their speculations than the *Edinburgh Review*. But for successful dealing with his numerous volunteers Mr. Napier needed only a moderate share of two great gifts—caution in accepting, and courtesy in declining. He had a large share of both. When he was in doubt or difficulty, he seems to have consulted Jeffrey, with whom he remained on cordial terms. Jeffrey's advice was invaluable, and it was never obtruded, but always given with admirable regard to editorial rights and susceptibilities. It was with Jeffrey's advice that Mr. Napier fortified himself when writers of somewhat more advanced views, or more lively style than suited the

traditions of the *Review*, sought to make it a vehicle for their speculations. The opinions and tastes of the two men were so thoroughly in accord that there was no breach of continuity when the editorship passed from the one to the other. As shrewd, matter-of-fact men, they were both aware of the value of lively writing; but they had to consider also that the *Review* had reached decorous middle age, and was the organ of a triumphant party, and that it was of paramount importance that its contents, whether lively or dull, should be safe. When Charles Dickens wrote asking whether it would "meet the purposes of the *Review* to come out strongly against any system of education based exclusively on the principles of the Established Church," and proposing to show "why such a thing as the Church Catechism is wholly inapplicable to the state of ignorance that now prevails; and why no system but one, so general in great religious principles as to include all creeds, can meet the wants and understandings of the dangerous classes of society," one can imagine how the editor's mind was tossed between desire and fear. The proposal was probably not considered safe. Dickens wrote again to propose an article on the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Jeffrey, who was one of Dickens's most enthusiastic admirers, was consulted, and approved of the idea; but the novelist wrote at the last moment to say that he was living in such a "maze of distractions," with "so many insuperable obstacles crowded into the way of his pursuits," that he could not possibly write the article in time for the next number.

With Thackeray Mr. Napier was hardly more fortunate. A review from his hand appeared in October, 1845, three years before the publication of *Vanity Fair*. The subject was N. P. Willis's *Dashes at Life*, in discussing which there was little room for conflicting with the political principles of the *Review*. But Thackeray ran against another rock—

the severe taste of the editor. "From your liberal payment," he wrote, in acknowledging receipt of his honorarium, "I can't but conclude that you reward me, not only for labouring, but for being mutilated in your service. I assure you I suffered cruelly by the amputation which you were obliged to inflict upon my poor dear paper. I mourn still—as what father can help doing for his children?—for several lively jokes and promising *faciæ*, which were born and might have lived but for your scissors, urged by ruthless necessity." Jeffrey did not think much of the article even after all this pruning and trimming. The taste of the *Edinburgh Review* was very severe in some directions. Thackeray was not the only contributor who had to mourn the loss of his children, and it is curious to note the different forms in which they expressed their grief and anger. A youthful aspirant, such as G. H. Lewes was in 1842, is all submission and sweet reasonableness, even when an article is returned to him to be entirely rewritten. It is not "unpleasant to his feelings to submit to alterations;" he is "at all times anxious to alter and to receive criticism, however severe;" and he writes as if he meant it. The courteous Bulwer Lytton is not less complaisant; but though he thanks the editor with every appearance of cordiality for "smoothing his article into shape," and hopes that he will never hesitate to cut out what he does not like, he declares himself unable to understand some general hints as to his faults of style. Macaulay was equally generous in his professions of submission, but not so successful in concealing his feelings when the knife was actually applied. "I hope you will not scruple to exercise your prerogative," he writes. "You will not find me a refractory subject." But we find him soon afterwards complaining that "the passages omitted were the most pointed and ornamental sentences in the review." One contributor, and one only, made a clear and frank

bargain beforehand that his articles were not to be trifled with. When Mr. Carlyle was asked to write for the *Review*, he explained without the least flummery on what conditions he was willing to try his hand. "My respected friend, your predecessor," he wrote, "had some difficulty with me in adjusting the respective prerogatives of author and editor, for though not, as I hope, insensible to fair reason, I used sometimes to rebel against what I reckoned mere authority, and this partly perhaps as a matter of literary conscience; being wont to write nothing without studying it if possible to the bottom, and writing always with an almost painful feeling of scrupulosity, that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left was in general nowise to my mind. In what degree the like difficulties might occur between you and me, I cannot pretend to guess; however, if you are willing, then I also am willing, to try." The sturdy independence of this understanding left no room for the petty wrangling over flowers of rhetoric and sallies of wit which embitter the relations between editor and contributor. Mr. Napier appears to have been an editor with whom it would have been difficult to quarrel satisfactorily. He was most painstaking in his courtesy, untiring in his efforts to make his alterations pleasant to the victim. Once, indeed, he threw the gentle-hearted Leigh Hunt into an agony by an incautious word. Hunt wrote to him gaily proposing a "very chatty" article on some subject. He replied that he would be very glad to have a "gentlemanlike" article. But on the intercession of Macaulay, to whom the wounded essayist made complaint, Mr. Napier explained that he meant no offence, and explained it with such politeness, and so completely restored Leigh Hunt's easy temper, that he borrowed ten pounds from Macaulay a few days afterwards.

But all Mr. Napier's worries with the mass of his contributors and applicants were as nothing compared with the one great embarrassment of his

editorship—his relations with "tremendous Harry Brougham." How to keep Brougham, and how to keep him within bounds, and how to keep him without losing Macaulay, were problems which gave Mr. Napier many anxious moments during his first ten years of office. He could not afford to lose either Brougham or Macaulay. Without them the *Review* would have been intolerably dull. The abundance of heavy matter to which the editor's severe taste and the restraints of his traditions condemned it, would have sunk the *Review* beneath the level of popular request if the supporting force, the buoyancy, the intense life and movement of their writing had been withdrawn. It seems strange to the present generation that the retention of Brougham's services should ever have been an object of such paramount importance. There is not much life in his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* now. A back number with five of his articles in it—he boasted some thirty-five years after the commencement of the *Review* that he had written about a fifth of its whole bulk—is not a book that one takes from the shelf for a half-hour's refreshment and delight. But though Brougham's articles are dry bones to us, they had a vigorous life in their day. The pulse of the time beat violently—very violently—in them. We can see only the rusty machinery with which the stage thunder and lightning was manufactured, in the now deserted theatre, the tattered, moth-eaten robes in which the great actor draped himself; his contemporaries were filled with the excitement and passion of the play. There was no such incarnation of force, loud, tempestuous, overpowering force, in his time as Brougham. He is often called an "extraordinary" man, and extraordinary he was in all conscience. About the time when Mr. Napier came in contact with him, he was the greatest individual power in English political life. There was no parliamentary debater whose hostility was so much to be feared, and outside Parliament, among the masses of the people, there

was no hero worshipped with such enthusiasm. His splendid oratory in defence of Queen Caroline had put the crown on his reputation, and he had added many dazzling jewels to it by his eloquent championship of philanthropic schemes and popular causes, and his unmeasured and overpowering vituperation of their enemies. With all these elements of greatness, which enabled him to render invaluable services to enlightenment and progress, with all this solid gold, there was a large admixture of baser matter. There is and must be this admixture in all greatness, and it is not as a rule good to dwell upon it. But Brougham left the world no choice in the matter. The same Titanic energy which threw the grander parts of his "extraordinary" composition into glorious prominence would not suffer the baser parts to remain in the shade. He had a passion for engrossing the whole credit of every enterprise with which he was connected. He never hesitated to sacrifice a colleague when it served his ambition, and there was no trick to which he would not resort to remove whatever stood in his way. No human being could possibly have known all that Brougham pretended to know, but the extent and variety of his knowledge was gigantic, and no human being ever possessed such a power of disguising ignorance by overbearing talk. At the time when he was celebrated throughout the country—justly celebrated, we must not forget—as the author of great legal reforms, the leader of the movement for the abolition of slavery, the indispensable patron of wide-reaching schemes for the extension of education, his ministerial colleagues were groaning over the Lord Chancellor's untrustworthiness, and a good-natured friend was following him all over London to enjoy the humour of him as a phenomenon, the marvellous abundance and gaiety of his talk, the childlike caprices of his arrogance, his browbeating of dignitaries, his exaggerated deference to men of small account, his uncontrollable indiscretions, his absurd

affectations, and above all, the audacity of his lies. And the most remarkable part of it all was that there was no more thorough sympathiser with this peculiar humour than Lord Brougham himself. He was indeed an "extraordinary" man.

Mr. Napier's correspondence shows strong light upon one little corner of the vast whirlpool which this extraordinary man made round him. The whole character of the man comes out in these letters, his domineering spirit, his unscrupulousness, the curious cowardice which lay at the heart of all his blustering, his marvellous appetite and capacity for work. There are touches of kindness too, which serve to redeem what is in some respects a repulsive exhibition. The cowardice of the giant is, as it happens, a redeeming feature, and gives an aspect of comedy to what might otherwise arouse simple indignation and disgust. The objects for which, in his relations with the *Edinburgh Review*, he put forth his despotic will were petty in themselves, and the results would not have been tragic if he had succeeded in them. The utmost that the despot achieved, beyond keeping his unfortunate editor in a constant worry, was to throw some of his fellow-contributors, and notably Macaulay, into fine frenzies of heroic anger, which at this distance of time Macaulay himself might afford to smile at. More than this the great perturbing agent, the Satan of the *Edinburgh Review* Paradise, was not permitted to accomplish, for he encountered in Mr. Napier a man of singularly firm will, and he always gave in when hard pushed, invariably protesting that his meaning had been misunderstood, and that all his desires were as reasonable as his motives were pure and public-spirited. Defeat had no power to mortify his exuberant vitality; when beaten in one quarter, he flew off to another, heart and soul, without a backward glance. The imperturbable self-satisfaction of the man shows itself in many droll shapes in his letters to Mr. Napier. We find

him describing with undisguised pride the number of pages he has written in a given time, the distance he has travelled without sleep or remission of work, the respect paid to him by great people, the prodigious effect produced by his speeches. "I was obliged," he writes on one occasion, "to exert myself last night as I had not done for years. The speech has made a great noise; but if it had one fault, there was no relief, no ordinary matter for the mind to rest upon. Every sentence was a figure or a passage. I marked that for an hour and a half by the clock, I was speaking in tropes and allusions." But above all, when he had quarrelled irreconcilably with the Whigs, he loved to dwell upon the vigour with which he had trampled upon them in debate. "My fairness towards the vile clique of the present Government," he says, for example, "whose treatment of me has been the *ne plus ultra* of ingratitude, baseness, and treachery, is more than I can well justify to my own pride. However, I punish them daily in Parliament, and that may suffice." "Depend upon it," he says again, "there is no great comfort ever accrues to those who try their hands upon my back." His greatest triumph of all was secured when he conceived the brilliant idea of giving out that he had been killed in a carriage accident, to see what the newspapers would say of him. The sensation caused by the report gave a banquet to his vanity in which he exulted hugely. "A lie," he wrote to Mr. Napier, "daily repeated by two or three papers in London and one in Edinburgh, has deceived you all, namely, that the people of this country have no longer any care about me, and that my 'useless, worthless, and mischievous life' (such is their language) was done for all purposes. Is it so? Look at the last week and tell. I assure you this room is filled with newspapers from all parts of the country; some crying *peccavi* for having ever attacked me, others thanking God they never had been seduced by the Treasury jobbers into such a course. Let this

show the risk of men in a party giving up an old leader, because another happened for the hour to be invested with office." Of course he did not fail to declare that the report of his death was the invention of his enemies, that they might have an opportunity of "letting loose their papers on him, and Tom Moore, their doggerel poet."

It was not merely in his private letters to Mr. Napier that Brougham extolled his own prowess and his virtues. He did not scruple to allude to himself in his articles for the *Review* in terms of which the following sentences are a specimen:—"Of all the portentous signs of the times for the present Ministry, the most appalling is the nearly unanimous choice of Mr. Brougham to be member for Yorkshire. This is assuredly the most extraordinary event in the history of party politics." When he could not puff himself, he more than hinted how and when it was desirable that others should render him that service. At a very early period in their collaboration for the *Review*, this brought him into collision with Macaulay. Shortly after the Yorkshire election, he wrote to the editor concerning a speech of his on Colonial Slavery that "T. Macaulay is to prepare a leading article on it and the subject for next number, which I hope will be first, as the question has, since I declared against the right of holding men in slavery, assumed a new aspect." When this was mentioned to Macaulay, who warmly reciprocated Brougham's aversion, he replied that the triumph in Yorkshire must have turned his brains; and he flatly refused to make Brougham's speech his text, adding, "We have had quite enough of puffing and flattering each other in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is in vile taste for men united in one literary undertaking to exchange these favours." Very soon afterwards a more serious breach occurred between the two contributors. Macaulay had been engaged to write an article on the French Revolution of July, and had nearly finished it when Brougham unexpectedly claimed

the subject for his pen. "I must beg," he wrote, "and, indeed, make a point of giving you my thoughts on the Revolution, and therefore, pray send off your countermand to Macaulay. The reason is this: all our movements next session turns upon that pivot, and I can trust no one but myself with it, either in or out of Parliament." Readers of Mr. Trevelyan's biography know the indignation with which the countermand was received by Macaulay, dictated as it was by "the person of all persons on earth to whom he felt least inclined to stoop," and how nearly it occasioned the withdrawal of his invaluable services from the *Review*.

Macaulay did in fact declare that he would write no more after such an insult, but Mr. Napier's tact persuaded him to relent. No collision occurred again between the two great rivals. Brougham was left in undisturbed possession of contemporary politics, and Macaulay, happily as it proved for his own fame and the delight of his readers, sought other fields of disquisition. But though their paths did not henceforth cross, they continued in their private letters to the editor to express their opinions of each other's performances. There is comparatively little piquancy in Macaulay's comments on Brougham. They are simply the hard truth, sharply expressed, the cool cutting judgments of an enemy confident in his own superiority. In remarking on Brougham's "characters" of public men in the time of George III., he can afford to acknowledge their "very high merit." "They are, indeed," he says, "models of magazine writing, as distinguished from other sorts of writing. They are not, I think, made for duration. Everything about them is exaggerated, incorrect, sketchy. . . . The style, though striking and animated, will not bear examination through a single paragraph. But the effect, on first perusal, is great, and few people read an article in a *Review* twice. A bold, dashing, scene-painting manner is that which always succeeds best in

periodical writing. I have no doubt that these lively and vigorous papers of Lord Brougham's will be of more use to you than more highly-finished compositions." In another letter Macaulay laughs at Brougham's pretensions to universal genius. "Brougham does one thing well, two or three things indifferently, and a hundred things detestably. His Parliamentary speaking is admirable, his forensic speaking poor, his writings, at the very best, second rate. As to his *Hydrostatics*, his *Political Philosophy*, his *Equity Judgments*, and his *Translations from the Greek*, they are really below contempt." Brougham's criticisms of Macaulay are much less cool and balanced. They contain but a grain of truth to a pailful of malice. But there is an individual spice, a half-insane oddity in the vehemence of their malice, which makes them infinitely more amusing. Macaulay's essay on Sir William Temple "is an excellent paper, only he *does* take a terrible space to turn in. Good God! what an awful man he would have been in Nisi Prius! He can say nothing under ten pages. He takes as long to delineate three characters of little importance as I have to sketch ten, the greatest in the whole world. I really wish you could give him a hint; and as it is the only, or almost the only thing he wants (*some bread to all his sack* is another and a sad want) he may well bear a hint." In the essay on Bacon, Brougham detected a graver fault, and it is only fair to him to say that there was more than a grain of truth in this particular criticism. "The Bacon is, as you say, very striking, and no doubt is the work of an extremely clever man." But "greater blunder never was committed than the one Macaulay has made on the *Inductive Philosophy*. He is quite ignorant of the subject. . . . He has no science at all, and cannot reason. His contemporaries at Cambridge always said he had not the conception of what an argument was; and surely it was not right for a person who never had heard of Gilbert's treatise to

discuss Bacon's originality—nay, to descant on Bacon at all, who seems never to have read the *Sylva Sylvarum* (for see p. 83 about ointments for broken bones); and who goes through the whole of his speculation (or whatever you choose to term it) without making any allusion to Bacon's notorious failure when he came to put his own rules in practice, and without seeming to be at all aware that Sir I. Newton was an experimental philosopher." But these complaints are tame compared with the strain of indignant remonstrance which Brougham poured forth to the editor upon the appearance of Macaulay's essay on Clive. "I have no heart to say one word on any subject of the last number but one—I mean one which absorbs all others—Macaulay's most profligate political morality. In my eyes, his defence of Clive, and the audacious ground of it, merit execration. It is a most serious, and, to me, a most painful subject. No—no—all the sentences a man can turn, even if he made them in pure taste, and not in Tom's snip-snap taste of the lower empire—all won't avail against a rotten morality. . . . What? are we gravely to be told, at this time of day, that a set-off may be allowed for public, and therefore atrocious crimes, though he admits that a common felon pleads it in vain? Gracious God! where is this to end? What horrors will it not excuse. . . . Every great ruffian who has filled the world with blood and tears will be sure of an acquittal because of his talents and his success. . . . Alas! if Macaulay's overweening conceit would only let him read what honest Adam Smith says, in his *Moral Sentiments*, of the evils of profligate systems of morals, it might awaken his conscience, and prevent him from being led away by the silly Empsons he lives among, and who admire nothing but sentence-making. Or, if he only knew the comfort of laying down his head to

sleep, or may be to die, after writing forty years, and speaking thirty-five, and never having once said one word, or written one word, but in favour of the highest strain of public virtue!"

One can better understand, after reading Brougham's letters to Mr. Napier, so pervaded by the vehemence of his genius, poured forth with such exuberance and frankness, such impetuous disregard of petty reserves and scruples, most transparent when they are meant to be most evasive, what it was that made his company inexpressibly fascinating and tickling to Lord Sefton. One can understand also how what was amusing to the idle and curious observer was very much the reverse of amusing to those who were pieces in the game. "Empson," writes Macaulay, to the much-tried editor, in 1838, "has hinted to me that Brougham has been plaguing you. Really that man is the devil." Brougham was always plaguing poor Mr. Napier. To make matters worse, the Whig leaders and their set were crying out against his subserviency to Brougham, at the very time when Brougham was sending him prayers for his emancipation from the thralldom of "that vile clique," threatening to start a rival journal, and warning him in page upon page that it was certain ruin to the *Review* to allow it to be made the organ of a party. This from the man who, when he was Lord Chancellor, insisted that all the political articles in the *Review* must be written by himself! Mr. Napier's letters of protest and remonstrance sometimes reveal a state of mind bordering on desperation. But he stuck manfully to his work, and succeeded in keeping a hook in the nose of his leviathan. If it was a hard task to found the *Edinburgh Review*, it was a much harder task, as this volume of correspondence proves, to save it from disruption when it had reached the height of its prosperity.

WILLIAM MINTO.

NEEDLEWORK IN THE GERMAN SCHOOLS.

A year or two ago the leading journals made great mention of the excellence of some needlework sent from Germany which was said to be done by school-children; and, we were led to believe, by those attending the *ordinary* schools for the working classes—the “Volksschulen.”

Now a long residence in Germany, during which I had had unusual opportunities of observing all classes of schools, had shown me the impossibility of this being the case, and last year, at a school inspection in a London district where the subject was introduced, I raised my voice against such a misconception. As I was about to travel and then spend the winter in Switzerland, I offered to visit some schools, see what was really done in them, and bring back a few samples of their needlework. This I did, and on my return my friends were much interested in my specimens and descriptions of what I had seen. My inspection of these German schools had to be delayed till the spring, as they were all closed for the autumn holidays when first I left home.

Having heard during the winter that the Swiss elementary schools were far superior to the German, and that much information might be gained by an inspection, I decided to extend my original plan and begin with them. The system of teaching needlework, reading, and arithmetic, was what I chiefly wished to inquire into. The following is an account of the success which attended me.

At the end of March I made a beginning at B——, a large town of German Switzerland. Armed with a letter of introduction from a German Professor, I went to the School Inspector. (A Swiss School Inspector is a charming functionary, very unlike

some of his German brethren of the same order.) It was at the end of the school-year, and his room at the large girls' school was filled with parents entering the names of their children who had reached the required school age. Boys had to be over six, the girls over seven years old. Two or three papers, one of them a certificate of vaccination, had to be shown for each child. Rich and poor alike were treated with the greatest courtesy; the only thing to be noticed was that there was a pleasanter ring in the old gentleman's voice when he had to ask if it were “ein Mädel.” He gave a ready consent to my seeing the schools, and took me to a master whom he begged to give me any help I might want. This gentleman told me a little of the plan of teaching, and said there were about 400 girls, from all classes of the community, ages 7 to 11, formed into four classes, with divisions *a, b, c, d*, as required, fifty to sixty in a division. The subjects taught were reading, writing and arithmetic, Scripture, singing and work, the unvarying length of a lesson being, as in Germany, an hour. He advised my taking the classes in order, beginning from the lowest, and went with me to a teacher and arranged with her for me to commence at 8 a.m. the next day, as it was the hour for arithmetic. I arrived punctually, just as the lesson was about to begin. It was the last week in the school-year, which enabled the teacher to show me how much had been learnt. For an hour she tried very cleverly to keep up the children's attention by letting them count, first the even, then the uneven numbers up to 100, backwards and forwards; then by adding and subtracting up to twenty. It may have been they had so well learnt

what they were taking that the constant repetition had become tedious, but there was certainly a great look of weariness in the faces of the more intelligent before the lesson was over. When it was finished, I had the class-book to look at, in which each teacher has to enter every lesson he or she gives, with the exact subject of it, and also any remarks. It is inspected every week. One remark went far to show what Swiss school attendance is. It was this: "A. G. returned this week having been away a month through illness." As far as I could see, she had been the only absentee for some time. "Several children have been complaining of headache," was the remark of the week before. The cause had been found out and a remedy applied; an immense wet sponge was hanging before the hot air grating.

From IVa I went to IVb, and heard exactly the same lesson given by another teacher. The children were of the same age and standing. It was very interesting, as showing the difference a more experienced teacher made. The first had been there four years, the second only one. The children could not help knowing the little expected of them, but there was a marked difference in the interest they showed.

In the third, the first half of the lesson was employed in practising the multiplication table by means of the numerical frame or abacus. Then at the end of half an hour the children were ordered to get up and stand out from forms. Each form only held two. They were in four rows facing the master, and thus the children stood in eight rows, one behind the other. They were questioned in their "tables" up to 10 times 10. A girl giving a right answer was allowed to take her place again. It was nearly the end of the lesson before all were seated. The discipline was very good, no two voices being heard together.

In the second and first classes, the first four simple rules were taken

most thoroughly, and the children well practised in them by mental arithmetic. By referring to a little book of the government regulations and requirements, it seemed to me that every child had fully reached the required standard. In contradistinction to German cramming, "little and well" appears to be the Swiss motto for *elementary* schools. The defect in the system seems the hard and fast rules, no freedom either to teacher or child being allowed. The complaint used to be with us that the stupid were sacrificed to the clever; now the Swiss sacrifice the clever to the stupid. They have found the time required for the duller brains to learn a given thing, and that time they force each child to take. It may be able to count or read when it comes to school, but none the less it must do the same as the others. I had noticed many bright little faces in the fourth, and asked a teacher whether the station of the parents did not make a good deal of difference, in regard to the intelligence of the children. "Oh yes!" was the reply, "in the lower classes, but it quite disappears in the upper." It was said with great satisfaction.

On studying them afterwards, I found she was right, there was no difference there, the bright ones had been depressed to the level which the dull ones had attained. Surely, an astounding mediocrity must in the end result from such a system!

In the elementary schools six hours a week are given to needlework and knitting. Knitting only is taught in the two lower, but even that is done by rule. In the fourth, from March to the end of August, plain knitting backwards and forwards. At the beginning of September, a stocking is to be begun. In the third only stocking-knitting.

Sometimes the children knit quietly by themselves, but they must frequently do it together, stitch by stitch, while the teacher very slowly counts or beats time. Painfully monotonous it must be for a child who has well

mastered the work. At "one" the needle is put in, "two" the cotton goes over, "three" the stitch is made, and at "four" taken off the needle. In the second class—ages 9 to 10, needlework is begun. The children are provided with squares of canvas and red cotton, and the teacher has a large frame in a stand, on which coarse netting is stretched that represents the canvas. With a thick needle and thread in her hand she says, "I take up two threads and pass over two;" and so on, suiting the action each time to the words until she has fully made the girls understand and copy her. That is a lesson in running. In due time hemming, stitching, cross-stitch and others are taken in the same way and the canvas is filled. Then the girls have each a piece of coarse calico given them on which they work, on the same principle of counting the stitches. So well has all been arranged, that the calico piece is exactly finished by the end of the year. By paying for the materials a girl is entitled to whatever she makes in the school. In the first class, each one has to make a calico chemise the size for an average girl in her eleventh year. All the girls in the class are in their eleventh year. As nature is not very accommodating, and will make her children of very different sizes, the chemises cannot be an equally good fit for all the fifty girls, but that is a secondary consideration, and the girls have the option of taking or leaving their work as it suits them.

When a girl is eleven years old, her parents can choose whether they will keep her four or six years longer at school. If they choose six, she is draughted into a school answering to the "höhere Töchterschulen" of Germany; in the other case she goes to the "Secundarschule." Here, in addition to the subjects taken in the "Primar," she will learn some geography, history, grammar, French, drawing, and natural history; and what she learns she will get to know thoroughly. A "Secundar" was only separated from the "Primar" by glass

doors in the corridors. Herr Inspektor introduced me to the Rector, and I was able to be present at several most interesting lessons. The needlework was under the management of a mistress who taught nothing else; she and her assistant taking a class of fifty together. It was the same method as in the Primar. So many different kinds of work to be done, and in the exact time, sometimes even the months mentioned when they were to be begun and finished. *First Class*—Fancy knitting, crochet and further practice in the plain work already learnt. *Second*—Knitting and crochet, button-holes, herring-boning and fancy stitches, but only on a piece of calico like a sampler. *Third*—A boy's shirt, mending, darning, and above all cutting out, which the second class also learnt.

One morning I went into the second just as sheets of brown paper, rules, and pencils were being distributed to the girls. A black board divided into centimetres was drawn out and on it a chemise chalked the full size for a child of six years old. The girls were required to make one in paper from the drawing, reducing the size two-thirds. The hem, slope, sleeves and different parts were all to be in right proportion and neatly tacked together. When finished the exact measurement of every part for the full size had to be written on the front, with the length of calico required. One little girl gave me hers. It was very nicely done and has been much admired. In the third class the children were shown how to take patterns from a fashion-book; and I have a little frock, "Princess" pattern, in white and pink silver paper, with kilting, quillings, pink bands, rows of paper buttons and pretty little pockets. It was beautifully done, and all by rule.

The system at B— may be a little overridden, but on the whole it works well, and is the only one I have seen deserving the name. In both Primar and Secundar, knitting takes up a great deal of the time, and altogether not much more than half as much is given

to needlework as with us, but the theory is so thoroughly taught that I believe the practical part may be taken up later in a way it could not be by an untaught girl. It is to be doubted if anything so purely mechanical can be taught too much. We let girls "do" needlework, but we rarely teach it; and the way that pupil-teachers, and even young mistresses now, sometimes hold their work shows how incompetent they are. Many of our English children work very fairly, but as a rule it is only those whose mothers are good needlewomen and let them begin to do it before they go to school. Then the mere practice enables them to get on well and add to their knowledge of it. It is such children who often do the work for the inspectors and not the whole school. The mistress has to content herself with keeping the others employed and doing the best she can for them. In the absence of regular teaching, needlework is tiring and worrying to all parties concerned, or it is taken in the listless "don't care" sort of way that any one who has seen much of schools knows quite well. Would it not be possible gradually to bring in systematic teaching? Much might be done: 1. If there were theoretical classes at the Training Colleges, something in the style they are now adopting in Berlin, and if there were lady inspectors appointed for the needlework both for the Training Colleges and for the schools. They would require to be well-educated gentlewomen and not of the same class as the mistresses. 2. By making it obligatory for the children to be taught in classes; and, in a general way, for all in a class to do the same kind of work, which would enable a teacher to see by a glance if it were being properly held. 3. All schools under one inspector or in a certain district should provide the same make of longcloths, calicoes, flannels, and other materials. It might then be possible to judge fairly of the merits of the different schools in regard to needlework; but it is impossible while

one has suitable materials and the other has just the reverse. 4. By no longer allowing the children to bring home-work on certain days. It is ruinous to the efficiency of the schools and of but little benefit to the mothers, who would be more than compensated by being allowed to have the school-work at the cost of the material. No outside work should be admitted. Ladies who have been accustomed to have their rougher work done at the village school can easily find poor women, too delicate for charring or field work, who would do it quicker and better.

Some inspectors pay great attention to the needlework and may think no change is necessary. They give the mistresses a syllabus of what they expect from each "standard" and at the examination have specimens done in their presence. But in the case of a button-hole for instance, do they really know whether the proper number of threads have been taken and the proper stitch observed throughout? I fear not, for I have had some button-holes worked before me in one such district and can only say my specimens were not worthy of their name.

Not long ago I went to a school thus divided into standards. In one class the girls were sewing. Their needles were stuck in, one might almost say, every way but the right, and the pupil-teacher had apparently as little idea that the one she was using ought to have gone in straight as any child present.

But to revert to Switzerland. I had provided myself with a number of small pieces of moderately coarse longcloth, on which I wished the girls to work for me, and had done a little piece of the different sorts of work to show what was wanted. At first the teachers protested no child ought to be expected to work on anything so fine, then good naturedly allowed some of them to try. All the girls took nearly an hour to do what was given them. The one who tried making a few gathers and putting them into a band could not altogether manage it;

the others got on very well with hemming, sewing, and button-holes. The specimens from other places abroad were far from being as good. When I came back to England, girls two and three years younger did some much better, and seldom took longer than a quarter of an hour for the given piece; but these were the picked children such as I have been speaking of.

Before leaving Switzerland, I crossed over the Rhine and visited the famous Beuggen Institution. The work I saw there was mending, a number of boys' shirts had just been "looked over." It was mostly firm, sensible work, exactly suited for the purpose, but rather too rough to give one an idea of what the girls were capable of doing.

In the Grand Duchy of Hesse there was formerly as lax and primitive a system of teaching as can well be imagined. About two years ago a new one was introduced, which has raised a great feeling of dissatisfaction in the minds of people who are poor and consider they have a right to the help their children formerly gave them. Things used to go on in a delightfully make-shift fashion. In some places a very small school-house sufficed, as only half the children of the village were instructed at a time, and as a rule there was never any afternoon school. Now, the salaries of the masters have to be increased, for they may no longer hold the small parish-appointments that helped to eke out their incomes; and new school-houses have to be built. The change is pressing heavily on the people and they groan under it. Even the well-to-do and the clergy sympathize with their complaints. "I tell you what," said a Pfarrer not long ago to some school commissioners who were urging on his parish the necessity of new schools, "you are driving the people to Social-Democracy."

No doubt it is hard to repair the neglect of years, but a change must have been somewhat required. One of

the things these good folks protest against is the introduction of needlework into the schools as "they cannot be brought to see the use of it." The new system, being like the Prussian, only asks that two hours a week, and they may be consecutive, shall be devoted to it and to knitting. In many places the younger children have but one hour. I was not able to visit any of the schools, but it is easy to be seen that no very good specimens of work are at present likely to be had from thence.

During my stay at a town farther down the Rhine, I called on the master of a very large mixed school, having formerly known him. He willingly promised to let me see all he could, but shook his head at doing it without permission. It was decided I must apply to the School Inspector.

The Rathhaus was some distance from where I was staying, and I had to go two mornings in vain as Herr Inspektor was not there. At last I was advised to try his evening hour. On arriving there, I found the narrow corridor leading to his room lined with parents. There being no benches to sit on, and Herr Inspektor coming late, it was rather weary work. At last the great man appeared, pushing right and left, and talking to the people in a way that only a very small official could or would do in England. I felt somewhat as if my rôle were that of a pauper at the mercy of a Mr. Bumble. We were admitted by turns, and those standing outside could hear the rough tones of the official and the supplicating voices of the mothers. No doubt this is only part of a system, however, for when my turn came, I was received very graciously, and easily obtained permission to visit any of the schools.

I set to work by learning what I could of the general state of these schools. I found those of the Roman Catholics were superior to the Protestant; the buildings of the former were large and good, while those of the latter were often small, and the accommodation in them insufficient. One class-room where

there were about 70 children was so small and stuffy I could hardly remain in it, yet I was told several of the children were absent. (In Germany 70 is about the average for one unaided teacher, but government makes no objection to 80. No pupil-teachers or even monitors are allowed.) Several of the children looked old and miserable, many with lines on their foreheads. One could hardly believe they were within reach of good country air.

In these Volksschulen the girls take no less than fifteen subjects, among the number "Raumlehre." Raumlehre is a simple kind of practical geometry and mensuration. I was present but once where it was taught, and then only for a few minutes. As far as I recollect, a girl marked out a rhomboid on the blackboard, and a boy came up and worked out the number of centimetres it contained. They have a little drawing, a little of what the Germans call mathematical geography, in fact a little of everything except arithmetic. A good deal of time, four hours a week, is devoted to that. It is the strong point in the Volksschulen. In the higher schools for girls it is, we should consider, much neglected. A thorough good knowledge of it is unnecessary, and Algebra and Euclid are considered quite beyond woman's intellect.

I was present at several of the lessons in the lower schools. In one the girls worked out the examples in a wonderfully quick time, but with a feverish and strained attention. It was all mental. They had to divide $61\frac{7}{8}$ by 7, 9, &c.—to multiply $9 \times 8\frac{7}{8}$, and $4 \times 8\frac{5}{12}$, and other like examples. At the end of the hour the teacher gave a number to be prepared at home. But somehow what is learnt is very soon forgotten. I have never known a German servant able to make the ordinary calculations of daily life as well as most English servants. Once away from school an ordinary girl never opens any book but her "Gesangbuch," nor does anything in the way of work except knit her

own stockings. Her school-life over, she is turned out into the world to earn her own living, and knitting is the one thing she will ever use of all she has been taught. As to education in the proper sense of the word she has had none. For eight years she has been grinding away in an impassive uncomprehending way and knows as little of practical life as a girl with us who has never been out of a District School. She is so unfitted for service that people are coming to the conclusion it is less trouble to do the work themselves than to teach her, and the proposal sometimes made in joke here of being one's own servant is fast becoming the accepted order of things in Germany. The crowds of servants out of place in Frankfort alone, spoken of not long ago in the newspapers, is one proof of it. Of course hundreds do begin again, forget all they have previously learnt, and in the hands of mistresses who are never weary of telling, and who require no brains in their servants, become hardworking domestic machines. It is impossible to help endorsing the opinion of them given by the author of *German Home Life*.

But in regard to the needlework in these schools. It was poor indeed and dirty beyond description. Several teachers said, that such as I wanted it was impossible to have done; very few would let the girls try. Each child is allowed to bring from home whatever she or her mother likes to have done, without any reference to its being useful or suitable for her to learn on. A girl of fourteen may have an old duster to hem, and a younger one who uses her needle for the first time some fine piece of work only fit for an experienced hand. But here again it may be as well to describe one particular school. In the one I will refer to there were 60 girls in the first class the day I was there. Their ages were twelve to fourteen. Some were knitting, a few were doing crochet, the others attempting plain work. One girl aged thirteen who had never done any, not

even knowing how to stick in her needle properly, had an elaborately scalloped baby's bib, round which she was to fell some soft braid. Another was to run some tucks in a baby's petticoat. There were several others to whom the mistress was attending and a whole row of knitters waiting to have dropped stitches picked up. The harassed mistress, an experienced teacher of twenty years standing, was doing her best to keep order, fit work, and explain things to me, all at the same time. She pointed out four girls who could do some hemming. I set them to work and then picked up stitches, tacked work and otherwise helped, until things were a little to rights and there was time for a few minutes' conversation. I began by saying to the mistress what a pity it seemed that some system was not observed, and some at least of the work prepared beforehand; but evidently in her eyes no change was required; she was quite taken aback at my questioning the wisdom of Government arrangements, and one answer she gave was that it would be in direct opposition to the rules, a child's work was purposely fixed and tacked before her eyes that she might benefit by seeing how it was done. An excellent theory, from the land of theories! But how about the practical working of this one?

No one will argue that it is possible to teach even half a dozen girls without giving them individual attention, if no two are doing the same thing. Well! here are sixty girls variously employed, and one hour of one person's time to be divided amongst them. That is but one minute for each, not deducting the few lost in beginning and leaving off work, yet the teacher is to prepare all the work in the children's presence. Would any practical people expect much from such arrangements? I asked how it was, if girls had been eight years constantly at school, some of them could not work at all. I do not remember what answer I received, but can vouch for the fact.

At the end of the hour my little bits of hemming were brought to me. They had been done by the best workers, I have everywhere stipulated for that. The longest piece done was not more than four inches. They are the dirtiest and worst of my specimens.

The German Government *aims* high, far higher than the Swiss. It not only proposes that a girl shall be taught needlework, but—"as it is an efficacious method of accustoming a girl to habits of active usefulness and of promoting a sense of order, economy and propriety in dress," a most comprehensive plan is laid down for her to follow, through which "she shall be qualified to cut out and make every kind of useful work for an ordinary household."

It is quite plain that the government expects a large tale of bricks, and does not give the straw. Fortunately, or unfortunately as the case may be, it is accommodating enough not to have days of real reckoning, so it has not yet discovered any deficiencies.

All districts in Prussia are not in quite such a bad case as I have described above. Local authorities are allowed some latitude if they choose to apply for it, and may vary the rules under special permission. There are teachers devoted to their work and battling earnestly against the prevailing system of cramming. One of the places I visited was a large manufacturing town. I saw three schools, and in one was present at two of the best lessons I have ever heard given anywhere. The children were intelligent and healthy looking, and they did their work with ease. The discipline was perfect; the children were under great restraint, yet did not seem to know it. And theirs was the only good reading I had heard in any German school. It was quite equal to Swiss reading, and that is saying a good deal. I have since found out that the teacher is greatly respected and has done much for the cause of education. He is the author of several educational works and has long raised

his voice against the bad reading to be met with in the Volksschulen. The reading in Germany is as weak a point as it is with us. But perhaps it is better here to give the opinion of the Germans themselves rather than my own. The master to whom I have referred, Herr Rektor D., mentions it in one of his books in which he also speaks of what he has been able to effect. During a conversation between some pastors and school inspectors, the question had arisen as to how much ought to be required from a boy entering a Training College, if he had been educated at a Volksschule. This master instanced good reading as one of the three things he should demand.

He goes on: "In the greater part of what I said they agreed with me, but upon my asserting that one might reasonably expect good reading from a good national school, a smile of incredulity was to be seen on all their faces, plainly showing what they thought. I understood it well, and hastened to add, not reading *à la* Tieck, but simply a clear, well-emphasised and fluent style of rendering a passage. But this limitation was not accepted, the incredulous smile remained, and one after another gave the opinion that as far as his experience went, there was no school that would come up to my expectations in that respect, on the contrary, they were *far* behind, for the most part *very far* behind them." However, the Herr Rektor has not only brought a better order of things into his own school, but in a great measure into the whole neighbourhood. He has also set himself against *Raumlehre* for girls, and in that district Government sanctions the elder girls having four hours a week for needlework and knitting. The girls in his school have only a needlewoman from the town to teach them, so there is an absence of all system, but the specimens I have of the work are the best of those from Germany.

I spoke of having visited the Beuggen Institution. It was at the time of its

inspection by the Baden authorities. The reading there was wonderfully good, and I had an opportunity of seeing a little of how the result was arrived at. It seems that the great point is, not that the children shall read much, but that they shall learn to think of what they are doing from the very first. In one of the lowest classes a little boy in reading three short words put the emphasis on the wrong one. Herr Direktor Zeller, son of the founder of the Institute, immediately made him stop, and try to think what was to be said, and with the most unwearying patience made him try, or let the others say it, until the poor little fellow managed to get it right. He seemed to have been frightened at all the committee looking at him. There was not another child in the class that did not know where the fault lay,—a rather different state of things from ours, where knowing all the words is called reading. At an inspection I was at last spring in the neighbourhood of London, a large class of boys and girls were to read to the Inspector's Assistant. A boy began: "The po-ta-to in its native soil.—America is small and not fit to be eaten." "Oh, stop! try again," said the teacher, jokingly. "I thought you were going to tell me about the potato, not about America." The boy read it again exactly in the same way. I glanced down the whole class and saw that not one of the faces showed that the children knew what was meant when he was again told he was wrong. However, the assistant, who was evidently an experienced teacher, soon brought them to understand, and then they were all much amused. But every child must have read that lesson some dozen times. The fact of one boy making such a mistake was not to be wondered at; he might have been shy or stupid; but that not one of the children could discover the mistake was somewhat startling.

To try and make children imitate the teacher's reading, particularly if he happens to be a pupil-teacher and

likely to give an exaggerated emphasis, or to deliver the sentence, instead of reading it, is, to say the least, not always a safe experiment, and one it would require caution in using; but to teach a child to understand what he reads is something quite different. We do not want mannerism, but we do want sense.

The reading was excellent at B——. At the beginning of one of the lessons there I thought what model little girls were before me, for they kept their eyes so attentively fixed on their books. However, I soon found out the reason; before more than a dozen lines had been read, the books were closed, and one girl after another had to repeat something of what they had read. Questions were asked, little anecdotes told to illustrate the subject, and the piece read over again before going on farther, sometimes by the master, sometimes by one of the girls. Only a few read, but all were interested and engaged.

Before concluding, I must again touch on the subject of the needlework.

For the last few years the Germans have become conscious of the way in which it has been neglected, and have established a few schools, principally in Berlin, where teachers are trained and required to pass a government examination before taking situations. But these teachers are only for middle-class schools. These Training Schools have also special classes for children. It may have been from *them* that the much vaunted work came. I visited one such school and saw a class of little girls at work, and also the pupils preparing for their examination. The latter had to do some knitting, crochet,

embroidery, plain work and the much-talked-of German darning, which is really only weaving by hand with needle and thread. A perfect mistress of it might make the pattern of any kitchen table-cloth, but it is not possible to imitate damask. The pupils are obliged to show nine different patterns darned into a piece of coarse linen. It is very ingenious, but when I heard from one lady that if she worked very hard, she hoped to get the nine done at the end of three weeks, the unpractical side of German teaching seemed to me again to show itself. Fancy an English girl of eighteen, just come from school, being set to darn a kitchen table-cloth with half a dozen holes in it, and after three days hard work, finishing *one* of them. I am afraid by that time her mother would have lost all patience, and certainly would not let her attempt the rest.

There are many points connected with the middle-class schools I should have liked to bring forward, but for the present enough has been said to prove that the German system of education is not a very safe one to follow.

There is one thing more. The Germans sometimes affirm that we think more highly of Goethe than they do. Be that as it may, we shall do well to remember his warning. He told his countrymen that they would be

“Over-taught and under-educated.”

Certainly the women are so. Another of their favourite conceits is that they understand and study Shakespeare more than we do. Yet they have not realized that

“Thoughts are but dreams till their effect be tried.”

FANNY HEATH.

INDO-MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY.

THE question of railway communication between the Mediterranean Sea and the Persian Gulf has long occupied the attention of many practical men both in the world of commerce and in that of politics, but hitherto speculators and investors have been deterred from attempting the work, owing to a fear of losing their money through the maladministration of the Turkish Empire, a fear which, now that England has undertaken the protection of the Asiatic Provinces on the condition that their administration should be reformed, ought to be deemed groundless. Many routes have been proposed, but though none present obstacles as great as those that have been already successfully overcome in various parts of the world, the only one which at the present time would prove remunerative to its constructors is that whose course I will endeavour briefly to trace.

Other lines have to traverse mountain ranges, waterless plains, or tracts of country inhabited only by the wandering Bedouins, where labour would be costly, and where the local traffic would not be sufficient to constitute the main source of revenue, *without* which it is rare indeed that a railway can be depended upon to pay its way.

The best line, in my opinion, would be that which, starting from the Mediterranean port of Tripoli, would pass by the great commercial centres of Aleppo, Orfa, Mardin, Mosul, and Baghdad, and have its eastern terminus, for the present, at the port of Bushire on the Persian Gulf.

Other ports on the Mediterranean have been proposed as termini for the line, but after carefully weighing their respective merits, none, I believe, can at all compete with Tripoli. In this matter I have changed my opinion, as

at different times I have been an advocate for both Latakiah and Ayas Bay. This, however, was before I had visited Tripoli and seen the admirably easy path from that town to the plains around Homs.

El Arish, Tyre, Sidon, Beirut, Latakiah, El Ruad, Seleucia, Iskanderûn, and Ayas have all had arguments advanced in their favour, but to all objections apply, though not in each case with equal force.

El Arish is so far south that a line thence would have to pass through desert and arid plains, where for the greater portion of the year no water could be obtained, and when that necessary of life is to be found, the country is overrun by the Aneizah and Djebel Shammar tribes of Arabs, who here, even more entirely removed from the authority of any government than they are in their northern pastures, would feel themselves at liberty to obstruct any works which might seem even remotely to threaten their dearly-prized freedom.

Tyre has been advocated by no less an authority than Captain Burton; but though in most matters I would bow to him as to a master, I must differ from him in this. The old port of Tyre in its palmiest days was only fit for the war-galleys of that age and for merchantmen which, presumably from the coins and sculptures, were the forerunners of the Arab dhow, and could scarcely have even then accommodated one of our modern steamers. This port, such as it was, has been ruined by the moat constructed by Alexander the Great when he took and destroyed the town. The line would lead in the interior through an unproductive country which would scarce supply the necessary

water for the locomotive, and where the local traffic would be almost *nil*.

Sidon has a small harbour, but it is open to northerly and north-westerly winds, and is not of sufficient capacity for such an important port as the Mediterranean terminus of a line joining the East to the West would become. The country behind Sidon is mountainous, and presents great engineering difficulties.

Beirut is cut off from the interior by the range of the Lebanon, and any attempt to form a port there would involve an immense outlay. It has attained its present importance and magnitude owing to a series of fortuitous occurrences. The debarkation of the French troops in 1860 led, though indirectly, to the construction of the only road worthy of the name in Asiatic Turkey, viz., the French road across the mountains from Beirut to Damascus, which is now thronged by tourists of every nation and degree, and makes Beirut the most frequented of all Syrian ports.

Latakiah has an ancient port, but, like all other ancient ports on the coast, it is small and silted up. The construction of a railroad across the mountains behind Latakiah could only be effected by a large expenditure of time and labour, and necessarily of capital. Another bay which might otherwise have perhaps answered as a port for Latakiah is barred by dangerous reefs.

El Ruad, more a small roadstead than a port, is sheltered by an island, and considerable works would be required in order to fit it for the purpose of a port of embarkation and debarkation of mails and passengers. A range of mountains would again have to be passed in this case as well as in that of Latakiah.

Seleucia, the ancient port of Antioch, might no doubt be very easily dredged out, and a line to Aleppo would not have to encounter very steep gradients, but the Nahr el Asy (Orontes) must be so often bridged that, flowing as it does in a deep, narrow valley, at many

places a mere gorge, it would cost as much to construct this line as if the passage to Aleppo were barred by a severe range of mountains. I have heard the number of bridges estimated as high as sixteen in the first seven-and-twenty miles, and all of these would be works of considerable difficulty to the engineer.

Alexandretta or Iskanderûn possesses a fine roadstead, but no harbour, and is by all authorities admitted to be the most unhealthy point on the coast. Some say that draining the marshes would render it healthy, and that this can be done easily and cheaply; others, and notably Mr. Barker, who may be considered the best informed authority, thinks that this operation would be costly, and, when completed, of little use, owing to the peculiar atmospheric conditions prevailing during a great part of the year, induced by the configuration of the mountains surrounding most of the bay. To reach Aleppo from Iskanderûn, the Beilan Pass must be crossed, an engineering work of no mean difficulty, and which would either require a tunnel of enormous length or a mountain railway. The former would be costly in construction, and the latter, as far as our experience goes at present, would entail such an expenditure of motive power, as to be only worked at a loss for a heavy goods traffic.

Ayas Bay, which lies opposite Iskanderûn, is the best natural port at present existing on this coast, but a long detour would be necessary, and very severe mountains would have to be passed ere Aintab, the first objective point of a line leaving Ayas, could be reached, so that the cost would be even greater than by the Beilan Pass from Iskanderûn.

Tripoli (Tarabulus es Shams) possesses more natural advantages and fewer disadvantages than any of the above ports, and is also nearer to Famagusta than any except El Ruad and Latakiah. The whole line to Aleppo would pass through a grain-producing country, of which a fair proportion is

now cultivated, and which before the days of the Mohammedan domination was thickly populated, and studded with prosperous towns. Tripoli at present has a magnificent roadstead which offers enormous facilities for the construction of a port of almost any magnitude; indeed the size of the port need only be limited by financial considerations. The trade of the place is even now considerable, and had it the advantage of a railway, it would at once absorb all that of Iskanderûn, Antioch, and Latakiah, and a great portion of that of Beirut.

After leaving the plains which fringe the sea, the hills between it and the level country around Homs can easily be crossed by the Wadys Kara Chibok and Eyne Soody as far as the small, lovely, and fertile plain of the Bukeiâ. After passing the Bukeiâ, the country for the first three miles would present some difficulty, but nothing that can be compared with any part of the mountainous tracts traversed by the other routes; indeed the only difficulty which presented itself to me at Hadeedy when passing this piece of country, was to decide which of the numerous wadys intersecting it could be most easily utilised to bring the line from the lower level of the Bukeiâ to that place.

After Hadeedy no engineering difficulty whatever presents itself till the crossing of the Orontes at Rusta, about fourteen miles north of Homs. The old Roman road descended into the narrow valley, and again rose out of it after crossing the river by gradients too steep for the ordinary locomotive, and it would probably be necessary to construct a viaduct five hundred yards long and fifty feet high at the highest point on the southern side, and a cutting of half a mile in length, and from fifty to sixty feet deep, at its commencement, running to nothing at its termination on the northern side.

From Rusta to Aleppo there is no difficulty worth mentioning; in some

places bridges over small torrent beds and streams would be necessary; in others, small detours made to avoid steep gradients, and occasionally an incline of from one in two hundred to one in one hundred and fifty, and perhaps one or two short cuttings.

From Aleppo to the Euphrates, at the embouchure of the Nahr Sadschur, the greater portion would be quite level, and the remainder over two gentle elevations in the plain shortly before arriving at Mombedj (Hierapolis), and nearly the whole distance through wheat-producing districts. To cross the Euphrates a bridge would be required, but as there is at present a camel ford, although the bridge would be of considerable length, there would be no great engineering difficulty; indeed, the foundations of the piers (or the piles) on which the bridge would be supported, might mostly be built (or driven) on the islands which divide the river and are dry during the greater portion of the year.

Once the Euphrates is crossed, and fifteen miles of slightly hilly country passed through (by making trifling detours, and increasing the distance travelled to twenty miles, all earthworks may be avoided), a level plain brings us to Haran, situated about twenty miles from the important commercial centre of Orfa.

To reach Orfa, a divergence from the direct line might be made, or a short branch line run off, if it should be deemed more advisable; but all is quite level as far as Khan Medscheri, where some very low hills divide the plains of Haran from the great northern plain of Mesopotamia. Nowhere do these hills offer any serious obstacles, and they only extend for a distance of ten miles or thereabouts. Once on the great plains there are no works whatever required to reach Mosul, except bridging a few small streams from ten to twenty feet in width, at one place near Ischill Agha, where either a detour should be made, or earthworks constructed of moderate size, for a distance of seven miles,

and for the last few miles close to Mosul, where some very slight works might be necessary. The whole distance between Aleppo and Mosul is three hundred and forty miles, over nearly the whole of which food and water are easily obtainable, and judging from the geological formation, in no place should water be more than eighty feet below the surface, in most places much less, and the rock being a soft limestone, much of the character of madrepore, wells might easily be sunk where requisite.

From Mosul the best route to Baghdad is by the right bank of the Tigris, both for physical and political reasons. The distance as the line should run is two hundred miles, and over the greater distance, little beyond laying the rails and ballasting the line would be required. Crossing the Tigris by a bridge of two hundred yards in length, the irrigated and alluvial soil should be skirted, and the line pass near Haweizeh (not far from Persepolis), where some small bridges would be required, as would also be a larger one across the Karûn. The Persian Gulf should be approached near Dilam, and thence to Bushire the coast line approximately followed. Besides these bridges, the only heavy piece of work between Baghdad and Bushire would be the construction of a viaduct across the neck of land connecting the peninsula, on which Bushire stands, with the mainland, as it is overflowed to a depth of two or three feet during high tides; but this viaduct would be very easy to construct, and should not cost much. The harbour of Bushire, if a portion of the bar were dredged away to enable steamers to cross it, would be an admirable one for mail steamers, as there is thirty feet of water alongside the walls of the town, where a quay might be made and the railway station built, so that the trains might actually run alongside the steamers.

The whole length of this line is scarcely more than twelve hundred miles—twelve hundred and eight as nearly as I can judge—and in no part

of the world does a country offer so few obstacles to the construction of a railway as the route here sketched out.

Many, I know, say that a line across Asiatic Turkey would be useless to us, that the Suez Canal, and if that were blocked up, the Cape route, is amply sufficient for all the wants both of Great Britain and her Eastern dependencies. I for one am decidedly of an opposite opinion, and consider that whatever will tend to improve our communications with the East, and lessen the time required for mails from London to reach the Indian railway system, will also tend to render our government of India more easy and economical, and improve our commercial relations to the mutual advantage of both peoples.

It is very easy to say that the electric telegraph forestals all postal communication; so it may, but the cost of transmission of telegrams, and the liability—a remote one, I grant—of cables being out of order, will always render the rapid carriage of mails advantageous. A telegram from Bombay may arrive in London in a few hours, containing important news; a word may be misspelt, or something else may happen to prevent its being acted on, till nearly three weeks afterwards a letter arrives bringing details which could not be supplied by telegram, and the opportunity for a successful speculation may be lost. The new contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company will somewhat lessen the time, bringing Bombay within seventeen days of London; and perhaps by better arrangements, and increasing still further the speed of the steamers, this might be reduced to fourteen or fifteen days.

By the line proposed, Karachi, which is now in connection with the Indian railway system, ought to be reached in eight days, or a little more—two hundred hours has been calculated on by using fast steamers in the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf, and with an average of thirty

miles an hour on the railway. This does not seem an excessive speed, and might easily be surpassed. In all bill transactions and questions of rates of exchange, such a decrease in the time occupied by the mails would be equivalent to a large increase of capital, not perhaps so much as was caused by the opening of the Suez Canal for the transit of the merchandise of the world, but still to an extent that would very considerably benefit the English merchant.

We should now consider what the cost of such a line ought to be, but at the present time, until the question of gauge is settled, it would be impossible to do so otherwise than roughly. Some advocates of the line are in favour of the Indian gauge of 66 inches, hoping that the line may be continued to India; others are in favour of the English and Continental gauge of 56·5 inches, thinking that it will be connected with the European system before the Indian; others again consider both of these too large and costly, and the connection with either system still so far off, that it would be better to adopt either the *mètre* gauge or the 2 feet 10 inches of the small gauge Irish railways.

All of these have their respective advantages and disadvantages, the two larger, as already mentioned, being considered by some people too costly undertakings to prosper in an impoverished and struggling country; whilst, on the other hand, it is argued that on a narrow-gauge line the necessary speed for the transmission of mails could not be maintained.

As the line appeals to the support of the British public mainly as a new mail-route to India, it is almost certain that either the Indian or Continental gauge will be chosen. Although, I say, it appeals to the British public mainly as a new mail-route to India, I am not personally of opinion that the shortening of the time of transport of mails will be the only or the greatest advantage to be derived from this line.

If we choose the 56·5 inches gauge,

we find it usually estimated that through a country presenting no great physical difficulties, and where land is moderately cheap, a single line can be completed, and supplied with necessary rolling-stock, stations, &c., for 10,000*l.* a mile. In Turkey in Asia and Persia the land would be acquired for nothing, and therefore the whole cost of the line from end to end should not exceed 12,000,000*l.*; the construction and improvement of ports at the termini might be calculated at another 2,000,000*l.*, raising the whole cost of the project to 14,000,000*l.* This is, I consider, a very liberal estimate, and as soon as the line has been completely and exactly surveyed, so that working estimates may be formed, I believe it will be found far in excess of what is required.

Capitalists object to investing their money in Turkish dominions without a guarantee, on the plea that the Government is very unsettled, and that their money is not secure; all these gentlemen look to the British Government to become the guarantor of their money, and the British Government very naturally does not see its way to meeting their wishes. The rate of interest expected is about 3½ per cent—not a very large amount, but still not to be lightly risked in the present depressed state of trade.

The only way to remove the objections of both parties is to show that by a little arrangement no guarantee would be necessary, or even if it were still asked for, no risk would be incurred by the British tax-payer.

It is well known that the Turkish Empire has so far progressed in civilisation as to become bankrupt, and that therefore her pledges are well-nigh worthless; but nevertheless the dominions still remaining to the Sultan comprise some of the most fertile regions on the face of the globe, which would, under happier auspices, once more become one of the great granaries of the world. At present bribery and corruption are rampant

throughout the land, and a very small proportion of the money collected as taxes really reaches the treasury at Constantinople.

Without great pressure and influence being brought to bear on the clique at head-quarters who really rule, whoever may be the nominal ministers, nothing can be done. If this could be properly managed, and the following concessions made, the British Government might give a guarantee without any danger of a call being made on the British exchequer, and the promoters of the line would be sure of their interest.

In order to guarantee the interest required, the customs of the ports of Syria and Palestine should be paid into the Bank of England to the credit of the Government. To insure their efficient collection it would be necessary to appoint a certain proportion of English officials, but, this done, there can be little doubt, judging from the analogous case of Cyprus, that these revenues would produce far more than they do at present. The customs of Baghdad and Basrah should also be included in this cession. There is, I know, nothing new in this idea, as the European supervision of all the customs of the Turkish Empire is a favourite scheme with those who propose loans to the Sublime Porte. The cession in this case, however, would only be temporary, and cease when the line was open and in good working order, and other expenses paid, which will be mentioned hereafter: most probably the Turkish Government would, on seeing the good results of having honest officials, not only continue those who had been already employed under this concession in their ports, but also extend the system to the rest of the Empire.

These revenues should be applied to the payment of four per cent on the capital subscribed, the British Government guaranteeing any deficiency, and repaying themselves any sums they might be out of pocket under this guarantee by these same revenues

after the railway was open, before again giving up the management of the custom-houses to the Porte.

In return for this, all capital subscribed for the railway should also be paid into the bank which could give two per cent on such a deposit, and only paid out on the certificate of commissioners appointed by England to superintend the construction of the railway, and whose especial duty it would be to see that the work was carried out rapidly and economically. Another aid to the formation of the line would be the remodelling of the system of *corvée* labour, by which at present every one is bound to give four days' labour in the year to the Government for public works. The incidence of this is now most unfair, and only affects a very small portion of the inhabitants. The people who reside in the cities and towns are never called on to come out on *corvée*, and the outlying villages and seminomads boast that the Government dare not enforce it amongst them, so that the whole burthen at present is borne by the villagers lying round about the towns, who, when any *re-forming* Pasha has a scheme of his own to work out, are summoned and forced to labour without remuneration of any kind, not even being supplied with food sometimes for a month at a time. The four days' labour of the whole population is a most barbarous and wasteful manner of doing any work, quite as much time being lost, if not more, by the people coming from and returning to their villages, whilst every man naturally schemes to shirk his work, and to do as little as possible. It also affords opportunities for bribery, as the overseers, who are usually *zaptiehs*, are by no means incorruptible, and for a trifling sum will let the labourers depart; or, if more cunning, will first extort money from them on that plea, and after it is paid, still keep them to their task.

The most feasible way to improve this state of affairs seems to be to commute this four days' statutable

labour for a money payment; a man's hire varying from four to six piastres a day, besides his bread, five shillings per annum would appear to be a fair amount. From a rough estimate of the population of the districts immediately benefited by the railway such a tax would produce about a quarter of a million sterling. As this money would be directly applicable to the construction of public works, it might be employed in making the railway. At the same time, it would not be fair that this should go into the pockets of the shareholders—it, on the contrary, should form a deferred stock, on which no interest should be paid during the construction of the railway, nor afterwards, until the ordinary stock should be paying four per cent. When once that occurs, the revenue above that amount should be employed to pay this deferred stock four per cent; when both classes of stock are paying four per cent, any further profit should be divided proportionably between the two. This deferred stock should be the property of the districts from which the tax was raised, and its proceeds should always be devoted to the public works of those districts.

In addition to the above grants, the land required for the construction of the line, stations, workshops, habitations of the *employés*, warehouses, and all other necessary objects, should be granted free. Besides this, following the example of the United States of America, land for the distance of half-a-mile, or a mile, on each side of the track should also become the property of the company. Where, as in the vicinity of towns, this land is private property, this could not be done without hardship to the present proprietors, an equivalent amount of fertile land should be given as near as possible to the railroad.

As all the country through which the railway would pass is capable of cultivation, this landed property would soon become of enormous value, and would, if means were adopted to have it properly settled, contribute im-

mensely to the prosperity of the undertaking.

Labourers for the construction of any work of such magnitude as is here proposed would flock in numbers (as they did to the Suez Canal) from the south of Europe eager for employment, and it might be as well to induce the best of them to settle on the land, and introduce better methods of cultivation than are at present in vogue among the peasantry. Although the country would not be suited for the immigration of English labourers, still, English capitalists employing native, south European, or Indian labour, according to the climate, would find an immense return for their capital in farming some of this land. At present, without any improvement in the agriculture, and without roads or wheeled transport, this has been to some extent tried, and with great success. When the railway runs past the farmer's door, and brings the hungry artisan of our manufacturing towns within a few days' distance, this success will become enormous. Indeed so valuable will the land near the railway then become, that the company would do well only to let it on lease for a number of years, and not part with the freehold.

So far as to the means of raising the money necessary for the construction of the railway. We have yet to consider the traffic returns, supply of fuel, labour for construction, means of transport for material, and what benefits would accrue to the Turkish Government.

All the traffic in the country at present, except on the French road between Beirut and Damascus, is carried on by means of pack animals. In fact, the only wheeled vehicles I saw after we quitted the road were one Circassian cart at Homs, two diligences plying on the road between Tripoli and El Mina, a distance of a mile and a half, a drosky belonging to Ali Pasha, Governor of Deir, at Aleppo, two carts being built by an enterprising merchant at Biredjik, and some

half-dozen carts in and around Ras el Ain, where Circassians have been settled for over twenty years.

The cost of transit at present by camels comes as nearly as possible to tenpence a mile per ton under the most favourable circumstances, and is often much higher. Mules and horses are rather more costly than camels. As regards donkeys, bullocks, and cows often used by the peasantry, I did not make any inquiries, as they are only used for local purposes.

Of the numbers employed, it is of course very difficult to form any estimate, and in some places the numbers given were evidently exaggerated, and in others as evidently much below what they really were. To find out the number on any specified road was therefore very difficult, but even with these obstacles in the way of forming an accurate judgment of the number, I think it may be fairly stated that there is at present sufficient traffic in the country to sustain a railway and pay a fair dividend on the capital invested.

I heard at Homs, Hamah, Marah, and Sarmen, that the local traffic from those places, and the districts round them to Tripoli, Latakiah, and Iskanderûn, was sufficient to entail two thousand camels leaving for the coast daily. This would represent a traffic of four hundred tons per diem coastwards, without counting the return traffic.

From the trade carried on by steamers and multitudes of small brigs and other craft under the Greek flag, this can scarcely be an over-estimate; so if we allow two hundred working days a year, allowing the other one hundred and sixty-five to be lost through bad weather, holidays, and other causes, we have eighty thousand tons carried eighty miles every year in this section alone, which, at tenpence per mile per ton, gives over a quarter of a million expended on carriage.

The imports do not come to nearly the same quantity, as they are,

roughly, only one-third of the value of the exports, and being less bulky in their nature require less carriage; but still fifty thousand pounds a year is a fair estimate of the amount paid for transport. This gives traffic returns of three hundred thousand pounds per annum at the present rate, without counting any of the Aleppo trade.

What rate may be charged per ton on a railway of course depends very largely on the competition of other means of transport, but if we get all this amount and only reckon for eighty miles, every penny per ton per mile will give a return of thirty thousand pounds. Calculating in another way, and taking a quarter of the trade to belong to Homs, export and import being ninety-six thousand tons in all, a third to Hamah, and the remainder to Idlib and Sarmen, we should have, for Homs and its district, twenty-four thousand tons to be conveyed seventy miles by rail; for Hamah and district thirty-two thousand tons and one hundred miles; for Idlib and district forty thousand tons and one hundred and fifty miles; or for Homs one hundred and sixty-eight thousand mile tons, giving at a penny per mile ton a return of seven thousand pounds; for Hamah three million two hundred thousand mile tons, returning at the same rate thirteen thousand three hundred and odd pounds; and for Idlib, six million mile tons, and a return of twenty-five thousand pounds. This would give a total of forty-five thousand pounds, or allowing the line to cost ten thousand pounds a mile, every penny charged on every mile ton would pay three per cent on the capital employed. If, therefore, we charge threepence a ton a mile—the usual English rate for perishable goods—we should obtain nine per cent gross returns on local traffic alone, and leave the traders over a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to the good as regards the cost of their carriage. Nine per cent gross returns should represent a dividend of four and a half per cent.

Other districts by their traffic returns give the same results as regards local traffic. The trade that passes through Aleppo employs in the aggregate eighty thousand camels. At Biredjik five hundred camels crossed the river in the one day which we spent there, although it was raining hard, and the ground was so slippery that it was considered dangerous to travel, and therefore the number was far below the average. At Orfa five and six hundred camels leaving in one day was a very common occurrence, and I was told that often more than treble that number left for the coast.

It is useless to weary the reader with more figures, but we may briefly run over the additional sources of income which may be looked for to make the project a satisfactory one in a financial point of view.

The most immediately important use, to us as a nation, to which the line will be put, is the conveyance of our mails to India; when the time occupied will be so short and the sea distances so small, it is not too much to expect that we shall have two services a week instead of one; this would entail forty-eight thousand train miles being run weekly at a high speed, and for this our Government would have to pay a subsidy. Increase in number of mails and rapidity in transmission will also largely increase the number of letters, so that this subsidy may well be more than is now paid to the Peninsular and Oriental Company for the present antiquated sea route. Ten shillings a train mile would, if these trains were entirely devoted to mails, not be an exceptional price, but if one or two passenger cars were allowed to be attached, perhaps five shillings a mile would be about the amount. This would make the annual subsidy six hundred and twenty thousand pounds, perhaps too large a price in the eyes of our rulers to be paid, and therefore the mails would only run weekly, when the subsidy would be reduced by one

half. As a set-off against this amount must be considered the diminution of the subsidy paid to the P. and O. Company. At all events, the carriage of mails should give another one per cent gross revenue, but the greater portion of this would be swallowed up by the increase in working expenses, and the necessity of maintaining the line in a fit state for rapid travelling.

Passenger traffic would form a portion of the profits of the line, as the journey between England and India by the Indo-Mediterranean system would be both cheaper and more rapid than the route by the Red Sea, and infinitely more pleasant during the greater part of the year, especially so during the seasons usually selected for going out to India and returning.

Light and valuable articles of merchandise will naturally gravitate towards the quickest line, as will also the carriage of parcels and samples. The advantage to our merchants in receiving, for instance, samples of new-season tea a fortnight or three weeks before the possible arrival of any steamer would be great indeed.

The transit of troops and warlike stores cannot be looked upon as a source of revenue, as it would dislocate all ordinary traffic, and only occur in very emergent cases; nevertheless, the possession of a third and more rapid route to and from India may prove of inestimable benefit to our country in some vital moment of her national career.

A great blow would be struck at the trade of Poti and Batoum and other ports on the southern coast of the Black Sea, as produce will always be exported by the quickest and cheapest means of egress, *i.e.* the railway. Moreover, the advantage of being able to embark merchandise at Tripoli, thereby avoiding the intricate navigation of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and the dangers of the storms and bad harbours of the Euxine, will weigh much with the merchant in the choice of route for the conveyance of his goods and in

the rate he will have to pay for insurance. Much merchandise which used formerly to be sent to the Black Sea and Mediterranean ports has since the opening of the Suez Canal been exported *via* the Persian Gulf; this, on the opening of the railway, again would tend towards its natural outlet on the Mediterranean, thereby increasing the traffic and revenue of the line. Another great advantage is that the line from Tripoli to Mosul will be *the* great step towards practically giving Persia a port on the Mediterranean.

As regards fuel, it can be carried by water from England to Tripoli, Baghdad, Bushire, Dilam, and up the Karûn to the point where the railway will cross the river, and for the portion between Mosul and Aleppo, coal may be supplied from the mines near Jezereh, the great wool mart. These mines were till lately worked and coal sent down the river by raft to Baghdad, and was used by the river steamers in preference to English coal, as it could be obtained more cheaply. The rapacity of Turkish officials has so raised the price of this coal, that now it is again displaced by English, but if the mines were worked under proper supervision, coal could be supplied remuneratively at a very low price at Mosul for the use of the locomotives. Wherever coal can be carried by water, there also all materials for construction of the line which have to be imported can be taken by the same means, and the railroad advantageously be begun sim-

ultaneously at various points. Much of the country traversed is perfectly well suited for the passage of heavy-wheeled traffic for a portion of the year without anything being done in the way of road making, and though carriage is at present costly, the more immediately necessary stores could be transported to other spots by camels and mules.

Labour can be obtained readily and at a low rate in the country, and the benefit to the people who would be employed in learning to work steadily instead of by fits and starts as they do at present, would be enormous. One influential merchant told me that he could contract to place four thousand families, or about ten thousand labourers, on any point or points between Mosul and Orfa, and keep them supplied with food. He also said that he would himself subscribe thirty thousand pounds to any railway that might be commenced under good auspices.

The political advantages of such a line both to Turkey and England, irrespective of our Indian possessions, would be enormous, but space does not permit of their being now discussed, but I hope may form the subject of another paper.

If what has been already said tends in any way to improve our mail communication with India, I shall believe that the time which I spent in Syria and Mesopotamia has not been thrown away.

V. LOVETT CAMERON,
Commander R.N.

HELLENIC STUDIES.¹

I HAVE been called upon to take the chair at this first meeting of a Society which professes to have for its object the Promotion of Hellenic Studies. Now by Hellenic Studies we do not mean merely the study of Greek texts, grammars, and lexicons. It is generally acknowledged that besides the printed texts of the ancient Greek authors, and the commentaries of the scholiasts on these texts, many other sources of Hellenic Study are opening up every day. The monuments of the Greeks, their architecture, sculpture, and other material remains, deserve our study not less than the texts of the classics, and we must bear in mind that the history of the Hellenic language itself may be traced for at least twenty-five centuries, and that between the Greek speech of the present day, and the first utterances of the early Greek poets, there is a connection which, though not obvious to the common observer, may be as clearly demonstrated by science as the connection between the flora of the geologist and the living flora of the botanist of to-day. In order to trace out this connection, we must not regard the language of the ancient Greeks alone; we must study the Byzantine literature, as well as the Greek language still current in the mouths of the peasants, and we must also study their existing manners and customs. The space of time, therefore, over which our Hellenic Studies may range, may be computed as about twenty-five centuries, or perhaps something more. The province of this Society has next to be limited geographically. After much consideration I have come to the conclusion that our

proper geographical limitation is that which has been followed in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum* of Bückh. In that great work he includes Greek inscriptions, *wherever* they may be found, not only in Hellas itself, but outside the Mediterranean, and beyond the Pillars of Hercules. And therefore I think that as we study Greek inscriptions *wherever* they are found, whether in Greece, Italy, Sicily, or elsewhere, so we may study the Greek monuments and language wherever these are to be met with. Now as to the chronological range of our subject, I have already said that it extends over at least twenty-five centuries. It will be convenient to consider this space of time as divided into three periods. There will be first the Ancient period, terminating with the downfall of paganism; then the Byzantine period down to the taking of Constantinople in 1453; and then what I will call the Neo-Hellenic period. And now I would call your attention to the very great and growing interest of the Greek inscriptions of the Ancient period, an interest which not only the modern Greeks, but all civilised races possessing, or desiring to possess, free institutions, must feel. We learn from these inscriptions how the Greeks governed their communities; what was their system of public accounts; what were the forms of procedure in their legislative and judicial administration; what were the relations between the ministers of their religion and the State, and how the State undertook to administer the property consecrated to religious uses. The study of Greek epigraphy is being rapidly developed by the discovery of fresh inscriptions, and by the combined labour of a number of scholars

¹ Address delivered at the Inaugural Meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, June 16, 1879.

in Germany and France. With regard to Greek art its interest is so universally acknowledged that it is hardly necessary for me to dwell on this branch of our subject. We all know that without the illustration of ancient art the texts of the classics lose half their force and meaning. The architecture, the sculpture, the coins, the fictile vases, and the other antiquities of the Hellenic race are, when rightly understood, a most precious and reliable commentary on the extant writings of the ancients. I will not, therefore, detain you with further remarks on the importance of this branch of our subject, but I will pass on to the Byzantine period, which we have next to consider. It must be confessed that to the mind of the ordinary Englishman this Byzantine period does not present much attraction. Neither its literature nor its monuments have the beauty of the ancient Greek literature and art, nor are they invested with the same glory of historical associations. On the other hand, to the earnest student of antiquity, Byzantine literature and Byzantine art have a peculiar interest. The monasteries of the Levant are full of Greek MSS., which have as yet been very imperfectly explored. Who shall say what interesting matter may be found in these repositories on which the dust of many centuries has gathered undisturbed? Perhaps we ought not to be very sanguine as to the finding in these libraries of any MS. texts of lost classics, though such discoveries are still within the limits of possibility; but what we shall find buried in obscure monasteries are Greek lexicons and scholiasts full of instruction to the scholar. These Byzantine lexicons assist us very materially in the interpretation of Greek inscriptions; it is now clear that Hesychius and other Byzantine lexicographers consulted not only ancient authors, but the texts of inscriptions which had been transcribed and collected by ancient epigraphists, such as Polemon, sur-

named Stelokopas. Further, in these monastic libraries will probably be found Biblical and Patristic MSS., which have hitherto escaped notice, as was the case with that Epistle of St. Clement recently discovered in the library of the Patriarch at Constantinople, which has been published by Bishop Lightfoot. Moreover, we may expect to find in the monasteries many valuable documents relating to the history of the Byzantine Empire and of the Eastern Church. My old friend, Mr. Finlay, has shown us the value of such materials in his excellent *History of the Byzantine Empire*, since the publication of which many new documents have come to light. We cannot study these documents too attentively, and among them I would include those which relate to the Frank domination in the Levant. Unless we are acquainted with the many invasions and revolutions to which various parts of the Byzantine Empire were from time to time subjected during the Middle Ages, we cannot understand the complication of causes which have reduced those fair countries to their present condition. Nor should we forget that the architectural remains of the Byzantine period are not less worthy to be preserved and studied than their literary documents. There are many examples of Byzantine architecture which deserve to be better known. Many English travellers have seen St. Sophia at Constantinople, but how few have seen that curious Byzantine church there, now known as the Cachereye Djamesi, or the ancient churches at Salonica, or the portraits of Byzantine emperors at Trebizond.

After considering Byzantine literature and Byzantine art, we come to the third and last phase of Greek history—what I call the Neo-Hellenic period, from the taking of Constantinople in 1453 to the present day. In this period the main interest centres in tracing out the history of the Greek language itself. In order to understand how it has been gradually

modernized and moulded into its present form, we must trace back its phases up to that period in the Middle Ages when rhyme was substituted for the ancient metres, and when no doubt a great change in the rhythm of the language took place.

Through the centuries of Byzantine and Turkish rule, many barbarous and foreign words crept in, which have been gradually eliminated by the efforts of enlightened teachers since the recovery of Greek independence. The first Englishman who called attention to the language and literature of the Neo-Hellenic period was the late Colonel Leake, who did more for the illustration of Greek archaeology than any English traveller in the Levant. In his *Researches in Greece*, published in 1814, he gives an elementary grammar of the modern language and a list of authors of the Neo-Hellenic period.

Since his time many new sources of information have been opened up, through the action of learned societies in Athens and elsewhere, and through the publication of learned periodicals in the modern Greek language. In these journals are to be found many lists of extant provincial dialects, and the phenomena which these dialects present are exceedingly interesting to the philologist. They show that in many cases very early forms and words have survived in the speech of the peasantry, though hardly a trace of them remains in the literary language. This work of collecting and studying the provincial dialects is one which might be carried much further by the co-operation of travellers, and by the agency of such a society as ours. Closely connected with the study of provincial dialects is the subject of the manners and customs of the Greek peasantry, and their popular legends. The excellent work recently published by Mr. Tozer affords much information in this field of research.

This then, as I conceive, is the subject-matter with which our Society has to deal. As it is to be composed partly

of English and partly of Hellenic members, it will be easy for them to co-operate towards one common end by following their respective lines. The Englishman often travels with great advantages, such as the power of visiting out-of-the-way places in a yacht; on the other hand the native traveller being more familiar with the language and ways of his countrymen, and being passed on from village to village by letters of introduction, has often facilities for exploring districts which foreigners have not. These two classes of travellers may do much in collecting matter of interest to this Society. There are, besides, scattered over many unexplored parts of Greece and Turkey, many poor, but intelligent, Greek schoolmasters and priests, who have already done much for the preservation and transcribing of ancient inscriptions, and would with encouragement do very much more; and, considering the extensive mercantile connection between this country and the Levant, I feel sure that the Greek commercial houses in England might be of great assistance in helping us to find out intelligent correspondents and contributors among their countrymen.

With reference to the MSS. in the Greek monasteries, I think that increased facilities for examining them could be best obtained by inducing the Greek Hierarchy to take an interest in this matter. At present, when a foreign traveller arrives at a Greek monastery, frugal hospitality is always accorded to him, but if he asks to see MSS. the request generally awakens more or less distrust. But I feel that many doors of monastic libraries at which ordinary travellers might knock in vain, would open readily if a pressure, a very gentle pressure, were applied by a Greek Patriarch. It would be an undertaking worthy of this Society, if we organised a scheme of research through the convents in the Levant. Not merely those which lie on the highways of travellers, but those which

are only to be reached through the by-ways, could be gradually explored, and a sort of general schedule made of their libraries. After that we might follow up these researches by publishing some of the more remarkable documents which might be thus brought to light. And with a view to such publication we hope to issue periodically a journal something on the plan of the *Annuaire* of the French Association *pour l'Encouragement des Etudes Grecques*, which is yearly published in the form of a well-grown 8vo. volume. We cannot hope that our publication at the outset will emulate in bulk the French *Annuaire*. We must first ascertain what amount of annual subscriptions we can reckon on, and regulate the cost of our publications accordingly; but let us hope that, if such a journal is once begun, it will be vigorously maintained and nourished, and not allowed to dwindle away into atrophy, as has

been the fate of so many learned periodicals in this country, though undertaken under promising auspices. I will not detain you longer except to say thus much. You will observe that I have carefully avoided all allusion in my address to politics. I have spoken as if there was no Eastern Question at all. I have done so in the hope that this Society will form a neutral ground, on which Englishmen and Greeks may in the interest of learning co-operate, without coming into collision on account of political differences.

I see no reason why this Society should not include not only Hellenists who are avowed Phil-Hellenes, but also those Englishmen who, though they decline to call themselves Phil-Hellenes, have a just claim to be considered Hellenists, and have in that capacity an earnest wish to promote the objects which this Society has in view.

C. T. NEWTON.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XLIX.

"IF AUGHT'S FOR ME, REMEMBER IT."

BEFORE he left the house at night, Murdoch had a brief interview with his mother.

"I am going to London as *he* went," he said,—*"on the same errand. The end may be what it was before. I have felt very sure—but he was sure too."*

"Yes," the woman answered, "he was very sure."

"I don't ask you to trust it—or me," he said. "He gave a life to it. I have not given a year, and he was the better man a thousand-fold. I," with a shadow falling on his face, "have not proved myself as he did. He never faltered from the first."

"No," she said. "Would to God he had!"

But when he went, she followed him to the door and said the words she had refused him when he had first told her he had taken the burden upon his shoulders.

"God speed you!" she said. "I will try to believe."

His plan was to go to his room, pack his case securely, and then carry it with him to the station in time to meet the late train he had decided on taking.

He let himself into the Works as usual, and found his way along the passage in the darkness, though he carried his lantern. He knew his way so well that he did not need it there.

But when he reached Haworth's room and put out his hand to open the door, he stopped. His touch met no resistance, for the door was wide open.

The discovery was so sharp a shock to him that for a few seconds he remained motionless.

But he recovered himself in a second or so more. It might have been the result of carelessness, after all; so he turned on his light and went into his cell and began his task.

It did not take him long. When he had finished, the wooden case was simply a solid square brown parcel which might have contained anything. He glanced at his watch and sat down a minute or so.

"There is no use in going too early," he said. And so he waited a little, thinking mechanically of the silence inside and the darkness out, and of the journey which lay before him. But at last he got up again and took his burden by the cord he had fastened about it.

"Now," he said, "it is time."

And at the very moment the words left his lips there was a sound outside the door, a rush upon him, he was seized by the throat, flung backward into the chair he had left, and held there. He made no outcry. His first thought when he found himself clutched and overpowered was an incongruous one of Briarley sitting on the roadside and looking up at him in panic-stricken appeal. He understood in a flash what his terror had meant.

The fellow who held him by the collar—there were three of them, and one was Reddy—shook him roughly.

"Where is it?" he said. "You know whatten we've coom for, my lad."

Murdoch was conscious of a little chill which passed over him, but otherwise he could only wonder at his own lack of excitement. No

better place to finish a man than such a one as this at dead of night, and there was not one of the three who had not evil in his eye, but he spoke without a tremor in his voice, —with the calmness of being utterly without stay or help.

"Yes, I suppose I know," he said. "You came to me for it before. What are you going to do with it?"

"Smash it to h—," concisely, "an' thee too."

It was not a pleasant thing to hear by the half light of a lantern and the place so deadly still. Murdoch felt the little chill again, but he remembered that after all he had one slender chance if he could make them listen.

"You are making a blunder," he began. Reddy stopped him by addressing his comrades.

"What art tha stonidin' hearkenin' to him fur?" he demanded. "Smack him i' th' mouth an' stop him."

Murdoch gave a lurch forward which it gave his captor some trouble to restrain. He turned dangerously white and his eye blazed.

"If you do, you devil," he panted, "I'll murder you."

"Wheer is th' thing we coom fur?" said the first man. And then he caught sight of the package, which had fallen upon the floor.

"Happen it's i' theer," he suggested. "Oppen it, chaps."

Then all at once Murdoch's calmness was gone. He shook in their grasp.

"For God's sake!" he cried, "don't touch it! Don't do it a harm! It's a mistake. It has nothing to do with your trade. It would be no hurt to you if it were known to the whole world. For God's sake, believe me!"

"We've heerd a different mak' o' tale fro' that," said Reddy, laughing.

"It's a lie!—a lie! Who told it?"

"Jem Haworth," he was answered. "Jem Haworth, as it were made fur."

He began to struggle with all his strength. He cried out aloud and sprang up and broke loose and fought with the force of madness.

"You shall pay for it," he shrieked, and three to one as they were, he held them for a moment at bay.

"Gi' him th' knob-stick!" cried one. "At him wi' it!"

It was Reddy who aimed the blow at him,—a blow that would have laid him a dead man among them,—but it never fell, for he sprang forward with a mighty effort and struck the bludgeon upward, and as it fell with a crash at the opposite side of the room, they heard even above the tumult of their struggle, a rush of heavy feet, a voice every man among them knew, and the sound they most dreaded—the sharp report of a pistol.

"It's Haworth!" they shouted. "Haworth!" And they made a dash at the door in a body, stumbling over each other, striking and cursing, and the scoundrel who first got through and away was counted a lucky man.

Murdoch took a step forward and fell—so close to the model that his helpless hand touched it as it lay.

It was not long before he returned to consciousness. His sudden loss of strength had only been a sort of climax body and mind had reached together. When he opened his eyes again, his first thought was a wonder at himself, and a vague effort to comprehend his weakness. He looked up at Haworth who bent over him.

"Lie still a bit, lad," he heard him say. "Lie and rest thee."

He no sooner heard his voice than he forgot his weak wonder at himself in a stronger wonder at him. He was ashen pale and a tremor shook him as he spoke.

"Lie still and rest thee," he repeated, and he touched his head with an approach at gentleness.

"They thought there was more than me," he said. "And they're not fond of powder and lead. They're better used to knob-sticks and vitriol in the dark."

"They meant," said Murdoch, "to murder me."

"Aye, make sure o' that. They

weren't for play. They've had their minds on this for a month or two. If I'd been a minute later——"

He did not finish. A queer spasm of the throat stopped him.

He rose the next instant and struck a match and turned the gas on to full blaze.

"Let's have light," he said. "There's a look about th' place I can't stand."

His eyes were blood-shot, his face looked gray and deeply lined, and his lips were parched. There was a new haggardness upon him, and he was conscious of it, and tried to bear it down with his old bravado.

"They'll not come back," he said. "They've had enough for to-night. If they'd known I was alone they'd have made a stand for it. They think they were in luck to get off."

He came back and sat down.

"They laid their plans better than I thought," he added. "They got over me for once, devil take 'em. How art tha now, lad?"

Murdoch made the effort to rise and succeeded, though he was not very strong upon his feet, and sank into a chair feeling a little irritated at his own weakness.

"Giddy," he answered, "and a trifle faint. It's a queer business. I went down as if I'd been shot. I have an hour and a half to steady myself before the next train comes in. Let me make the best of it."

"You'll go to-night?" said Haworth.

"There's a stronger reason than ever that I should go," he answered. "Let me get it out of the way and safe, for Heaven's sake!"

Haworth squared his arms upon the table and leaned on them.

"Then," he said, "I've got an hour and a half to make a clean breast of it."

He said it almost with a swagger, and yet his voice was hoarse, and his coolness a miserable pretence.

"Ask me," he said, "how I came here!"

And not waiting for a reply, even

while Murdoch gazed at him bewildered, he answered the question himself.

"I come," he said, "for a good reason,—for the same reason that's brought me here every night you've been at work."

Murdoch repeated his last words mechanically. He was not quite sure the man was himself.

"Every night I've been at work?"

"Aye, every one on 'em! There's not been a night I've not been nigh you and ready."

A memory flashed across Murdoch's mind with startling force.

"It was you I heard come in?" he cried. "It was not fancy."

"Aye, it was me."

There was a moment's silence between them in which Murdoch thought with feverish rapidity.

"It was you," he said with some bitterness at last,—"*you* who set the plot on foot?"

"Aye, it was me."

"I could have done the job I wanted to do in a quicker way," he went on, after a second's pause, "but that wasn't my humour. I'd a mind to keep out of it myself, and I knew how to set the chaps on as would do it in their own way."

"What do you mean by 'it'?" cried Murdoch. "Were you devil enough to mean to have my blood?"

"Aye,—while I was in the humour—that and worse."

Murdoch sprang up and began to pace the room. His strength had come back to him with the fierce sense of repulsion which seized him.

"It's a blacker world than I thought," he said. "We were friends once—friends!"

"So we were," hoarsely. "You were the first chap I ever made friends with, and you'll be the last. It's brought no good to either of us."

"It might," returned Murdoch, "if——"

"Let me finish my tale," even doggedly. "I said to myself before I came you should hear it. I swore

I'd stop at naught, and I kept my word. I sowed a seed here and there, and th' soil was just right for it. They were in the mood to hearken to aught, and they hearkened. But there came a time when I found out that things were worse with you than with me, and had gone harder with you. If you'd won where I lost, it would have been different, but you lost most of the two—you'd the most to lose—and I changed my mind."

He stopped a second and looked at Murdoch, who had come back and thrown himself into his chair again.

"I've said many a time that you were a queer chap," he went on, as if half dubious of himself. "You *are* a queer chap. At th' start you got a hold on me, and when I changed my mind you got a hold on me again. I swore I'd undo what I'd done, if I could. I knew if the thing was finished and you got away with it they'd soon find out it was naught they need fret about, so I swore to see you safe through. I gave you the keys to come here to work, and every night I came and waited until you'd done and gone away. I brought my pistols with me and kept a sharp look-out. To-night I was late, and they'd laid their plans and got here before me. There's th' beginning and there's th' end."

"You saved my life," said Murdoch. "Let me remember that."

"I changed my mind and swore to undo what I'd done. There's naught for me in that, my lad, and plenty to go again' me."

After a little he pushed his chair back.

"The time's not up," he said. "I've made short work of it. Pick up thy traps and we'll go over th' place together and see that it's safe."

He led the way carrying the lantern, and Murdoch followed him. They went from one end of the place to the other and found all quiet, only that the bars of a small lower window had been filed and wrenched out of place, Mr. Reddy and his friends having made their entrance through it.

"They've been on the look-out many a night before they made up their minds," said Haworth. "And they chose the right place to try."

Afterwards they went out together, locking the door and iron gates behind them, and went down in company to the dark little station with its dim twinkling lights.

Naturally they did not talk very freely. Now and then there was a blank silence of many minutes between them.

But at last the train thundered its way in and stopped, and there was a feeble bustling to and fro among the sleepy officials and an opening and shutting and locking of doors.

When Murdoch got into his empty compartment, Haworth stood at its step. At the very last he spoke in a strange hurry:

"When you come back," he said, "when you come back—perhaps——"

There was a porter passing with a lantern which struck upon his face and showed it plainly. He shrank back a moment as if he feared it. But when it was gone he drew near again and spoke through the window.

"If there's aught in what's gone by, that's for me," he said; "remember it."

And with a gesture of farewell, turned away and was gone.

CHAPTER L.

AN AFTER DINNER SPEECH.

AT dinner the next evening Mr. Ffrench had a story to tell. It was the rather exciting story of the completion of Murdoch's labour, the night attack and his sudden departure. Exciting as it was, however, Mr. Ffrench did not relate it in his most vivid manner. His nervous ailments had increased of late, and he was not in a condition to be vivacious and dramatic. The incident came from him rather tamely, upon the whole.

"If it is the success he thinks it is," he terminated, "he is a made

man—and he is not the fellow to deceive himself. Well," rather drearily, "I have said it would be so."

As Haworth had foreseen, Saint Méran appeared upon the scene again. He was present when the story was told, and was much interested in it as a dramatic incident bringing the peculiarities of the manufacturing class of Broxton into strong play.

"If they had murdered him," he remarked with critical niceness, "it would have been the most tragic of tragedies. On the very eve of his life's success. A tragedy indeed! And it is not bad either that it should have been his master who saved him."

"Why do you say master?" said Miss Ffrench, coldly.

"Pardon me. I thought——"

Mr. Ffrench interposed in some hurry.

"Oh, he has always been such an uncommon young fellow that we have scarcely thought of him as a servant. He has not been exactly a servant in fact."

"Ah!" replied Saint Méran. "I ask pardon again."

He had been not a little bewildered at the change he found in the household. Mr. Ffrench no longer expounded his views at length with refined vigour. He frequently excused himself from the family circle on plea of severe indisposition, and at other times he sat in singular and depressing silence. He was evidently ill; there were lines upon his forehead and circles about his eyes; he had a perturbed air, and started without any apparent cause. A change showed itself in Miss Ffrench also—so subtle as not to be easily described. It was a change which was not pallor nor fragility. It was an alteration which baffled him and yet forced him to recognise its presence constantly, and endeavour to comprehend it. Ffrench himself had seen it and pondered over it in secret. When he sat in his private room at the Bank, bewildered and terrified even by the mere effort to think and face the

future, his burden was not a little increased by his remembrance of his hours at home. More than all the rest he shrank from the day of reckoning with his daughter. He had confronted Haworth and borne the worst of his wrath. The account of himself which he must render to her would be the most scathing ordeal of his life.

"Some women would pity me," he said to himself, "but she will not."

Truth to tell, he looked forward pathetically to the possibility that hereafter their paths might lie apart. Fate had saved him one fearful responsibility, at least. Her private fortune had been beyond his reach, and she would still be a rich woman even when the worst came. He could live on very little, he told himself, and there was always some hope for a man of resources. He still believed somewhat, though rather vaguely, in his resources.

A few days after Murdoch's departure there came to Broxton, on a visit of inspection, a dignitary of great magnitude—a political economist, a member of parliament. Above all other things he was absorbed in the fortunes of the manufacturing districts. He had done the trades-unions the honour of weighing their cause and reasoning with them, he had parleyed with the strikers and held meetings with the masters. He had heard of Haworth and his extraordinary stand against the outbreak, and was curious to see him.

He came as the guest of one of the county families, who regarded Haworth and his success as a subject worth enlarging upon. He was taken to the Works and presented to their master. Haworth met him with little enthusiasm. He showed him over the place, but maintained his taciturnity. He was not even moved to any exhibition of gratitude on being told that he had done wonders.

The *finale* of the visit was a stately dinner given by the county family. Haworth and the member were the

features of the festivity, and speeches were made which took a congratulatory and even laudatory turn.

"I can't go," Ffrench cried, piteously, when Haworth came to his room at the Bank with the news. He turned quite white and sank back into his chair. "It is too much to ask. I—no. I am not strong enough."

He felt himself as good as a dead man when Haworth turned about and strode up to him, livid, and opening and shutting his hands.

"Blast you!" he hissed through his teeth. "You did it! *You!* And you shall pay for it as long as I'm nigh to make you!"

Saint Méran was among the guests, and Miss Ffrench, whose wonderful beauty attracted the dignitary's eye at once. Years after he remembered and spoke of her. He glanced towards her when he rose to make his after-dinner speech, and caught her eye and was somewhat confused by it. But he was very eloquent. The master of Haworth's was his inspiration and text. His resources, his strength of will, his giant enterprises, his readiness and daring at the moment when all was at hazard—these were matters indeed for eloquence.

Haworth sat leaning forward upon the table. He played with his wine-glass, turning it round and round and not spilling a drop of the ruby liquid. Sometimes he glanced at the orator with a smile which no one exactly understood, oftener he kept his eyes fixed upon the full wine-glass.

When at length the speaker sat down with a swift final glance at Rachel Ffrench, there was a silence of several seconds. Everybody felt that a reply was needed. Haworth turned his wine-glass two or three times without raising his eyes, but at last, just as the pause was becoming embarrassing, he looked across the table at Ffrench, who sat opposite.

"I'm not a speech-making chap myself," he said. "My partner is. He'll say my say for me."

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He gave Ffrench a nod. That gentleman had been pale and distracted through all the courses; now he became paler than ever. He hesitated, glanced around him, at the waiting guest and at Haworth, who nodded again,—and then rose.

It was something unusual that Mr. Ffrench should hang back and show himself unready. He began his speech of thanks in his partner's name falteringly and as if at a loss for the commonest forms of expression. He replied to the member's compliments with hesitation, he spoke of the difficulties they had encountered with a visibly strong effort, he touched upon their success and triumph with such singular lack of exultation that those who listened began to exchange looks of questioning, and suddenly in the midst of his wanderings and struggles at recovering himself, he broke off and begged leave to sit down.

"I am ill," he said. "I have—been—indisposed for some time. I must crave your pardon, and—and my partner's for my inability to say what—what I would wish."

He sat down amid many expressions of sympathy. The plea accounted for his unusual demeanour, it was thought. The member himself sought an interview with him, in which he expressed his regret and his sense of the fact that nothing was more natural than that the result of so long bearing a weight of responsibility should be a strain upon the nervous system and a consequent loss of physical strength.

"You must care for yourself, my dear sir," he added. "Your firm—nay—the country—cannot afford to lose an element like yourself at such a crisis."

On the morning following he left Broxton. On his way to the station he was moved to pay a final visit to Haworth at the Works.

"I congratulate you," he said, with much warmth on shaking hands with him. "I congratulate England upon your determination and indomitable

courage, and upon your wonderful success."

There was a good deal of talk about Murdoch during his absence. The story of the attack and of Haworth's repulse of the attacking party became a popular incident. Mr. Reddy and his companions disappeared from the scene with promptness. Much interest was manifested in the ultimate success of the model which had previously been regarded with a mingling of indifference and disfavour, as not "loike to coom to owt." The results of its agreeably disappointing people by "coming to owt" were estimated at nothing short of a million per annum.

"Th' chap'll roll i' brass," it was said. "Haworth'll be nowheer. Happen th' lad'll coom back an' set up a Works agen him. An' he came here nowt but a workin' chap a few year sin'!"

The two women in the little house in the narrow street heard the story of the attack only through report. They had no letters.

"I won't write," Murdoch had said. "You shall not be troubled by prospects that might end in nothing. You will hear nothing from me till I come and tell you with my own lips that I have won or failed."

In the days of waiting Christian proved her strength. She would not let her belief be beaten or weighed down. She clung to it in spite of what she saw hour by hour in the face of the woman who was her companion.

"I have lived through it before."

It was not put into words, but she read it in her eyes and believed in spite of it.

He had been away two weeks and he returned, as his father had done, at night.

The women were sitting together in the little inner room. They were not talking or working, though each had work in her hands. It was Christian who heard him first. She threw down her work and stood up.

"He is here," she cried. "He is coming up the step."

She was out in the narrow entry and had thrown the door open before he had time to open it with his key.

The light fell upon his dark pale face and showed a strange excitement in it. He was dishevelled and travel-worn, but his eyes were bright. His first words were enough.

"It is all right," he said, in an exultant voice. "It is a success. Where is my mother?"

He had taken her hand as if without knowing what he did and fairly dragged her into the room. His mother had risen and stood waiting.

"It is a success," he cried out to her. "It is what he meant it to be—I have finished his work!"

She turned from him to the girl, uttering a low cry of appeal.

"Christian!" she said; "Christian!"

The girl went to her and made her sit down, and knelt before her, clasping her arms about her waist, and uplifting her glowing young face. At the moment her beauty became such a splendour that Murdoch himself saw it with wonder.

"It is finished," she said. "And it is he who has finished it! Is not that enough?"

"Yes," she answered, "but—but —"

And the words died upon her lips, and she sat looking before her into vacancy, and trembling.

Murdoch threw himself on the sofa and lay there, his hands clasped above his head.

"I shall be a rich man," he said, as if to himself, "a rich man—and it is nothing—but it is done."

CHAPTER LI.

"TH' ON'Y ONE AS IS NA A FOO'."

THE next day all Broxton knew the story.

"Well, he wur na so soft after aw," more than one excellent matron remarked.

Mr. French heard the news from his valet in the morning. He had been very unwell for several days. He had eaten nothing and slept very little and had been obliged to call in his physician, who pronounced his case the result of too great mental strain, and prescribed rest. He came down to breakfast with an unwholesome face and trifled with his food without eating it. He glanced furtively at Rachel again and again.

"I shall not go to the Bank to-day," he said timorously at last. "I am worse than ever. I shall remain at home and try to write letters and rest. Are—are you going out?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Oh." Then, after a pause, "I saw Briarley yesterday, and he said Mrs. Dixon was very ill. You sometimes go there, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Suppose—suppose you call this morning to inquire. It looks well to show a—a sort of interest in them. You might take something nourishing with you."

He flinched when she raised her eyes and let them rest a moment upon him. Her look was strongly suggestive of the fact that she could better rely upon the result of her own calculations concerning him than upon the truth of his replies, if she deigned to ask him questions.

"I thought," he faltered, "that it would look well to evince some interest as the man has been in our employ, and you have had the woman about the house."

"Certainly," she replied, "it would be well enough. I will go."

After breakfast she ordered the carriage and went to her room and made her toilette with some care. Why she did so was best known to herself. Nothing is more certain than that she scarcely expected to produce a great effect upon Granny Dixon. The truth was, she would have made her visit to the Briarley's in any case, and was not in the least moved thereto by her father's unexpected anxiety.

But when she reached the cottage and entered it, she began immediately to repent having come. A neighbour woman sat nursing the youngest Briarley; there was a peculiar hush upon the house and the windows were darkened. She drew back with a feeling of alarm and annoyance.

"What is the matter?" she demanded impatiently of the woman. "Why have you darkened the room?"

"Th' owd lass is deen," was the business-like answer, "an' they're ha'in' some trouble wi' her. She conna even dee loike other foak."

She drew back, her annoyance becoming violent repulsion. She turned pale, and her heart began to beat violently. She knew nothing of death, and was not fearless of it. Her inveterate calm failed her at thus being brought near it.

"I will go away," she said.

And she would have gone, but at that moment there arose a sound of voices in the inner room—Mrs. Briarley's and Janey's, and above theirs Granny Dixon's, brokenly, and yet with what seemed terrible loudness in the hush of the house.

"Bring her i' here!" she was saying. "Bring her i' here an' mak' her—do it!"

And then out came Mrs. Briarley, looking fagged and harassed.

"I ax thy pardon, Miss," she said, "but she says she wants thee. She says she wants thee to be a witness to summat."

"I will not go," she replied. "I—am going away. I—never saw any one before—in that condition."

But the terrible voice raised itself again, and, despite her terror and anger, held and controlled her.

"I see her!" it cried. "Mak' her coom in. I knowed her gran'feyther—when I wur a lass—seventy year ago!"

"She will na harm thee," said Mrs. Briarley. And partly because of a dread fascination, and partly because the two women regarded her with such amazement, she found herself forced to give way and enter.

It was a small room, and dark and low. The bed was a huge four-poster which had belonged to Granny Dixon herself in her young days. The large-flowered patterns of its chintz hangings were faded with many washings.

She was nothing but skin and bone, and the eyes which stared and shone in the gloom—only these seemed left of her, and the voice, which appeared to have lost nothing of its power.

"She's been speaking awmost i' a whisper till to-day," explained Mrs. Briarley, under her breath, "an' aw at onct th' change set in, an' it coom back as loud as ivver."

She lifted her hands, beckoning with crooked fingers.

"Coom tha here," she commanded.

Rachel Ffrench went to her slowly. She had no colour left, and all her *hauteur* could not steady her voice.

"What do you want?" she asked, standing close beside the bed.

For a few seconds there was silence, in which the large eyes wandered from the border of her rich dress to the crown of her hair. Then Granny Dixon spoke out:

"Wheer'st flower?" she cried. "Tha'st gotten it on thee again. I can smell it."

It was true that she wore it at her throat as she had done before. A panic of disgust took possession of her as she recollected it. It was as if they two were somehow bound together by it. She caught at it with tremulous fingers, and would have flung it away, but it fell from her uncertain clasp upon the bed, and she would not have touched it for worlds.

"Gi' it to me!" commanded Granny Dixon.

"Pick it up for her," she said, turning to Mrs. Briarley, and it was done, and the shrivelled fingers held it and the old eyes devoured it.

"He used to wear 'em i' his button-hole," proclaimed the Voice, "an' he wur a han'some chap—seventy year ago."

"Did you send for me to tell me that?" demanded Rachel Ffrench.

Granny Dixon turned on her pile of pillows.

"Nay," she said, "an' I'm—forgettin'."

There was a gasp between the two last words, as if suddenly her strength was failing her.

"Get thee a pen—an'—an' write summat," she ordered.

"Get it quickly," said Rachel Ffrench, "and let me humour her and go."

She had noticed the little gap between the words herself, and the next instant had seen a faint gray pallor spread itself over the old woman's face.

"Get the pen and paper," she repeated, "and call in the woman."

They brought her the pen and paper and called the woman, who came in stolidly, ready for any emergency. Then they waited for commands, but for several seconds there was a dead pause, and Granny Dixon lay back, staring straight before her.

"Quick!" said Rachel Ffrench. "What do you want?"

Granny Dixon rose by a great effort upright from her pillows. She pointed at Mrs. Briarley with the sharp, bony fore-finger.

"I—leave it—aw—to her," she proclaimed, "—ivvery penny! She's th' on'y one among 'em as is na a foo'!"

And then she fell back, and panted and stared again.

Mrs. Briarley lifted her apron and burst into tears.

"She means th' brass," she wailed. "Eh! Poor owd lass, who'd ha' thowt it!"

"Do you mean," asked Rachel Ffrench, "that you wish her to have your money?"

A nod was the answer, and Mrs. Briarley shed sympathetic tears again. Here was a reward for her labours indeed.

What she wrote Miss Ffrench scarcely knew. In the end there was her own name signed below, and a black, scrawling mark from Granny Dixon's hand. The woman who had come in made her mark also.

"Mak' a black un," said the testatrix. "Let's ha' it plain."

Then, turning to Rachel :

"Does tha' want to know wheer th' money come fro' ? Fro' Will Ffrench—fro' *him*. He wur one o' th' gentry when aw wur said an' done—an' I wur a han'some lass."

When it was done they all stood and looked at each other. Granny Dixon lay back upon her pillows, drawing sharp breaths. She was looking only at Rachel Ffrench. She seemed to have forgotten all the rest of them, and what she had been doing. All that was left of the Voice was a loud, halting whisper.

"Wheer's th' flower?" she said. "I conna smell it."

It was in her hand.

Rachel Ffrench drew back.

"Let me go," she said to Mrs. Briarley ; "I cannot stay here."

"He used to wear 'em i' his button-hole," she heard, "—seventy year ago—an' she's th' very moral on him." And scarcely knowing how, she made her way past the women, and out of the house and into the fresh air and sunshine.

"Drive home," she said to the coachman, "as quickly as possible."

She leaned back in a corner of the carriage shuddering. Suddenly she burst into wild tears.

But there were no traces of her excitement when she reached home.

She descended from the carriage looking quite herself, and after dismissing it went up to her own room.

About half an hour later she came down and went into the library. Her father was not there, and on inquiring as to his whereabouts from a servant passing the open door, she was told that he had gone out.

He had been writing letters, it was evident. His chair stood before his desk, and there was an addressed envelope lying upon it.

She went to the desk and glanced at it without any special motive for doing so. It was addressed to herself. She opened and read it.

"My dear Rachel," it ran, "in all probability we shall not meet again for some time. I find myself utterly unable to remain to meet the blow which must inevitably fall before many days are over. The anxiety of the past year has made me a coward. I ask your forgiveness for what you may call my desertion of you. We have never relied upon each other much, and you at least are not included in my ruin. You will not be called upon to share my poverty. You had better return to Paris at once. With a faint hope that you will at least pity me,

"I remain,

"Your affectionate father,

"GERARD FFRENCH."

To be continued.

ALMS AND LEGS IN FRANCE.

PASSING out one day by the river-side gate of the Exhibition Gardens, my eye was caught by a woman perched on a high chair fronting the spectators, in a small kiosk, and knitting vigorously in the offhand fashion of a German who can read or look about without dropping a stitch. Behind her, a man was busy folding up linen, but above and around them hung wooden legs and hands, of that primitive description which one sees offered up as *Ex-votos* in foreign village churches. A crowd stood around; in fact, every passer-by was attracted like myself to the sight—common in some respects, but most uncommon from its position,—and as each left I heard the clink of money in a box hard by. Approaching, I found it to belong to the “Society for Aiding the Maimed Poor.” Soon, too, I noticed that the woman’s thumb alone moved, the man’s likewise, and that both wore gloves. These, then, were some of the “maimed poor,” enabled to work with rough-looking, apparently unfinished substitutes for their lost members, the same as those which hung around. A sad, touching spectacle amidst so many proofs of industry and joy! and no wonder that poor men in blouses, young and old, never left without throwing a mite into the box. But the man and woman looked happy, almost proud of their activity, and less helpless than many who have full use of all their limbs. Of the society and its noble-minded founder, the Comte de Beaufort, I had, no doubt, previously heard, but my interest naturally deepened on viewing its productions, thus witnessing its marvellous effects, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the secret of its success, which lies in its cheapness and utility.

So far back as 1847—even earlier—the Comte de Beaufort, so well-known, so pre-eminent in France for his devoted philanthropy, his disinterested character, his labours for the sick and wounded societies, and various inventions for their benefit, felt a secret longing to invent relief for labourers and others of the poorest classes whom he so often saw forced to become burdens to their families, or reduced to beggary not only by those severe accidents to which they are so much more exposed than the rich, but also from their inability to purchase artificial limbs, as they do, in consequence of their high price and complicated nature. He first directed his attention to the old-fashioned wooden stump, and very soon his meditations produced a great improvement. Having noticed the slight support afforded by the straight peg and above all by its pointed end, he made one of ash in the shape of the natural leg and placed it in a shoe, by which the base at once grew wide and firm. But this was not enough. He made the shoe convex, the front and back rising in a slight curve. By this simple means a man, getting up to walk, leans and finds support on his heel, while bending forward on the toe, his step is lengthened as with his ordinary foot and gait. Moreover, the Comte invented jointed legs of the most simple, efficacious kind, one-tenth the expense of those better finished, but more useful for work. From the first, Paris surgeons, such as Drs. Nélaton and Larrey, approved of them; after the Crimean War, more than fifty soldiers whose legs had been amputated were provided with the “Beaufort leg” at the Val de Grace, the great military hospital of Paris, and nothing could prove more satisfactory, the patients

as well as the doctors preferring them to all others.

Next, he gave his mind to hands and arms. Here especially, the complicated, "articulated" fingers seemed to him to impede rather than facilitate work; for, being flexible, they gave way at every movement, and the difficulty of holding anything with a firm grasp became immense. For this purpose, a flexible thumb alone is necessary, and the stiffer the other joints are on which the thumb rests, the better. Consequently, in the wooden hands invented by him, the four fingers and the palm are merely roughly worked into a shape indicating a hand, so that they require no expensive cutting or machinery, while the thumb alone moves in a socket. The power of moving this, moreover, is managed in the easiest and most effective manner, by a band which, passing round the chest and back to the opposite shoulder, is there pulled by the mere action of the arm. The same system holds good even for amputations above the elbow, for which he has also invented simple joints without the steel bands and costly springs of the rich, the thumb of the hand being worked in the same way from the opposite arm. Even two false hands can thus be made available. With this system the hold obtained is so firm, that heavy work can be undertaken when the hand only is amputated, and even field labour is not uncommon aided by additional contrivances of the Comte de Beaufort's for fastening on to these solid blocks cheap agricultural instruments designed by him. Even if the operation has had to be performed above the elbow, lighter work is quite possible, such as the knitting we all beheld at the Exhibition, sewing, and the like. At this moment the "Beaufort hand" is adopted even by many besides the very poorest, being found so much more useful than the dearer ones, and, so universally acknowledged is this quality, that his inventions are

popularly christened "the useful." In an interesting work which the Comte has lately published are three letters beautifully written with the wooden hand by officers of rank; one, who, having lost his hand in the Crimea, has used this Beaufort one since 1862, another who lost his at Gravelotte, and the third by General Sumpt, present "Commandant" at the "Invalides," whose two hands, when he was Colonel on the Staff at Sedan, were carried away by a shell.

The Comte de Beaufort's leading thought, however, had from the first been for the poor, and in the hope of widening the circle of usefulness and interesting all classes in his work, he founded the above-named society in 1868. The President Bonjean, murdered by the Communists, was its first chief; the great Dr. Nélaton its second president; Baron Larrey, Doctor and Member of the Institute, acts in that capacity at present, while the Comte himself continues to be its indefatigable, benevolent secretary. It has spread in various directions throughout France, prefects and sous-prefects gladly acting as its correspondents and intermediates in the rural districts. To aid the rural population especially, and to restore the power of work to common labourers, is a main object of the society, one in which it has eminently succeeded, for amongst other instances we hear of a carter, able to return to his occupation, walking sixteen miles with his wooden leg and shoe without the slightest symptom of fatigue. Since the Exhibition they have supplied one hundred individuals with legs and arms; no authenticated case of poverty is refused; nay, more, they do not even reject foreign applications, and not long since sent an arm to a poor sufferer in Italy. It would not be fair, however, for foreigners to trespass on such kindness long. The Comte de Beaufort's only desire, in his unbounded charity, is that similar societies should be founded elsewhere, and his models copied. For

these, neither he nor his manufacturer, who is also a most disinterested character, have been willing to take any privileges, such as patents, assistance to the poor being their sole object. At present, however, none so good or so very cheap can be obtained elsewhere, but by a system of measurement everything can be sent from Paris to any distance. The Comte himself never rejoices so much as at the establishment of some new branch, and he is always willing, nay, happy to give all necessary information either by letter or otherwise, addressed to him at No. 43, Rue de Verneuil, Paris. Those who have seen the good effected privately by this benevolent Christian, and now by the society he has founded, can alone estimate its value, or wish it as heartily as we do, God speed in its

noble undertaking, and rapid adoption in other countries.

WINIFREDE M. WYSE.

Since the above was written the annual meeting of the Society has been held, and the receipts of the year stated to amount to 14,000 francs, 9,000 of which (360%) being the result of the collection in the box at the Exhibition. A cordial vote of thanks was carried unanimously, not only to the Comte de Beaufort, but to his two sisters, who, with unparalleled devotedness have, in order to explain the system to inquirers, attended at the Kiosk, one remaining in the mornings, the other in the afternoons, every day during the six months of the Exhibition.

W. M. W.

CYPRUS—IS IT WORTH KEEPING?

A YEAR ago I published in this Magazine two articles upon Cyprus. The new British possession was then a subject of intense interest to the public. For a few weeks Cyprus was the engrossing topic of conversation, and men who had been in the island were looked upon as the most interesting of the hour. To all ranks the interest spread. Merchants thought they would find in this new field the profits they so ardently desired. Clergymen hoped to find in Cyprus suitable positions for the young men who engaged their sympathies, and numerous were the letters which reached me desiring counsel. Sportsmen fancied there had opened before them a grand chance for new excitement. Potting game in well-preserved shootings had not half the charm of bagging wild birds in a wild country; and an enterprising lover of the sport, who wished to imitate the well-known early bird, inquired how soon he should start, and how many dogs he should take. A professional singer desired to know whether she would find an opening in the Island of Venus; and a Frenchman connected with the stage wrote expressing the longing he had to go to the new possession. "*Je rêve,*" said he, "*de Chypre.*" A fashionable hairdresser of Bond Street headed, a long troop of specialists (Maltese, Greek, and Italians) who rushed in hot haste to be agreeable to the Cypriotes. The task of throwing cold water upon these too-ardent spirits was not an agreeable one, but it was done in as gentle a way as possible, and few of those who asked advice were the victims of disappointment.

Unfortunately a touch of the same exaggeration took part in the arrangements of the War Office for the occupation of the island, and the position of that Department was a difficult one,

for it had to act when others were sleeping the sleep of happy ignorance of the surprise awaiting them. The contingent of over 9,000 men had already sailed from Malta before the authorities could be warned of the certain sufferings which awaited these poor soldiers on their arrival in an island where no proper accommodation had been provided for them beforehand, and I did not hesitate to add that in my opinion 1,000 men were more than the necessities of the case demanded. The size of the expedition was perhaps dictated by political motives, but it is a fact that it was this unfortunate expedition which disenchanted the British public of their new possession, so that ere two months had passed no names could be found too bad to heap upon the short-lived favourite, which henceforth got the appellation of "the pestiferous hole."

Little was known in England of the conditions under which our half *corps d'armée* landed in Cyprus, but the fever-stricken soldiers cried out loudly enough. "The soil," some said, "breeds fever, and no European can live on it." And yet Europeans had lived there without suffering, and the native population had increased fifty per cent during the previous fifty years. The reaction from interest to disgust was so strong that it was best to let it run its course, and wait for the time when appeal could be made from Philip drunk to Philip sober. That time has now come, and we may profitably examine to-day whether the climate or our inexperience was most at fault for the sickness which befell our troops.

As in all that part of the Mediterranean (Smyrna, Beyrout, Alexandria, Rhodes) the thermometer marks, during the height of summer, from 80° to 90° in the shade, and 110° to

130° in the sun, such a temperature naturally places the human system under very different conditions from those experienced in the moderate climes of the West. But Englishmen in crowds have travelled and resided in these hot places, and with ordinary prudence have not suffered. Avoidance of all undue exposure to the sun or to the dews of evening and the chills of night is a first necessity. The houses of the natives, formed of thick walls of sun-dried bricks, slow conductors of either heat or cold, sufficiently prove that effective shelter both for day and night is necessary. The sequel will show how entirely all these precautions were neglected.

Our poor soldiers were despatched in hot haste from Malta to the number of nearly 10,000 men. No arrangements had been made for their reception; on the contrary, in some cases the men were despatched in fast sailing and their effects in slow sailing vessels. The descent was successfully made. It could not be otherwise, when every one all round was delighted with the arrangement—the Porte because it was a cheap price for the solid guarantee of Asia Minor, the Cypriotes, because as poor tenants they stood much in need of a rich and generous landlord.

The army of occupation was landed, and then it was discovered that the Commissariat had distinguished itself by a *tour de force* after its own kind, in bringing a large supply of iron stoves and leaving behind the mattresses of the men! The only protection provided against a burning sun was the thin canvas of a single-roofed bell tent. To such a lodging, about twelve feet in diameter, twelve men were consigned, with orders not to leave the tent from ten to four during the day. Thus our army was housed—broiling all day in inactivity, and sleeping on the ground with only an inch or two of covering separating their heat-filled bodies from the more rapidly cooling earth. Unhappy inspirations continued to persecute the

expedition. Instead of choosing a site where some shelter could have been got, the first camp was chosen at the Cheffik of the Pasha, some four miles to the south-west of Larnaca, on a white chalky soil, absolutely treeless, and looking down upon the great marsh of the Salt Lake. Had the men been in daily march at proper hours they might have suffered less, but idle, motionless, overpowered by the heat by day and chilled at night—breathing the exhalations from stagnant waters, it was certain that fever of the worst kind would take hold upon them. Add to this, over-abundant eating of meat and raw fruits, such as melons, and over-bountiful drinking of strong liquors, and we have elements more than sufficient to account for the sickness which broke out among the troops. A healthy position seemed at length to be found at Mathyadi. The men were removed there, but no good resulted. Kyrinia and Limasol were tried, but in vain. The explication was simple to the initiated, but dismal was the disappointment of the well-intentioned authorities. Ignorant of the conditions under which the occupation was made, it was difficult not to believe at first that the island had been visited by an unusual fever epidemic; but there is no need of such an explication. The annoying results were the simple consequences of causes, and we have only inexperience to blame. The true remedy consisted in sending home all fever-stricken men, and in not replacing them until comfortable quarters had been prepared.

I have already said that unhappy inspirations persecuted the expedition, and the truth of this is manifest in another detail. Barracks constructed like all the native houses were an absolute necessity. They might have been quickly and cheaply made of sun-dried bricks and beams, which were easily obtainable in the island or in Caramania. But it was thought better to give an order to an English firm for wooden huts to be imported piece-meal from England. Foolish as

it may be, people frequently carry "coals to Newcastle," but in this case it was still worse, for the wood which is called seasoned in England will not resist the heat of a Cyprus sun. The protection of wooden huts is altogether insufficient, especially when the wood has been split up by the sun. I was once attracted by the quaintness of a walking-stick which a friend of mine, new to the East, always carried about with him. "That stick," he said to me, "reminds me of having been ignominiously taken in by my want of experience, and I carry it about with me as a useful remembrance of what I am now ashamed." Similarly these huts will be profitable teachers of the mistrust which all ought to feel in applying Western notions to the East.

At length, after about four months struggle with difficulties, the decision was taken to reduce the number of British troops in Cyprus to a garrison of a few hundred men, and thus the great military demonstration was brought to an end.

The one redeeming feature in the occupation is the manliness with which our troops bore their hardships, and the persevering exertions with which under most trying circumstances, all the officers, from Sir Garnet Wolseley down to the most humble subordinate, strove to do their very best. The encouraging assurances of Sir Garnet, and his confident anticipations of future improvement, must have been most grateful to the Ministry, and tended in some measure to calm the public. But the results of the fever-panic were unfortunate to Cyprus. Precious time, which might have been employed in works of permanent usefulness, was absorbed in the search for sanatoriums, and in the many pre-occupations connected with the fever-stricken army. The disgust which took possession of the public at home discouraged the authorities in Cyprus and paralysed their efforts. The new possession was discredited, and the question was put

in whispers by many not generally hostile to the policy of the Government, "Is the place worth keeping?"

The Cypriotes themselves were disappointed. They thought that under a rich and paternal Government prompt efforts would be made to develop the resources of the island by roads, harbours, and railways; in short, that, as soon as the British flag waved over them, they would begin to enjoy British prosperity and the benefits of British capital. How few of these hopes have reached even the dawn of realisation will be apparent from the short review of the position of the island which I propose to make.

We possess very meagre details of the legislative work of the British administration in Cyprus, and, indeed, it is fair to admit that much legislative work of a very practical nature could not be expected as long as the military element was predominant. The talent of languages is little developed in the military profession, and few, if any, of the officers who were called upon to discharge civil functions possessed such a knowledge of Greek as enabled them to hold direct intercourse with the native population. Every one knows the great disadvantages under which people labour who reside in a country of which they do not know the language. Their judgment can only be based upon the communications of their interpreters, who may not know all the sides of the question, or not wish to communicate some of them. The position of our administration in Cyprus was also peculiarly difficult, because most of the interpreters at its disposal were of Smyrna and Constantinople, entire strangers to the island; Armenians and Levantines, who were not competent to give to their chiefs the benefits of personal knowledge. In these circumstances, to have been able to set a-going the machinery of Government at all, is immensely to the credit of Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff.

Some of the administrative ordi-

nances which have become known have been severely and, it must be admitted, justly criticised in Parliament. Thus the ordinance for forced labour aroused a storm of indignation because it contained a principle opposed to the full liberty of the subject. That it was issued with imperfect knowledge there can be no doubt, for no sooner was it issued than it was found to be unnecessary. Seeing the chief chafing under the tardiness with which people came to work, the native council (as its members would have done to a Turkish Governor) probably suggested the expedient of pressure, not knowing the strength of free-trade and free-labour principles in England. Evidently the true remedy was a little patience, and this became apparent before the ink used in writing the ordinance was dry. Another ordinance which excited the righteous indignation of many, decreed that Turkish and British subjects alone should be allowed to purchase land in Cyprus. Here, again, a principle for which Britain had for long years combated with the Porte was unwittingly violated. Thanks to the pressure of foreign intervention, the Sultan had consented to allow foreigners to hold property in Turkey, but as soon as Cyprus becomes ours, we abolish this privilege. It now appears that the ordinance was issued in order to prevent property falling into the hands of land-speculators, but it was an extra-judicial means of frightening away a ghost. Both ordinances were the result of imperfect knowledge—remedies which were worse than the disease.

Again, scientific men rightly connect drought with absence of forests, and on this account Sir Garnet very wisely prohibited the cutting down of timber; and so rigid does he seem to have made the law, that a peasant was not allowed to cut off even a branch of a tree in his own garden. Well, the son of a poor priest in an unhappy moment cuts off the branch of a tree in his garden, doubtless to cook his

dinner. He is and summoned before the court. His father, the old priest, goes in his stead, is judged, and condemned to five days' imprisonment. The medical officer in charge of the prison thought it a good thing to cut off the hair of all the prisoners, and in this opinion the commissioner agreed with him. All priests in Cyprus have long locks, which they never cut from the time of their being dedicated to the priesthood. Notwithstanding, to show that there is no respect of persons with British authorities, no exception is made in favour of the poor priest condemned to only five days' imprisonment. His head of hair is ruthlessly cropt. Doubtless neither the medical officer nor the commissioner knew that the priest could not venture to say mass until his hair had again grown long, nor reflected that the old man might not live long enough to permit of this growth. They thus, in ignorance and thoughtlessness, perpetrated an act unjust to the individual and offensive to the religious notions of a respected body of the Queen's subjects.

The administrative system which has been created in Cyprus is, in its leading features, that which I ventured to advise in this Magazine last year. The High Commissioner is assisted by a Legislative Council containing, besides the leading officials and ecclesiastical chiefs, four members resident in the island. Of these four, two are Mohammedans, one a Greek-speaking Cypriote, and one a landed proprietor of Italian origin. This council appears to work satisfactorily. It cannot be expected to initiate legislation, but is a useful consultative body, forming a bond between the foreign Government and the native population. This essential distinction was well exemplified lately, when Mr. Bourke, in demurring to the desire of Parliament that an ordinance should precise the position of the British administration in regard to slavery, pleaded that the Legislative Council had not called for such an ordinance. It is very unlikely that a council, in

which sits two Mohammedan members, who without doubt have in their families domestic servants originally acquired as property, would take the initiative upon the question of slavery. But the Council could most usefully, and in *connaissance intime de cause*, criticise any ordinance prepared upon the subject, and such criticism would merit the highest consideration. This well exemplifies the action to be expected of the Council in many cases. It may make suggestions to the chief authority, but the labour of elaboration, and the entire responsibility of initiation, must rest with that authority. Under the Pashas, the Legislative Council was too often used to protect hurtful measures, or to prevent reform by removing the onus of blame from an individual to a quasi-representative body, whose position was of the nature of that described by Lord Thurlow, as having "neither a soul to be damned nor a body to be kicked."

It may be of interest, in passing, to say a few words about slavery in Turkey, and specially in Cyprus. That it has no *legal* existence, as was said lately by Lord Salisbury, is quite true; but it is also true that in Mohammedan families in Turkey and in Cyprus there are domestic servants, male and female, who were originally acquired by purchase. To intrude upon the sanctity of domicile in order to ferret out such cases would be wrong; all that is necessary is, that when slaves voluntarily reclaim their liberty, they should feel sure of obtaining it. That this was the case even under the Turkish administration is very clearly shown by some details in a private letter written by me in January, 1872, a few months after my return from England:—

"At Port Said, on my voyage out, a Turkish Pasha brought on board our steamer four Abyssinian girls, who had cost 4*l.* a head in Abyssinia. Shortly after I got back to Cyprus, a negress came to the consulate with the following pitiful story:—Her master, whom she had served for twelve years, wished to get rid of her, and upon the pretext of

sending her to the house of a relation, she was sent to Kyrinia in charge of a man, who was commissioned to transport her to Caramania and there sell her. The mother of the negress got wind of this intention, and importuned the Pasha to send to Kyrinia and bring back her daughter. A good deal in the spirit of the unjust judge in the parable, the Pasha consented. A *zaptieh* was sent to Kyrinia, who found the girl already embarked on board of a boat bound for Caramania. She was brought back to Nicosia, but again handed over to her former master, who is secretary to the Cadi. Baulked in this attempt to realise his property, the secretary shortly after sold the girl to a neighbour. The girl learned that she was sold, and ran off to her mother, who brought her down to Larnaca, where she was advised to plead for my protection. I promised to obtain her daughter's liberty, and have applied to the Pasha for it. She had not left the consulate five minutes when a *zaptieh* laid forcible hands upon her, and carried her off to the house of the Cadi of Larnaca, to be sent back to her master. I took immediate action through my dragoman, got the girl sent back to the consulate, obliged the Cadi to make excuses, and had the *zaptieh* imprisoned.

"The slave question still pursued me. Only a few days ago I was informed of a Turkish captain, who had taken from the island a cargo of barley to sell in Barbary, where the people are in great distress from famine. He had bartered the grain in Barbary for slaves, and promised a broker in Larnaca that as soon as he had disposed of his negresses he would buy another cargo of barley. I felt, as the matter had been brought to my knowledge, that an example should be made of the horrid traffic, and once for all put a stop to. With this object I addressed a very strong representation to the Pasha, and succeeded in inducing him to act with energy. As yet we have only laid hands on one of the negresses, but the captain admits that he bought her in Barbary, and attempts to exculpate himself by saying that the purchase was made on commission for a leading Turk of Nicosia. He says he landed her in male attire during the day; she says she was landed at night. This matters little. A purchase is acknowledged, and it suffices. The rest of the negresses will probably now be kept closely hidden. The captain goes off to-morrow to Nicosia to be tried. We shall see the result. Whatever may be the upshot, a blow is struck at a disgusting commerce in human flesh, and it will have the effect of preventing a repetition of such transactions."

From memory I can add that the captain was condemned to send back the negress at his expense to Barbary, and to suffer imprisonment for twelve months. These details show the existence of slavery in Turkey and in Cyprus, and they also show that the

law in Turkey, when properly administered, is effective against slavery.

The civil and criminal code which has been adopted by the British administration in Cyprus is that formerly used by the Turkish Government, with some slight modifications. Its interpretation is confided to Mohammedan Cadis, under the control of a British assessor to each district court. In this arrangement there is room for improvement. No objection can or ought to be made to a Cadi being a district judge, if he possesses the necessary qualifications of intelligence and learning; but it would appear very objectionable to select the district judges from the Mohammedan element *only*. The class of Cadis, as a class, does not merit having confided to it the judicial executive of the island. It may be contended that they are controlled by British assessors, but these assessors are ignorant of the language and cannot follow the details of the evidence. A story has been told which exemplifies this. A criminal was being judged. The Court decided upon inflicting, as punishment, a year's imprisonment. The decision was communicated by the interpreter to the British assessor, who had been asleep during the trial; though had he been awake, he could not have understood what passed. Looking at the culprit, the assessor said to the interpreter, "He looks a great blackguard; ten years would not have been too much." This opinion was communicated to the Court, and, coinciding in what they supposed to be the wish of the assessor, its members said they would make the punishment five years. The assessor felt embarrassed, and to get out of the difficulty the interpreter proposed that the Court should leave the term of imprisonment to the assessor, who, of course, ultimately decided upon the original term of one year. The exclusive employment of Mohammedans for the administration of justice is also scarcely just towards the majority of the population, two-thirds of which is Christian. It is perpetuating the privi-

leges of a hitherto dominant minority. Our endeavour ought to be as far as possible to extinguish all distinctions based upon religion or race, and to classify all under the designation of Cypriotes, thus crushing the Hellenic idea, as well as Mussulman preponderance. Any Cypriote, be he Christian or Mussulman, should be equally eligible to Government service, and the only preference should be accorded on account of superior qualifications.

It is to be regretted that the Cyprian code of laws has not yet been translated into English. This desideratum should be at once supplied, for at present not only is the chief judge of the island ignorant of the languages in use, but he does not even possess an authorised translation of the code which is intended to guide him.

The financial part of the British administration in Cyprus is to the public an utter blank. No accounts whatever, not even budgetary estimates, nor such monthly statements of revenue as are furnished by the semi-civilised administration of Egypt, have been given to Parliament or the press; and even the Home Government is probably not in any more favoured position. We are informed that no settlement has yet been come to as to the amount of tribute due to the Porte, but this ought in no way to prevent the communication of the revenue encashed and the money expended. Such a statement might not be a safe guide for the future, because of the very difficult circumstances under which the administration has been labouring, but it would be both useful and instructive. It would prove that there was a civilised *comptabilité*, and would give precious information as to the sources of revenue and their value. The vital importance of the financial part of the administration does not appear to be sufficiently realised. The most difficult of all the questions to be solved in the East are connected with finance, and Cyprus affords a most favourable field not only to study them,

but also to discover the means of their true solution. To British financiers accustomed to deal with colossal sums the financial task in Cyprus appears small, but the importance of that task is far greater than the value in money to be dealt with. All the economic sores of India, Turkey, and Egypt exist *in petto* there, and may be conveniently studied and grappled with. It will suffice, in order to prove this, to dwell for a few moments upon one only of the interesting problems which intrude themselves upon the attention of all who make reforms for the East their study. I refer to the land-tax in kind, called *dimes*, or tenths. Every one is agreed that this system of taxation presents many disadvantages, and it is without doubt destined to disappear in all countries as they attain to a civilised condition. But in only semi-civilised countries its removal is beset with many difficulties. Penury, improvidence, and restricted financial facilities combine to make it certain that in bad agricultural years the Treasury will find it impossible, without recourse to disagreeable severity, to recover from peasant-farmers a fixed land-tax in money, in substitution for a variable tax in kind. For its own protection, therefore, the Treasury is forced to share with the peasants the exceptional benefits of a good year as compensation for the evils of a subsequent bad year. Further, the arbitrary settlement by means of a *cadastre* cannot possibly arrive at absolute justice in Eastern countries, where the productiveness of every field varies, and is dependent upon uncontrollable circumstances, such as drought, locusts, &c. But it appears to me that in Cyprus it is possible to work out a gradual and voluntary conversion of the *dimes*, which will be acceptable to the island and advantageous to the treasury. Property there, and in Turkey generally, may be classified under two categories—first, that of the peasant cultivators; and, second, what we may call seignory lands, which go by the name

of *cheshliks*. The first consist of small and scattered plots of from five to fifty acres, belonging to peasants who, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, are possessed of no capital, and consequently offer no security for the payment of a fixed land-tax in a bad year. The second consists of well-defined and concentrated estates, whose proprietors present a sufficient solidity to assure the payment of a land-tax in a bad year. They are, in fact, upon a higher plateau of civilisation and financial credit. It is with these that the voluntary conversion of the *dimes* into a fixed annual land-tax may be begun. They are the persons who chiefly object to the minute and often vexatious *surveillance* called for in the collection of the *dimes*, and with them the Treasury can safely enter at once into a contract of conversion.

The execution of such a conversion with *cheshlik* proprietors might easily be effected by the institution of a special court charged to receive their voluntary applications, to examine into the details of culture and return which these applications would communicate, and thereafter to decide upon the fixed burden which shall be a fair substitute for the *dimes*. The necessary information might be conveyed by means of uniform schedules, in Greek or Turkish, and English, placed in each district at the disposal of the proprietors. No accurate statistics exist, but I think the *cheshlik* lands represent more than half the cultivated area of the island. Facilities might also be accorded to the larger peasant proprietors to erect their lands into *cheshlik* lands upon indication of their limits, and presentation of their title-deeds. The result would be that through the operation of conversion, an accurate registration of the lands in the island would be obtained.

In the entire absence of financial information, and until the amount of the tribute due to the Porte is settled, we cannot presume to say whether the island is self-supporting. It would

appear not to be so from the vote for 26,000*l.* recently placed upon the Civil Service Estimates of Parliament for the Cyprus police force. Seeing that the duties of that force are the maintenance of order and the escort of treasure, it is evident that all, or nearly all, of that expenditure concerns the island treasury, but it should not be in the least a surprise if in the first year the resources of the island have proved insufficient. I have been informed from a trustworthy source that the salt revenues, which under the Turks amounted to 25,000*l.* a year, have been greatly reduced, and, indeed, threaten to disappear. Two reasons are given for this unfortunate loss. First, because from neglect the necessary canalization has been defective; and second, because salt from Cyprus is no longer admitted into Syria and Egypt free from duty. The first cause deserves to be immediately examined, for surely a European administration ought to be able to do as much as the Turkish administration found it possible to do; and the remedy for the second is equally evident. The salt revenue is one of the items in the account with the Turkish Government. If, therefore, the Porte imposes such new conditions upon the entry of salt from Cyprus into its dominions as result in annihilating the salt revenue in Cyprus, then we have an incontestable right to reduce the tribute which we pay to the Porte in an equal degree. The matter is of grave importance, seeing that the salt revenue represents a seventh part of the gross income of the Cyprian Treasury.

No public work of any importance has yet been undertaken, if we except a road which is being constructed to a

sanatorium on Mount Troodos. The cost of that road is said to be estimated at 20,000*l.*; but it is of no value to the island, and ought properly to come under the heading of expenditure for imperial purposes. I ventured last year to express an unprofessional opinion that a good port might be made at Famagusta, and it has since been ascertained by competent authorities that such is the case. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds is the estimated cost of constructing a harbour capable of sheltering a dozen ironclads. Admitting even that the cost were 300,000*l.* the work is well worth executing. A guarantee of 12,000*l.* per annum during a term of years to any company ready to undertake the construction would be fully justified, seeing that more than that annual amount would be obtained from the increased value of the now worthless site of the town of Famagusta. No one can doubt of the imperial value of such a harbour in a not very distant future.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the misfortunes which attended our occupation, and the regrettable price which in many ways we have had to pay for inexperience, I have no hesitation in answering affirmatively the question, "Is Cyprus worth keeping?"

Examined calmly, there is no cause to be disheartened. Prudence and wise precautions will overcome all the climatic difficulties; experience will teach us wisdom in administration, and, the relations between the new possession and the old country becoming more firmly established, British capital will take its proper place as the fertilising agent of material prosperity.

R. HAMILTON LANG.

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HISTORY AND POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.

IN my last paper I rather indicated, than fully explained, in what way I think it possible to save the study of English history from that plague of party-spirit which now afflicts it to such a degree as almost to annihilate its practical influence. This question is seldom discussed, and yet the immense importance of it must be felt by every practical teacher of history. Especially must it be felt by one who, like myself, connects in the closest manner history and politics. Others may find ways of evading the difficulty, as we often see it evaded. For how many there are who pass their lives in the study of history without ever drawing or wishing to draw from it any political lessons! They regard it simply as a mine of delightful and curious information about famous events and persons, and the study of it as one of the most intellectual of pastimes, feeding the imagination and enlarging the mental range. They can therefore easily avoid the thorny parts of the study. They are not obliged to arrive at a definite conclusion about every controversy or take a side in every party-conflict, but can enjoy the excitement of the struggle, and take a quiet pleasure in detecting the weaknesses and admiring the good qualities of both parties, as Walter Scott showed us the way to do

in his historical novels. This is quite possible so long as history is regarded merely as a branch of *belles lettres*, or, in education, merely as a means of nourishing the imagination and providing a stock of useful information. But it ceases to be possible when we transfer history from the ornamental to the practical studies, from the literary to the scientific side of education. And it is especially impossible when the particular science with which we try to connect it is not anthropology, under which head few of the questions debated among parties would fall to be discussed, but a political science or science of governments, to which almost all those questions necessarily belong.

It is only by throwing a direct light upon the questions which interest us most—and these are necessarily also the questions which divide us most—that history can become powerfully influential in education. It cannot be influential in the highest degree except as the key to politics, and it cannot be such a key if it declines to deal with the questions in which, as politicians, we take the greatest interest. Above all things it must not fear to draw the true moral from the past of our own country, and therefore it cannot decline to judge between the contending parties. It cannot regard Cavalier and Roundhead, Whig and Tory, Pittite and Foxite with equal tolerance, but is

bound to answer the question by which party in each case the true interest of England was best understood. By doing this with full impartial investigation it will make the past history of England a guide for its future policy, and therefore a source of solid instruction for the politician. If it declines to do this, it will leave English history in the condition in which it found it, that is, a confused legend, infinitely curious and amusing, but of no practical use, because capable of the most opposite interpretations.

Here then arises the difficulty. In order actually to learn our politics from English history must we not come to the study without political opinions? And it will not do merely to pretend to do this, as has so often been done both in religion and politics, when writers professing to seek instruction in history, have really only sought there for confirmation of their prejudices. And yet how can the student of politics, any more than the student of religion, be expected to show the quiet, impartial candour of the student of other subjects, or to be completely indifferent what results emerge from his investigations, provided only the investigation is accurately conducted. If he is at all advanced in life he is likely to have committed himself publicly to some political creed; if he is young his family are committed, and his teachers are unwilling to disturb the belief in which he has been educated. Thus as soon as we treat history seriously, and connect it with science rather than with *belles-lettres*, we are met with the same difficulty that encounters us in theology. If it is serious at all, then it is too serious. If anything can be proved by it, then dangerous and inconvenient things can be proved by it. And meanwhile, in order to study it in this spirit you must be content to give up all political earnestness, to suspend all activity in public life until you have obtained your results. Are we prepared to make ourselves political quietists, to

renounce that eager personal interest in the details of public questions which has hitherto distinguished this nation and been envied by other nations, from some fatal notion that our common-sense judgments are not scientific enough to be trustworthy? Are we ready to sacrifice our healthy political energy and zeal in the pursuit of scientific exactness?

To this question I might give one very simple and direct answer, which has indeed already been given by others. We really ought to be somewhat more quietistic than we are, to have less faith in the blind zeal which on all questions has a violent opinion ready, and thinks it cannot go far wrong under the guidance of honest intentions and unselfish views. Honest intentions will not supply the place of accurate knowledge. It is wholly a mistake to suppose that the vague, hasty impressions of honest men on large questions are pretty sure to be right in the main, and will only err in unimportant details. The errors and confusion into which well-intentioned men fall by applying to great public affairs their loose private notions of wisdom and justice, are not small, but enormous. If, indeed, there were no choice between forming such inadequate judgments and forming no judgments at all, we might tolerate the greatest errors rather than damp their zeal. But as we start from the possibility of instituting a system of political education, that is, from the possibility of enabling ordinary men to form a sound judgment in politics, we must assert the necessity of the same quietism in politics, that men practise in every other subject that they take up seriously. Men must take time and thought; they must prepare and qualify themselves before entering upon political action. Zeal without knowledge is as dangerous here as in other departments. It may be morally better to be zealous in politics even on the wrong side than to be indifferent about them, and yet the effect of such zeal may easily be worse

than the effect of indifference. Blind turbulent zeal may be a good commencement, because it may put off its blind turbulence with better instruction, but it is not a good symptom when it lasts long or becomes chronic. And our party-heats, of which so many are proud, as if they proved political energy, last too long. They show too little disposition to give place to a calmer form of energy. They are too much like those religious fervours of the seventeenth century, under the reign of which each contending zealot prided himself chiefly on his own unteachableness, so that on one occasion, as I remember, Oliver Cromwell himself, in reasoning with Scotch Presbyterianism, was provoked to the emphatic exclamation, "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ *think it possible you may be mistaken!*"

But apart from this general consideration, another answer may be given to the question how impartiality in history may be made consistent with political earnestness, an answer which was indicated slightly in the last paper. I shall try to show that those party differences of which we make so much, as though they were radical and fundamental, as though they resembled the eternal hostility of good and evil, and like that extended through all past time, are not really so serious, and that when they are looked at through a calmer medium than the atmosphere of controversy, they dwindle and appear narrowly limited in time as well as diminished in importance. I do not affect to slight their value in practical politics, or to propose a better system for carrying on parliamentary government. I only submit that they need not be allowed to hamper our studies, that we are not to confound political factions with philosophical schools, or to suppose that because they struggle with such ardour and carry on their strife so long, therefore they represent very great or profound principles. What we observe in religious parties may easily be true also of political

ones, viz., that there is no correspondence at all between the heat of the controversy and the importance of the question discussed. And when once we admit this possibility it will strike us that, considering the strong temptation either side in politics must feel to dignify its cause by inscribing the grandest possible principles on its banner, it would not be wonderful if an altogether delusive theory of parties had sprung up, giving dignity to quarrels really insignificant, and an imaginary unity to the desultory, disconnected parliamentary controversies of successive generations. It is certainly a current opinion among us that our party-war, which has been handed down through so many generations, is always substantially the same, though the particular questions discussed may differ, and even the names of the parties may alter. We think that Conservatives and Liberals might just as well be called Tories and Whigs, being certainly at issue on the same questions, and it scarcely occurs to us to imagine that even while the names continued the same the questions at issue might change repeatedly, and the Tories or Whigs of one time have really no resemblance to those of another. It is because we think thus that we find ourselves hampered both in studying and teaching our history. And yet, if we will consider it, this current opinion is only a theory, nay, a theory not by any means easy to verify. If it should be actually an illusion, if the appearances which support it should have been artificially contrived to gratify the vanity of the parties themselves, to feed their enthusiasm and so hold them together, then though after making the discovery we should feel for a time that English history had become more confused, more difficult to understand than before, yet we should also feel that it had been thrown open for study, that the conscience-clause might immediately be repealed, and that a general political education was made possible.

I referred to the extravagant doctrine

taught by Lord Stanhope, that between Queen Anne and William IV. the Whigs and Tories had actually exchanged their opinions, and I remarked that the facts he adduces are none the less interesting in themselves because they will not support such an incredible conclusion. I select one of them, which seems to me particularly well calculated to throw doubt on the current doctrine of the continuity of parties. The Tories of the present century have been in the main, whether for good or for evil, the war party of the country. Whether it has been from regard for the country's honour, as they would say, or from aggressiveness, as their opponents would say, this has been the character of the party since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Now nothing can be more certain than that they had precisely the opposite character, and were pre-eminently the party of peace during the period between the English Revolution and the American War. The favourite charge against them in those days was that they made ignominious treaties of peace, just as in these days they are charged with making unnecessary wars. Compare the two great periods of war with France, which are so remarkably parallel to each other, that between 1688 and 1713, and that between 1793 and 1815. William III. and Marlborough correspond closely in the one period to William Pitt and Wellington in the other. The one is the steadfast statesman of the time of adverse fortune, the pilot that weathered the storm; the other is the victorious general of the season of final triumph. Now in both periods there was a pertinacious party which opposed these leaders, which preached peace and struggled hard to draw the country out of her foreign complications. As in the later period this peace-party was the Whigs, in the earlier it was the Tories.

In the later period the efforts of this peace-party were unsuccessful. The war was fought out to the end, and Wel-

lington's course of victory was not interrupted. It was otherwise in the time when the Tories were the peacemakers. They were far more successful. They succeeded in arresting the triumphant career of Marlborough. They broke up the Grand Alliance, they rescued France, and they made the Treaty of Utrecht. I am not now concerned with the merits of that treaty. It used to be spoken of as one of the great blots upon our history, though Macaulay, perhaps feeling how closely parallel had been the conduct of the Whigs in the later war to that of the party that made the Treaty of Utrecht, declares that on the main question involved in it the Tories were in the right and the Whigs in the wrong. Whether right or wrong, wise or unwise, the treaty is a signal proof that the Tories of that time were principally distinguished from the Whigs by their devotion to peace and their aversion to a grand and enterprising foreign policy.

Nor was this the mere effect of a passing grudge or of malice against the great general who had left them for the Whigs. For it happened that half-a-century later they had another opportunity of showing their fidelity to the principle of avoiding military complications on the Continent—that principle which, as the sturdy old Tory Johnson tells us, “has been held by all those who at any time have understood the true interest of England.” They had then been excluded from political power for two whole reigns, and during the time of their exclusion the Whig Walpole had gained, as I think, undeserved credit for having first drawn England into the paths of peace, when in fact he had only adopted the principles of the Treaty of Utrecht. At the moment when George III. came to the throne the days of Marlborough seemed to have returned. The elder Pitt was in his glory, and France was again sinking under the blows of her old rival. The minister had not forgotten the sudden reverse which overtook Marlborough in the moment of

his triumph. He was heard to say that he at least would never be responsible for another Treaty of Utrecht. And he kept his word, for he retired in time. But he could not save the country from another Treaty of Utrecht. We broke loose from our alliance with Frederick of Prussia not less abruptly than half a century before we had abandoned the Dutch and the Emperor. And how was this? It was because this was the moment of the return of the Tories to public life, and they lost no time in asserting their favourite principle. They tried to introduce into the young king's first speech the phrase "a bloody and expensive war."

Here surely is an example of the shifting nature of party principles which almost justifies Lord Stanhope in exclaiming, the Whigs have become Tories and the Tories Whigs. Is it possible then that in those days the Tories were like our modern industrialists who are terrified at the waste of wealth which war involves, or that they were a humanitarian party shocked at its horrors? No! on further inquiry we find indeed that they were just as far from modern Liberalism as from the opinions of those who at this day are called by their name, but on the other hand we are struck with the strangeness of their view and with its want of all relation to the politics of the present day. The old Tories had a horror of foreign wars because foreign wars demand a large standing army. And why did they object to a large standing army? Not so much because it costs money, not so much because it withdraws the population from industry, as because it was supposed to be dangerous to liberty. The king surrounded by his paid troops seemed to them like one of the military tyrants of antiquity. They feared that sooner or later he would use his military force against the constitution.

Now, of course, it is quite possible that a party may alter and even re-

verse its mere policy to suit the circumstances of a new time, and yet continue faithful to its old principles. But in this old-world doctrine of non-intervention what is there that reminds us even of the principles which, according to the current notion, constitute Toryism? For we expect to find the Tory on the side of authority against liberty, and less jealous at any rate than the Whigs of despotism. And yet in that age it was the Tory party that most anxiously guarded the country against those long wars which are favourable to the growth of an imperial authority.

Let me now give another example of the difference between those old parties and the parties which during the present century have borne their names. Who does not know that the Whigs are the champions of progress, of wise and temperate, but on that account, as they say, all the surer, progress? Thus Macaulay, when he replies with his usual triumphant vigour to that very doctrine of Lord Stanhope's which we have been considering, takes for granted that this is and always has been the character of the party. The Whigs, he says, are no doubt not what they were in Queen Anne's time; true, because they have advanced so much. And the Tories are now what the Whigs were then, because they too cannot help advancing in spite of themselves, and they have taken a century to overtake the Whigs. We see that this writer knows how to make not merely history but even the philosophy of history as wonderful as romance! But it seems that it has never occurred to him to doubt that the Whigs always were the party of progress. And now look back and turn over what remains on record of the Whiggism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the Exclusion Bill down to the French Revolution, and see how much you can find in it about progress. It would be rash to say that you will find nothing; the idea of human society as a thing in the course of development, was in

those days one which might be taken up here and there by a speculative head, and there was nothing to prevent a Whig from adopting it. But what you will certainly find is that in the main such an idea was then wholly foreign to the essential creeds of both parties alike. The men of those days still lived in the old way of thinking. They looked back with reverence to the past; they were disposed to think themselves inferior to their ancestors, and their great endeavour in politics, as in other departments, was not to degenerate, not to let the stream carry them back. They did not, therefore, aspire to create new institutions but were content to preserve ancient ones, and to save them from falling a prey to the usurpations of a tyrant. The efforts of the old Whigs were of this kind. Those liberties which they fought for so manfully were *ancient liberties*. They appealed to statutes so old that a modern lover of progress would almost feel that morally they must have lost their validity by lapse of time. Thus, in the middle of the seventeenth century they resisted Charles I. because he encroached on rights which had been guaranteed to Parliament three centuries before, although it was not questioned that a usage in many respects different had grown up under the Tudors. We all think that they were right, and yet a modern believer in progress would hardly have rested the claims of Parliament on the same ground. He would have said much less about ancient precedent, and insisted much more upon the actual mischievousness of the king's encroachments; he would have taken pains to show that the higher prerogative of the Tudors was no longer necessary or endurable, and that the ancient rights of Parliament were not merely ancient but deserved on their own account to be revived. For a believer in progress is disposed to think that what is quite ancient may probably be obsolete, and when he sees it superseded gradually by a different practice will be inclined

to think that the new practice deserves the preference as being likely to be better adapted to the new time. What party would now present a Petition of Right to restore a state of things which had existed under Elizabeth or James I. and had been allowed to fall into abeyance since? Yet such was the profound conservatism of the champions of liberty who resisted Charles I., and whom we often see described as the leaders of the party of progress!

And yet, as I said, in those intensely Conservative times there were individuals who had anticipated the modern idea of progress. There were some who looked forward rather than backward, some who have left words which remind us of the famous Saint Simonian *dictum*—that that golden age which the vain imagination of men has placed at an immeasurable distance in the past is really before us. Let us think of some of these exceptional men.

The first who will occur to our thoughts is Lord Bacon. His mind was indeed possessed with the idea of progress, so that he has been aptly compared to a Moses, who looks from the mountain-top upon a Promised Land awaiting his people, which he is never himself to tread. It is no doubt from science that Bacon expects most, and yet in his political writings the same eager imagination is to be traced. They exhibit precisely the temper so characteristic of modern continental reformers, that reckless precipitance which makes too light of difficulties, and, in order to introduce great improvements, treats the rights of individuals somewhat uncereemoniously. Another of these exceptional men was probably Strafford. What! you will say, the great enemy of liberty! Yes, but an enemy of liberty may easily be a friend of reform, only too easily, for authority is a much readier instrument of reform than liberty. Look at the great despots of the eighteenth century; look at Frederick the Great and the Em-

peror Joseph. Neither had any regard for liberty, and Joseph destroyed it wherever it lingered in his dominions. Yet both were indefatigable reformers, both were possessed with the idea of progress. And it rather appears that Strafford ought to be classed with these, that the love of innovation which ruined him was a sincere, however injudicious, desire for improvement and reform. This at least is the judgment of the latest, the best, and hitherto almost the only impartial historian, of the period, Mr. Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner heartily disapproves of Strafford's policy; he regards him as a mischievous statesman; but at the same time he insists that we must put him into the right class of mischievous statesmen, that is, among those who, like Joseph II., have trampled on liberty in their too precipitate zeal for reform. Here are his words:—"At the bottom," writes Mr. Gardiner, "his life's work was contention, not so much for the royal authority as for the supremacy of intellect. . . . He stood for the king to bring order out of disorder, discipline out of anarchy. . . . Wisdom, simply because it was wise, was to bind folly and slothfulness to its ear, and to compel them to bear it swiftly onward on its triumphant path. He could not stoop to the slow and irregular *progress* which is all that can be expected when a nation guides its own course."

The third great Progressist of those times, whose name will occur to us, is Milton. He, too, looks onward. He sees glorious things which are yet to be, and indulges in prophecy. He is confident that the future will excel the past, and that those who cannot get on without a precedent, and murmur that "it was never yet seen in such a fashion," will some day learn that Providence is inventive and does not choose always to repeat itself.

Now of these three great Progressists none, to be sure, was ever in his lifetime called either Whig or Tory, for those names were first heard in English

politics a year or two after the youngest of the three, Milton, had left the scene. But all of them were engaged in party-conflicts which it is usual to regard as substantially the same as the conflict of Whigs and Tories. For in the fashionable view, the Roundheads and the followers of Eliot were virtually Whigs, the Cavaliers and followers of Strafford virtually Tories. This view regards without distinction the statesmen who represent the Court as the Tories, and those who in Parliament oppose the Court as the Whigs of their time. Observe, then, that two out of our three Progressists, Bacon and Strafford, would appear to have been not Whigs, but High Tories. Even the third, Milton, could not in the loosest classification be set down as a Whig. But even if he could, as no doubt the Whigs stood nearer to him than the Tories, still it would result that the doctrine of progress was in those days in no way peculiar to either of the two parties, that it was exceptional on both sides, but not at all more exceptional on one side than the other.

And as the Whigs of those times were not Progressists in theory, neither were they so in practice. This has been often admitted by those historians who have believed themselves to belong to their party. Certainly the two reigns of uninterrupted Whig government, those of George I. and George II., do not stand out in our history as a period of vigorous legislative reform. It was a prosperous period, because all great questions had been settled at the beginning of it, but politically it was a languid, inert period. When Walpole was humbly asked by the Dissenters when they might look forward to the removal of their disabilities, he replied, "Never!" and when the same minister appeared as a financial reformer, his scheme of an excise was opposed not less vehemently by the Whigs than the Tories. And for this the Whigs are not to be censured any more than the Tories as if they had forgotten their principles in the security of office. They had

forgotten no principles; so long as the Hanover settlement was safe, their consciences were at ease. To suppose that their name pledged them to a policy of continuous moderate reform is to associate with the name Whig notions which only became connected with it a century later.

Now this is a fundamental point. If the modern Whigs are Reformers, and the ancient Whigs were not, we may surely say that the two parties are fundamentally different, and any resemblances that can be shown between them must be of minor importance. Such resemblances no doubt can be pointed out; they are inevitable from the way in which our parties are propagated from generation to generation. For there is no solution of continuity, but a gradual process of modification conducted with regard to conventional decorum. They continue to be led by the same families, and they do their best to make the same watchwords serve them. But in spite of all such efforts these outward resemblances do not amount to much. Superficially, it is evident that parties are very unlike what they were. Our ancestors did not discuss Reform Bills; we do not quarrel over the dispensing power or the standing army. A substantial identity is all that can be—nay, all that usually is—claimed for them. The assumption commonly made is that there are such things as a Tory spirit and a Whig spirit, and that these are opposed to each other in the same way in every age. Now this is precisely what we find not to be the case. For that difference of spirit which we observe in the parties of the present day, namely, that the one looks forward and the other backward, that the one has faith in the future while the other seems afraid of it—this difference is not to be traced in the ancient parties, which seem both alike to cling to the past, and not to be familiar with the idea of progress.

As to the actual question which was agitated between those old parties, it

was evidently wholly different from that which is in issue between the parties of the present time—so different, that it is only by an unconscious mystification that any analogy can be established between them. I should myself go further, and say that the issue has been entirely changed several times in the course of our party-history. I should distinguish between the controversy of our own time and that of the reign of George III. before the French Revolution; again between the controversy of George III.'s time and that of the original Whigs and Tories from the Exclusion Bill to the accession of the House of Hanover; and again I should consider the controversy between Charles's parliaments and the party of Strafford and Laud to be radically different from that between the original Whigs and Tories. But to attempt to establish all this here would lead me too far. I will content myself with setting in opposition the present controversy, dating from the Reform Bill, and that of the original Whigs and Tories of the Revolution, which of all past party-controversies we know best because we have read of it in Macaulay.

Our generation then has lived in the midst of a controversy which has turned entirely on the question of reform. A great war occupying us for twenty years, at the very time when a great industrial revolution was going on at home, had created a cry for reform which may be compared with that which preceded in France the Revolution of 1789. The burden of debt and taxation and the throes of social transformation calling out on the one side for legislative change; on the other side the example of the French Revolution making all such change seem dangerous in the extreme—here was a violent opposition of feeling which led to a long party-controversy. "Is it safe to change ancient institutions?" this has been the question. "Perfectly safe!" some have answered;

"we need not think twice about it!" "Safe if you do it cautiously and gradually," say others. "Not safe, but yet in some cases inevitable," says a third party. "Wholly unsafe, and not to be thought of," says a fourth. Such is the debate we are all familiar with.

Now those who have lived all their lives in the midst of this controversy may no doubt easily fancy that it is a standing controversy wherever there have been political parties, and that our ancestors discussed it as pertinaciously and as perpetually as we do. That this was so seems proved by the fact that we talked of Whigs and Tories then and that we talk of Whigs and Tories now. And if you come to the study of the Stuart period with this preconception strong on your mind you may continue for a long time under the dominion of it. You find the ancient Tories at times speaking of the divine right of kings, and this reminds you of that sort of divine right of existing institutions which Conservatives seem sometimes to assert. On the other hand, the old Whigs discuss royal power in a rationalistic tone which resembles that of the modern Reformer when he argues for the removal of an old institution on the ground that it has ceased to be useful. But as you grow familiar with that old debate, and with the way of thinking of those who conducted it, you begin to think it a solecism in history, a confusion of two different phases of political consciousness, to identify it with the modern debate between Conservatives and Reformers. There was no question then of revising the institutions of the country, of putting each on its trial before the tribunal of reason. Both parties alike would have rejected such a thought with something like horror, for to both parties ancient institutions were almost equally sacred. Divine right might theoretically be maintained by Tory theorists and denied by their Whig opponents. But as in its strict form many Tories

rejected it, so in a wider sense many—perhaps most—Whigs practically accepted it. The Tory Bolingbroke ridicules it, and when at this day we denounce it, we commonly use the words of the Tory Pope, and speak of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," of "the enormous faith of many made for one." On the other hand one may remark in Edmund Burke, that even in the days when he was the great light and philosopher of Whiggism, he accepts the doctrine of divine right as it has been held by modern Conservatives. One may say that he believes in the divine right of the constitution, though not of the king. He denies the right of human reason to discuss fundamental political institutions. He thinks them divine in the same sense that the family is divine. And therefore without consciously abandoning old Whiggism he founded modern Conservatism. "I know," he said, "that there is an order which is made for me, and I am made for it. I might as well desire another wife and other children."

I fancy too that when we read our modern notions into that old controversy we efface other highly characteristic notions which really influenced the men of that time. That theory of divine right which seems to us so superstitious, expressed, I take it, for many Tories a perfectly practical and rational conviction. I confess I do not find the Tories of William and Anne's time to have been the friends or tools of arbitrary power that Macaulay describes them. He seems to me to suppress the positive side of their creed, which, nevertheless, was highly important. It was, I take it, in one word, opposition to military imperialism. I have already dwelt upon the constant zeal with which they opposed a spirited foreign policy as being likely to lead to a large standing army. Now this is precisely of a piece with all the rest of their action, and it is not difficult to penetrate to the fundamental thought which actuates

them. The Whigs are rightly considered as the successors of the party that opposed Charles I. Now, in like manner, the Tories oppose the system of Cromwell. Both parties alike are the opponents of arbitrary power, but to the Tories it presents itself under the image of the Lord Protector. They are afraid of a military Emperor—for Cromwell was an Emperor. While the other party fears to see another Charles I., supported by his bishops and his judges, they are haunted by the dread of a new Oliver, propped firmly upon a standing army and religious toleration. It is to meet this danger that the whole Tory creed is framed. They see the new Oliver rising first in William III., then in Marlborough. They see him fomenting wars on the Continent in order to maintain his army, and leaning on the Dissenters at home in order to revive the old Cromwellian connexion. Their policy therefore is one of peace and intolerance—in one word, anti-Cromwellianism. This is why the Tories applauded Addison's *Cato* as much as the Whigs, and this is the point of the Tory Bolingbroke's celebrated *bon mot*, when in the name of the Tory party he presented the actor with fifty guineas for having so well defended the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator. This, too, is the practical meaning of the theory of divine right. It means that you must cling to legitimism at all costs, because English experience has shown that there is no alternative but the rule of force, that is, the military dictator.

My space is exhausted before I have been able to do more than barely state my case. But I shall be content if I have made it conceivable how the serious study of history may

modify those party preconceptions in which most of us have been bred—if I have only made out a *prima facie* case for the opinion, which I cannot pretend here to establish, that the politics of this age are divided by a much greater gulf than is imagined from those of the old *régime* of Europe. Our modern politics took their rise in the French Revolution. It is easy, no doubt, to trace analogies between modern political controversies and the controversies of that old *régime*. But when we infer from such analogies that the change has only been apparent, and that the party-war is substantially the same that it always was, then, I say, we are radically mistaken. No, the resemblances are superficial, the differences are substantial. And still more is this remark applicable to older and remoter party-controversies. It is an unhistorical confusion, a false and shallow theory of history, concealing the true course of development, which imagines mankind as eternally debating the same question. And if this is so, you will see the consequence which follows from it. You will see that this truth throws open history to schools and universities, takes the interdict off it, and restores to it the place in education and culture to which it has a right. From the higher schools of education—where assuredly the hindrance is already little felt, for there the serious student soon sees these redoubtable party-disputes fade away and almost lose their meaning—a new tolerance, the result of wider views, may spread slowly downwards into popular education, until at last it may become possible for English people to draw some useful instruction from the history of their country.

J. R. SEELEY.

To be continued.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER LII.

"HAWORTH'S IS DONE WITH."

ALMOST at the same moment, Haworth was reading in his room at the Works the letter which had been left for himself.

"I have borne as much as I can bear," it ended. "My punishment for my folly is that I am a ruined man and a fugitive. My presence upon the scene, when the climax comes, would be of no benefit to either of us. Pardon me, if you can, for the wrong I have unintentionally done you. My ill-luck was sheerly the result of circumstances. Even yet, I cannot help thinking that there were great possibilities in my plans. But you will not believe this, and I will say no more.

"In haste,
"FFRENCH."

When Rachel Ffrench had finished reading her note, she had lighted a taper and held the paper to it until it was reduced to ashes, and had afterward turned away merely a shade paler and colder than before. Haworth having finished the reading of Ffrench's letter, sat for a few seconds staring down at it as it lay before him on the table. Then he burst into a brutal laugh.

After that, he sat stupefied—his elbows on the table, his head on his hands. He did not move for half an hour.

The Works saw very little of him during the day. He remained alone in his room, not showing himself, and one of the head clerks, coming in from the bank on business, went back mystified, and remarked in confidence to

a companion, that "things had a queer look."

He did not leave the Works until late, and then went home. All through the evening his mother watched him in her old tender way. She tried to interest him with her history of the Briarleys' bereavement and unexpected good fortune. She shed tears over her recital.

"So old, my dear," she said; "old enough to have outlived her own—an' her ways a little hard," wiping her eyes. "I'd like to be grieved for more, Jem—though perhaps it's only nat'ral as it should be so. She hadn't no son to miss her as you'll miss me. I shouldn't like to be the last, Jem."

He had been listening mechanically and he started and turned to her.

"The last?" he said. "Aye, it's a bit hard."

It was as if she had suggested a new thought to him of which he could not rid himself at once. He kept looking at her, his eyes wandering over her frail little figure and innocent old face restlessly.

"But I haven't no fear," she went on, "though we never know what's to come. But you're a strong man, and there's not like to be many more years for me—though I'm so well an' happy."

"You might live a score," he answered in an abstracted way, his eyes still fixed on her.

"Not without you," she returned. "It's you that's life to me—an' strength—an' peace." The innocent tears were in her voice again, and her eyes were bright with them.

He lay down a while but could not lie still. He got up and came and stood near her and talked, and then

moved here and there, picking up one thing and another, holding them idly for a few seconds and then setting them aside. At last she was going to bed and came to bid him good-night. He laid his hand on her shoulder caressingly.

"There's never been aught like trouble between us two," he said. "I've been a quiet enough chap, and different somehow—when I've been nigh you. What I've done, I've done for your sake and for the best."

In the morning the Works were closed, the doors of the bank remained unopened, and the news spread like wildfire from house to house and from street to street and beyond the limits of the town—until before noon it was known through the whole country side that Ffrench had fled and Jem Haworth was a ruined man.

It reached the public ear in the first instance in the ordinary commonplace manner through the individuals who had suddenly descended upon the place to take possession. A great crowd gathered about the closed gates and murmured and stared and anathematized.

"There's been summat up for mony a month," said one sage. "I've seed it. He wur na hissen, wur na Haworth."

"Nay," said another, "that he wur na. Th' chap has na been o' a decent spree sin' Ffrench coom."

"Happen," added a third, "*that* wur what started him on th' road downhill. A chap is na good fur much as has na reg'lar habits."

"Aye, an' Haworth wur reg'lar enow when he set up. Good Lord! who'd ha' thowt o' that chap i' bank-rup'cy!"

At the outset the feeling manifested was not unamiable to Haworth, but it was not very long before the closing of the bank dawned upon the public in a new light. It meant loss and ruin. The first man who roused the tumult was a burly farmer, who dashed into

the town on a sweating horse, spurring it as he rode and wearing a red and furious face. He left his horse at an inn, and came down to the bank, booted and spurred, and whip in hand.

"Wheer's Ffrench?" he shouted to the smaller crowd attracted there, and whose views as to the ultimate settlement of things were extremely vague. "Wheer's Ffrench an' wheer's Haworth?"

Half a dozen voices volunteered information regarding Ffrench, but no one knew anything of Haworth. He might be in a dozen places, but no one had yet seen him or heard of his whereabouts. The man began to push his way toward the building, swearing hotly. He mounted the steps and struck violently on the door with his whip.

"I'll mak' him hear if he's shut hissen i' here," he cried. "Th' shifty villain's got ivvery shillin' o' brass I've been savin' for my little wench for th' last ten year. I'll ha' it back, if it's to be gotten."

"Tha'lt ne'er see it again," shouted a voice in the crowd. "Tha'dst better ha' stuck to th' owd stocking', lad."

Then the uproar began. One luckless depositor after another was added to the crowd. They might easily be known among the rest by their pale faces. Some of them were stunned into silence, but the greater portion of them were loud and passionate in their outcry. A few women hung on the outskirts, wiping their eyes every now and then with their aprons, and sometimes bursting into audible fits of weeping.

"I've been goin' out charrin' for four year," said one, "to buy silks and satins fur th' gentry. Yo' nivver seed *her* i' owt else."

And all knew whom they meant, and joined in their shouts of rage.

Sometimes it was Ffrench against whom their anger was most violent—Ffrench, who had been born among them a gentleman, and who should

have been gentleman enough not to plunder and deceive them. And again it was Haworth—Haworth, who had lived as hard as any of them and knew what their poverty was, and should have done fairly by them, if ever man should.

In the course of the afternoon Murdoch, gathering no news of Haworth elsewhere, went to his house. A panic-stricken servant let him in and led him into the great room where he had spent his first evening long ago.

Despite its splendour, it looked empty and lifeless, but when he entered, there rose from a carved and satin upholstered chair in one corner a little old figure in a black dress—Jem Haworth's mother, who came to him with a white but calm face.

"Sir," were her greeting words, "where is he?"

"I came to see him," he answered, "I thought——"

"No," she interrupted, "he is not here. He has not been here since morning."

She began to tremble, but she shed no tears.

"There's been a good many to ask for him," she went on. "Gentlemen, an' them as was rough, an' didn't mind me bein' a woman an' old. They were harder than you'd think, an'—troubled as I've been, I was glad he was not here to see 'em. But I'd be more comfortable if I could rightly understand."

"I can only tell you what I know," he said. "It isn't much. I have only gathered it from people on the streets."

He led her back to her chair, and did not loosen his light grasp on her hand while he told her the story as he had heard it. His own mood was so subdued that it was easier than he had thought to use words which would lighten the first weight of the blow.

She asked no questions after his explanation was over.

"He's a poor man," she said at last,

"—a poor man, but—we was poor before."

Suddenly her tears burst forth.

"They've said hard things to me to-day," she cried. "I don't believe 'em, Jem, my dear—now less than ever."

He comforted her as best he could. He could easily understand what they had told her, how much of the truth and how much of angry falsehood.

"When he comes back," she said, "I shall be here to meet him. Wherever he is, an' however much he's broke down with trouble, he knows that. He'll come here to-night, an' I shall be here."

Before he went away he asked if he might send Christian or his mother to her. But though she thanked him, she refused.

"I know how good they be," she said, "an' what a comfort in the lonesomeness, but when he comes he'll want to be alone, an' a unfamiliar face might trouble him."

But he did not come back. The day went on, and the excitement increased and waned by turns. The crowd grew and surged about the bank and shouted itself hoarse, and would have broken a few windows if it had not been restrained by the police force, who appeared upon the field; and there were yells for Haworth and for French, but by this time Mr. French had reached Rotterdam, and Haworth was—no one knew where, since he had not been seen at all. And when at length dusk fell upon the town, the crowd had dwindled away and gone home by ones and twos, and in Jem Haworth's house sat his mother, watching and waiting, and straining her ears to catch every passing sound.

She had kept up her courage bravely through the first part of the day, but the strangers who came one after the other, and sometimes even two or three together, to demand her son with loud words and denunciations, and even threats, were a sore trial to her. Some of them flung their evil stories

at her without remorse, taking it for granted that they were nothing new to her ears, and even those who had some compunction muttered among themselves and hinted angrily at what the others spoke outright. Her strength began to give way, and she quailed and trembled before them, but she never let their words pass without a desperate effort to defend her boy. Then they stared or laughed at her, or went away in sullen silence, and she was left to struggle with her grief and terror alone until some new call was made upon her, and she must bear all again. When the twilight came she was still alone, and sat in the darkened room battling against a dread which had crept slowly upon her. Of all those who had come none had known where he was. They did not know in the town, and he had not come back.

"He might go," she whispered, "but he'd not go without me. He's been true and fond of his mother, let them say what they will. He'd never leave me alone."

Her thoughts went back over the long years from his birth to the day of his highest success. She remembered how he had fought with fate, and made his way and refused to be conquered. She thought of the wealth he had won, the power, the popularity, and of his boast that he had never been beaten, and she began to sob in the shadow of her corner.

"He's lost it all," she cried. "An' he won it with his own hands an' worked for it an' bore up agen a world! An' it's gone!"

It was when she came to this point that her terror seized on her as it had never done before. She got up shaking in every limb.

"I'll go to him myself," she said. "Who should go to him: but his mother? Who should find him an' be a help to him if I can't? Jem—Jem, my dear, it's *me* that's comin' to you—*me*!"

He had been sitting in a small back

office in the Bank all through the day when they had been calling and searching for him. He had got in early and locked the door and waited, knowing well enough all that was to come. It was no feeling of fear that made him keep hidden; he had done with fear if he had ever felt it in his life. He knew what he was going to do and he laid his plans coolly. He was to stay here and do the work that lay before him and leave things as straight as he could, and then at night when all was quiet he would make his way out in the dark and go to the Works. It was only a fancy, this of going to the Works, but he clung to it persistently.

He had never been clearer-headed in his life—only, sometimes as he was making a calculation or writing a letter he would dash down his work and fall to cursing.

"There's not another chap in England that had done it," he would say, "And it's gone!—it's gone!—it's gone!"

Then again he would break into a short laugh, remembering the M. P. and his speech and poor Ffrench's stumbling, overwhelmed reply to it. When he heard the crowd shouting and hooting at the front, he went into a room facing the street and watched them through a chink in the shutter. He heard the red-faced farmer's anathemas, and swore a little himself, knowing his story was true.

"Tha shalt have all Haworth can give, chaps," he muttered, "an' welcome. He'll tak' nowt with him."

He laughed again but suddenly stopped, and walked back into the little office silently and waited there.

At night-fall he went out of a back door and slipped through unfrequented by-ways, feeling his heart beat with heavy thuds as he went. Nothing stood in his way and he got in, as he believed he should. The instant his foot crossed the threshold a change came upon him. He forgot all else but what lay before him. He was less calm, and in some little hurry.

He reached his room and lighted the gas dimly—only so that he could see to move about. Then he went to his desk and opened it and took out one of a pair of pistols, speaking aloud as he did so.

"Here," he said, "is the end of Jem Haworth."

He knew where to aim, the heavy thuds marked the spot for him, and his hand was steady.

He had said he would count three before he pulled the trigger, and he had counted but two when he stopped and his hand fell at his side with his weapon in it.

For at the door his mother stood. In an instant she had fallen upon her knees and dragged herself toward him and was clinging to his hand.

"No—Jem!" she panted. "No, not that, my dear—Jesus Christ forbid!"

He staggered back though she still clung to him.

"How," he faltered, "how did you come here?"

"The Lord led me," she sobbed. "He put it into my heart and showed me the way, an' you had forgot the door, Jem—thank God!"

"You—saw—what I was going to do?"

"What you *was* goin' to do, but what you'll never do, Jem, an' me to live an' suffer when it's done—me as you've been so good an' such a comfort to."

In the dim light she knelt sobbing at his feet.

"Let me sit down," he said. "And sit down nigh me. I've summat to tell you."

But though he sank into the chair she would not get up but kept her place in spite of him and went on.

"To-day there have been black tales told you?" he said.

"Yes," she cried, "but——"

"They're true," he said, "th' worst on 'em."

"No—no!"

He stopped her by going on monotonously as if she had not spoken.

"Think of the worst you've ever known—you've not known much—and then say to yourself, 'He's worse a hundred times'; think of the blackest you have ever known to be done, and then say to yourself, 'What he's done's blacker yet.' If any chap has told you I've stood at naught until there was next to naught I'd left undone, he spoke true. If there was any one told you I set th' decent ones by the ears and laughed 'em in the face, he spoke true. If any o' 'em said I was a dread and a by-word, they spoke true, too. The night you came there were men and women in th' house that couldn't look you in th' face, and that felt shame for th' first time in their lives—mayhap—because you didn't know what they were, an' took 'em to be as innocent as yourself. There's not a sin I haven't tasted, nor wrong I've not done. I've had murder in my mind, an' planned it. I've been mad for a woman not worth even what Jem Haworth had to give her—and I've won all I'd swore I'd win—an' lost it! Now tell me if there's aught else to do but what I've set my mind on?"

She clung to his heavy hand as she had not clung to it before, and laid her withered cheek upon it and kissed it. Bruised and crushed as she was with the blows he had dealt, she would not let it go free yet. Her words came from her lips a broken cry, with piteous sobs between them. But she had her answer ready.

"That as I've thanked God for all my life," she said, "He'll surely give me in the end. He couldn't hold it back—I've so believed an' been grateful to Him. If there hadn't been in you what would make a good man, my dear, I couldn't have been so deceived an' so happy. No—not deceived—that ain't the word, Jem—the good was there. You've lived two lives, maybe,—but one was good, thank God! You've been a good son to me. You've

never hurt me, an' it was your love 'as hid from me the wrong you did. You did love me, Jem — I won't give that up—never. There's nothing you've done as can stand agen that with her as is your mother. You loved me an' was my own son—my boy as was a comfort an' a pride to me from the first."

He watched her with a stunned look.

"You didn't believe *them*," he said hoarsely, "and you don't believe *me*!"

She put her hand to her heart and almost smiled.

"It hasn't come home to me yet," she said. "I don't think it ever will."

He looked helplessly toward the pistol on the table. He knew it was all over and he should not use it.

"What," he said, in the same hoarse voice, "must I do?"

"Get up," she said, "and come with me. I'm a old woman, but my heart's strong, an' we've been poor before. We'll go away together an' leave it all behind—all the sorrow of it an' the sin an' the shame. The life I *thought* you lived, my dear, is to be lived yet. Theer's places where they won't know us an' where we can begin again. Get up and come with me."

He scarcely grasped what she meant at first.

"With you?" he repeated. "You want me to go now?"

"Yes," she answered, "for Christ's sake, my dear, now."

He began to see the meaning and possibility of her simple, woman's plan, and got up ready to follow her. And then he found that the want of food and the long day had worn upon him so that he was weak. She put her arm beneath his and tried to support him.

"Lean on me, my dear," she said; "I'm stronger than you think."

They went out, leaving the empty room and the pistol on the table and the dim light burning. And then they had locked the gate and were out-

side with the few stars shining above and the great black Works looming up before them.

He stopped a moment to look back and up and remembered, the key. Suddenly he raised it in his hand and flung it across the top of the locked gate; they heard it fall inside upon the pavement with a clang.

"They'll wonder how it came there," he said. "They'll take down the name to-morrow. 'Haworth's' is done with!"

He turned to her and said "Come."

His voice was a little stronger. They went down the lane together, and were lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER LIII.

"A BIT O' GOOD BLACK."

GRANNY DIXON was interred with pomp and ceremony, or, at least, with what appeared pomp and ceremony in the eyes of the lower social stratum of Broxton.

Mrs. Briarley's idea concerning the legacy left her had been of the vaguest. Her revered relative had shrewdly kept the amount of her possessions strictly to herself, if, indeed, she knew definitely what they were. She had spent but little, discreetly living upon the expectations of her kindred. She had never been known to give anybody anything, and had dealt out the money to be expended upon her own wants with a close hand. Consequently, the principal, which had been a mystery from the first, had accumulated in an agreeably steady manner.

Between her periodic fits of weeping in her character of sole legatee, Mrs. Briarley speculated with matronly prudence upon the possibility of the interest even amounting to "a matter o' ten or fifteen shillin' a week," and found the pangs of bereavement materially softened thereby. There was a great deal of consolation to be derived from "ten or fifteen shillin' a week."

"I'll ha' a bit o' good black," she

said, "an' we'll gi' her a noice buryin'." Only a severe sense of duty to the deceased rescued her from tempering her mournfulness with an air of modest cheer.

The "bit o' good black" was the first investment. There was a gown remarkable for much stiffness of lining and a tendency to crackle upon every movement of the wearer, and there was a shawl of great weight and size, and a bonnet which was a marvel of unmitigated affliction as expressed by floral decorations of black crape and beads.

"Have thee beads i' thy bonnet an' a pair o' black gloves, mother," said Janey, "an' tha'tt be dressed up for onct i' thy loife. Eh! but I'd loike to go i' mournin' mysen."

"Aye, and so tha should, Jane Ann, if I could afford it," replied Mrs. Briarley. "Theer's nowt loike a bit o' black fur makkin foak look dressed. Theer's summat cheerful about it, i' a quiet way. But nivver thee moind, tha'tt get these here things o' moine when I'm done wi' 'em, an' happen tha'tt ha' growed up to fit th' bonnet by then."

The occasion of the putting on of the festive garb was Mrs. Briarley's visit to Manchester to examine into the state of her relative's affairs, and such was the effect produced upon the mind of Mr. Briarley by the air of high life surrounding him that he retired into the late Mrs. Dixon's chair and wept copiously.

"I nivver thowt to see thee dressed up i' so much luckshury, Sararann," he said, "an' it sets me back. Tha does na look loike thysen. Tha looks as though tha moight be one o' th' nobility, goin' to th' Duke o' Wellington's funeral to ride behoid th' hearse. I'm not worthy o' thee. I've nivver browt thee luck. I'm a misforchnit cha——"

"If tha'd shut thy mouth an' keep it shut till some one axes thee to open it, tha'd do well enow," interposed Mrs. Briarley, with a manifest weakening toward the culprit even in the midst

of her sternness. "He is na so bad," she used to say, leniently, "if he hadna been born a foo'."

But this recalled to Mr. Briarley such memories as only plunged him into deeper depression.

"Theer is na many as axes me to open it i' these days, Sararann," he said, with mournfulness. "It has na oppen't to mich purpose for many a day. Even th' hospittyblest on 'em gets toired o' a chap as sees nowt but misforchin. I mowt as well turn teetotal an' git th' credit on it. Happen theer's a bit o' pleasure to be gotten out o' staggerin' through th' streets wi' a banner i' th' Whit-week possession. I dunnot know. I've thowt mysen as happen th' tea a chap has to drink when th' excitement's ower, an' th' speeches ud a'most be a drorback even to that. But I mun say I've thowt o' tryin'."

It may be remarked that since Mrs. Briarley's sudden accession to fortune, Mr. Briarley's manner had been that of an humble and sincere penitent whose sympathies were slowly but surely verging toward the noble cause of temperance. He had repeatedly deplored his wanderings from the path of sobriety and rectitude with tearful though subdued eloquence, and frequently intimated a mournful inclination to "jine th' teetotals." Though, strange to say, the effect of these sincere manifestations had not been such as to restore in the partner of his joys and sorrows that unlimited confidence which would allow of her confiding to his care the small amount he had once or twice feebly suggested her favouring him with "to settle wi'" a violent and not to be pacified creditor of whom he stated he stood in bodily fear.

"I dunnot know as I ivver seed a chap as were as desp'rit ower a little," he remarked. "It is na but eighteenpence, an' he ses he'll ha' it, or—or see about it. He stands at th' street corner—near th' 'Who'd ha' Thowt it,'—an' he will na listen to owt. He

says a chap as has coom i' to property can pay eighteenpence. He wunnot believe me," weakly, "when I say as it is na me as has gotten th' brass, but yo'. It mak's him worse to try to mak' him understand. He will na believe me, an' he's a chap as would na stand back at owt. Theer wur a man i' Marfort as owed him thrippence as he—he mashed i' to a jelly, Sararann—an' it wur fur thrippence."

"Aye," said Mrs. Briarley, dryly, "an' theer's no knowin' what he'd do fur eighteenpence. Theer's a bad lookout fur *thee*, sure enow!"

Mr. Briarley paused and surveyed her for a few seconds in painful silence. Then he looked at the floor, as if appealing to it for assistance, but even here he met with indifference, and his wounded spirit sought relief in meek protestations.

"Tha has na no confydence in me, Sararann," he said. "Happen th' tee-totals would na ha' neyther, happen they wouldn't, an, wheer's th' use o' a chap thinkin' o' j'inin' 'em when they mowt ha' no confydence i' him. When a mon's fam'ly mistrusts him, an' has na no belief in what he says, he canna help feelin' as he is na incouraged. Tha is na incouragin', Sararann—theer's wheer it is."

But when, after her visit to Manchester, Mrs. Briarley returned, even Mr. Briarley's spirits rose, though under stress of circumstances and in private. On entering the house Mrs. Briarley sank into a chair, breathless and overawed.

"It's two pound ten a week, Janey!" she announced in a hysterical voice. "An' tha can ha' thy black as soon as tha wants it." And at once burst into luxurious weeping.

Janey dropped on to a stool, rolled her arms under her apron and sat gasping.

"Two pound ten a week!" she exclaimed. "I dunnot believe it!"

But she was persuaded to believe by means of sound proof and solid argument, and even the proprieties were

scarcely sufficient to tone down the prevailing emotion.

"Theer's a good deal to be gotten wi' two pound ten a week," soliloquised Mr. Briarley in his corner. "I've heerd o' heads o' fam'lies as wur 'low-anced. Summat could be done wi' three shillin' a week. Wi' four shillin' a chap could be i' parydise."

But this, be it observed, was merely soliloquy, and timorously in the temporary security afforded by the prevailing excitement.

At the funeral the whole family appeared clothed in new garments of the most sombre description. There were three black coaches, and Mrs. Briarley was supported by numerous friends who alternately cheered and condoled with her.

"Tha mun remember," they said, "as she's better off, poor thing."

Mr. Briarley, who had been adorned with a hat-band of appalling width and length, and furthermore inserted into a pair of gloves some inches too long in the fingers, overcame his emotion at this juncture sufficiently to make an endeavour to ingratiate himself. He withdrew his handkerchief from his face and addressed Mrs. Briarley.

"Aye," he said, "tha mun bear up Sararann. She *is* better off—happen—an' so are we." And he glanced round with a faint smile, which, however, faded out with singular rapidity, and left him looking somewhat aghast.

CHAPTER LIV.

"IT WILL BE TO YOU."

THEY found the key lying within the locked gate, and when they went in, the dim light burning and the pistol loaded upon the table. The great house stood empty with all its grandeur intact. The servants had been paid their wages a few days before the crash, and they went away. Nothing had been moved, nothing taken. The creditors, who found to their amazement that all was left in their

hands to dispose of as they chose, agreed that this was not an orthodox case of absconding. Haworth was a more eccentric fellow than they had thought.

One man alone understood. This was Murdoch, who, amid all the buzz of excited amazement, said nothing even to those in his own house. When he heard the story of the pistol and the key, his first thought was a sudden recollection of the silence of the great place at night—the deadness of it and the sense of desolation it brought. It was a terrible thing to remember this, and then picture a ruined man standing alone in the midst of it, a pistol in his hand and only the low light burning.

"We did not understand each other very well," he said, dreadingly, "but we were friends in our way."

And the man's farewell as he stood at the carriage door in the shadow, came back to him again and again like an echo repeating itself.

"If there's aught in what's gone by that's for me—remember it!"

Even before his return home, Murdoch had made up his mind as to what his course for the next few years was to be. His future was assured, and he might follow his idlest fancy.

But his fancies were not idle. They reached forward to freedom and new labours when the time came. He wanted to be alone, for a while at least, and he was to return to America. His plan was to travel with a purpose in view, and to fill his life with work which would leave him little leisure.

Rachel Ffrench had not left her father's house yet. Saint Méran had gone away with some suddenness immediately after the dinner-party at which the political economist had reigned. Various comments had been made on his departure, but it was not easy to arrive at anything like a definite conclusion. Miss Ffrench was seen no more in the town. Only a few servants remained with her in the house, and these maintained that she

was going to Paris to her father's sister, with whom she had lived before her return from abroad. They added that there was no change in her demeanour, that she had dismissed their companions without any explanation. One, it is true, thought she was rather thin—and had "gone off her looks," but this version was not popular, and considered out of accordance with the ideal of her character held in the public mind.

"She does na care," it was said. "*She* is na hurt. Her brass is safe enow, an' that's aw as ud be loike to trouble her. Pale i'deed! She's too high an' moighty."

Murdoch made his preparations for departure as rapidly as possible. They were rather for his mother and Christian than for himself. They were to leave Broxton also, and he had found a home for them elsewhere. One day, as they sat in the little parlour, he rose hurriedly and went to Christian and took both her hands.

"Try to be happy," he said. "Try to be happy."

He spared no effort to make the future bright for them. He gave no thought to himself, his every hour was spent in thinking and for devising new comfort for them.

But at last all was ready, and there was but one day left to them.

The Works were still closed, and would not be re-opened for some weeks, but he had obtained permission to go down to his room and remove his possessions if he chose. So on the morning of this last day he let himself into his "den," and shut himself up in it. Once behind the closed doors, he began a strange labour. He emptied drawers and desk, and burnt every scrap of paper to ashes—drawings, letters, all! Then he destroyed the delicate models and every other remnant of his past labours. There was not so much as an envelope or blotting-pad remaining. When he had done he had made a clean sweep. The room was empty, cold, and bare. He sat down, at last,

in the midst of its desolate orderliness.

At that moment a hand was laid upon the door-handle and the door opened; there was a rustle of a woman's dress—and Rachel Ffrench stood before him!

"What," he said, rising slowly to meet her, "what are you doing here, in Heaven's name?"

She cast one glance around the bare room.

"It is true! You are going away!"

"Yes," he answered, "I am going. I have done my last work here to-day."

She made a step forward and stood looking at him. She spoke under her breath.

"Every one is going. My father has left me—I——"

A scarlet spot came out on her cheek, but she did not withdraw her eyes.

"Saint Méran has gone also."

Gradually, as she looked at him, the blood receded from her face and left it like a mask of stone.

"I"—she began, in a sharp whisper, "do you not see? Do you not understand? Ah—my God!"

There was a chair near her and she fell into it, burying her face in the crushed velvet of her mantle as she bowed herself upon the table near.

"Hush!" she cried, "do not speak to me! That it should be I who stooped, and for this—for this! That having battled against my folly so long, I should have let it drag me to the dust at last!"

Her passionate sobs suffocated her. She could not check or control them. Her slender fingers writhed in their clasp upon each other.

"I never thought of *this*, God knows!" he said, hoarsely, "though there have been hours when I could have sworn that you had loved me once. I have thought of all things, but never of this—never that you could repent."

She lifted her head.

"That I should repent!" she cried.

"Repent! Like this!"

"No," he returned, "I never thought of that, I swear!"

"And it is you," she cried, with scorn—"you, who stand there and look at me and tell me that it is all over!"

"Is it *my* fault that it is all over?" he demanded. "Is it?"

"No," she answered, "that is my consolation."

He drew nearer to her.

"You left me nothing," he said, "—nothing. God knows what saved me. I do not. *You* loved me? You battled against your love?" He laughed aloud. "I was a madman under your window night after night. Forget it, if you can. I cannot. 'Oh! that I should have stooped for this,' you say. No, it is that I who have loved you should stand here with empty hands!"

She had bowed her face and was sobbing again. But suddenly she rose.

"If I did not know you better," she said, "I should say this was revenge."

"It would be but a poor one," he answered her coldly.

She supported herself with one hand on the chair's back.

"I have fallen very low," she said, "so low that I was weaker than I thought. And now, as you say, 'it is over.' Your hands are empty! Oh! it was a poor passion, and this is the fitting end for it!"

She moved a little toward the door and stopped.

"Good-bye," she said.

In a moment more all that was left was a subtle breath of flower-like fragrance in the atmosphere of the bare room.

It was an hour before he passed through the iron gates, though there had been nothing left to be done inside.

He came out slowly, and having locked the gate, turned toward the Broxton road.

He was going to the little graveyard. It had been a dull gray day, but by the time he reached the place the sun had crept through the clouds and brightened them, and noting it, he felt some vague comfort. It was a desolate place when there was no sun.

When he reached the mound he stood looking down. Since the night he had lain by it looking up at the sky and had made his resolve, the grass had grown longer and thicker, and turned from green to brown and rustled as it moved.

He spoke aloud, just as he had done before.

"It is done," he said. "Your thought was what you dreamed it would be. I have kept my word."

He stopped as if for an answer.

But it was very still—so still that the silence was like a Presence. And the mound at his feet lay golden brown in the sunlight, even its long grass unstirred.

They left Broxton the next day and in a week he set sail. As the ship moved away he stood leaning on the taffrail watching a figure upon the shore. It was a girl in a long cloak of gray almost the colour of the mist in which she stood—a slender motionless figure—the dark young face turned seaward.

He watched her until he could see her face no longer; but still she had not stirred.

"When I return," he said, scarcely conscious that he spoke, "when I return—it will be to you."

Then the grayness closed about her and she faded slowly from his sight.

CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.¹

To many other hopeful signs afforded by the last few years of an increasing interest in the well-being of the stage in England, may be added the welcome that has been accorded to memorials and biographies of divers leading members of that profession. Within ten years, for example, have appeared a memoir of Charles Mayne Young, by his son; the autobiography and journals of Macready; biographies of Edmund Kean and the principal members of the Kemble family, including the most interesting journals of Mrs. Butler; to which may be added—though the contribution to the stock is slighter in point of bulk—a charming essay in the *Quarterly Review* on Garrick, which we violate no confidence in attributing to the genial hand of Mr. Theodore Martin. And now we have to acknowledge a further addition to the number in the life of the late Charles Mathews, which Mr. Charles Dickens has put together, by consent of the family, from materials collected by the late comedian with a view to publication. The editor has done his work of arrangement with great judgment, and has been only too modest in the part he has allotted to himself. His remarks and criticisms, so far as they go, are so judicious that it makes us the more regret that he had not allowed himself greater scope on this head, and had not attempted a more formal estimate of the place filled in the past forty years' history of the stage by the distinguished subject of his memoir.

The charm of the memoir, however—as we are sure Mr. Dickens would

be the first to admit—belongs to a feature in which the editor makes no appearance at all. The greater part of the memoir consists of Mathews' autobiography and letters, and these have been very properly published as they were left by the writer, though it is probable that had the writer lived to edit them himself they might have undergone some change in passing through the press. For a distinct change of style is visible as the writer becomes used to a form of composition, doubtless at the outset unfamiliar to him. In the opening pages of the autobiography there is too much of the conventional and rather forced humour of the comic author and the after-dinner speech-maker. But as the writer settles down to his work, and becomes really interested in it, the merely comic vein subsides, and he comes to evince narrative power of considerable mark. And certainly, as the following rapid abstract of the book may serve to show, Charles Mathews had no lack of incident and adventure in his life on which to employ his skill.

Charles Mathews was born as long ago as 1803, and those who saw him the year before last in *My Awful Dad*, or some other piece of his older *répertoire*, might well doubt whether the still unflagging spirit was that of a man in his seventy-fifth year. The unflagging spirit began early, and the first reminiscences that the writer has to record are those of the scrapes he got into at school through a too early development of animal spirits. His father had sent him to Merchant Taylors' with a view to a scholarship, the University to follow, and the Church as a profession, but he made little or no progress in his school studies. "The fact is, I was a dunce;

¹ *The Life of C. J. Mathews, chiefly Autobiographical; with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches.* Edited by Charles Dickens. In 2 vols. Macmillan and Co.

there is no disguising the truth ;" and a dunce he might have remained but for—literally—a happy accident.

For some offence against school-discipline, involving a broken head, an angry correspondence arose between Mathews' parents and the authorities of the school, which ended in the removal of the boy. This led to his being placed at a private school at Clapham, kept by the well-known lexicographer, Dr. Richardson, where, he tells us, "in the company of many boys I knew—especially the sons of Charles Kemble, Charles Young, Liston, and Terry—I found a more congenial soil." The change was in all respects a happy one for the boy. Dr. Richardson proved "more like an affectionate friend than a rigid school-master," and under this fostering care young Mathews seems to have developed that taste for literature which the rougher discipline of Merchant Taylors' had failed to bring out. His new master encouraged him to appreciate the worth of Horace and Homer for their own sakes, and not merely as tasks to be gone through ; and furthermore, being then at work upon his English Dictionary, he made use of his more intelligent pupils in the work of citing from the old English authors, to which Mathews refers with gratitude as having sown the first seed of a taste for English literature which remained with him for life. "I was one so distinguished," he writes, "and was thus delightfully introduced to the study of Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and all the early poets and historians, the honour of whose acquaintance I had previously been denied, and I imbibed a taste for that style of reading which I have never lost ; and often among the worries of life, when people have thought I was closeted with my difficulties, engaged, as perhaps I ought to have been, with the battle of figures, I have taken down the tall folio of Gower, or the huge quarto of *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, and let the world go on without me." The liberal character of the education thus received at Dr. Richard-

son's was unquestionably the turning-point in Mathews' life. The associations of his home made all matters connected with the theatre near and dear to him, and the taste for these was in no degree weakened by the cultivation of other tastes by their side. An interest in architecture was silently growing up—Mathews himself hardly understood how or why—and while the pursuit of this art was to afford him occupation till he was over thirty years of age, he never lost that fondness for the actor's art which led him ultimately to choose the profession by which his bread must be made. In his very early youth he was fond of being taken behind the scenes, and an exquisitely droll letter written by him to Fawcett the actor, after having served as amateur prompter on one occasion, is too funny not to be quoted :—

"HONOURED SIR,—Last night I went behind the scenes with my Papa, to see Mr. Liston in the character of Moll Flaggon, and held the Book while Mr. Glasinton was away, and I found you guilty of several mistakes, and I mentioned them to my Papa and Mamma, and they said I had better tell you of them, and I thought so too, because next time somebody in the front of the Theatre might have a book too, and find you out, as I did, and then they will hiss you off, which I should be sorry for. You said, 'no, no, no,' when you ought to have said nothing ; and you said, 'I suppose,' at the beginning of a sentence, where you ought to have said, 'Ah ;' and you said, 'I believe,' where there was nothing to say. I only write these few lines that you may remember another time.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your Respectful Servant,

"C. J. MATHEWS.

"King's Road, July 1st, 1813."

After four years spent under the roof of Dr. Richardson, architecture was chosen as the future calling of young Mathews, and through the introduction of Nash, an old friend of the elder Mathews, the boy was articulated to the famous Augustus Pugin. "I now set to work," writes Mathews, "to begin life in earnest. Every day increased my love for the profession I had adopted. I actually doted on the delightful science of architecture, and

pursued the acquirement of it with positive passion." Pugin was "a delightful instructor," making himself the intimate friend and companion of his pupils; and Mathews certainly began his new work under the happiest auspices. But even these fascinations were not to retain an uninterrupted sway over the young man. Pugin was called by professional duties to Paris, and his pupils all accompanied him, and there Mathews was introduced to all the glories of the French Theatre: Talma and Mdle. Mars at the Français; Perlet, Potier, and a host of other artists of first-rate mark at the Variétés and the Gymnase. Here was another turning-point in the young man's life. It did not weaken the affection for his newly-adopted profession, but it unquestionably fired him with the desire to distinguish himself—as an amateur—in the actor's art. On his return to London, an opportunity soon presented itself, or was made. A performance was got up at the English Opera House in the Strand, and a programme of curious interest was constructed for the occasion. In a spirit of ingenious bravado two of the pieces were chosen on the very ground that they had been unsuccessful elsewhere. One of them was no less classical a work than Charles Lamb's farce of *Mr. H*——. "N.B. This piece was damned at Drury Lane Theatre," was the cynical announcement in the play-bill of the evening. Lamb's hero—originally played by the great Elliston—was on this occasion acted by Captain Hill, an amateur of some celebrity who afterwards adopted the stage as a profession with some success. The farce, under these new circumstances, proved more fortunate than on its original performance, and went off, Mathews relates, "with roars." Probably, as he also remarks with reference to his own performance on the same evening of a part in a burlesque on the *Sorrows of Werther*, the fact of its being played by amateur actors before their personal friends had something to do

with the result. "Amateur acting," says Mathews, "is always overpraised," and it is not likely that Lamb's unfortunate play will ever be resuscitated on the strength of this one reversal of its original doom.

On the expiration of his articles with Pugin, Mathews was on the point of devoting himself to the practical part of his profession, under Nash, the famous architect, the creator of Regent Street and the Regent's Park, when Lord Blessington, an old friend of the Mathews family, having it in contemplation to build a castle upon his Irish estate, offered the work to the young architect, the son of his old friend. The proposed scheme came to nothing, but it led to an intimate friendship between the younger Mathews and the Blessingtons, which was to have important influences on the career of the former. The Blessingtons were on the eve of a tour in Italy, and the first incident of the new friendship was an invitation to the young man to accompany his friends thither, and mature his architectural designs under the actual eye of his employer.

A considerable part of the first volume is occupied with an account of this Italian tour, with the correspondence maintained with Mathews' parents and other friends in England. Count d'Orsay was also of the party, and an account of a quarrel between that accomplished aristocrat and Mathews, the termination of which was at least creditable to both parties, plays a rather too important part in Mathews' reminiscences. It arose out of a criticism of d'Orsay's upon a certain diminution which had appeared in his young friend's architectural zeal. Young Mathews carried his sketching materials with him, but did not sketch, and it may well be understood that the luxury and brilliancy of his new surroundings were not calculated to help a young beginner in the first stages of an arduous profession. Indeed, the acquaintance with the Blessingtons, though it afforded Mathews advantages of many kinds for the

profession he was ultimately to adopt, was, perhaps, in some degree answerable also for the less successful portions of his subsequent career. His parents were at this time in flourishing circumstances, and did not grudge him the outlay necessary for associating with companions who moved in a very different sphere; but it seems likely that some of the tastes thus acquired remained with him through life, and fettered his movements. It is clear that Mathews, hard as he worked, and manfully as he fought against difficulties to the very end of his career, never possessed a talent for finance, and probably a harder discipline at the outset might have been of good service to him.

Certainly, however, he never showed a disposition to avoid hard work when it stared him in the face, and on the conclusion of the Italian tour he set to work in earnest at his profession. Some one offered him the post of architect to the "Welsh Iron and Coal Mining Company," at Coed Talwn, in North Wales, which he promptly accepted, and a very amusing chapter of the first volume is occupied with his Welsh experiences. The company in question was one of the many creations of a certain John Wilks, who seems to have been the George Hudson of that day, and though it proved sounder and longer lived than many of its companions, Mathews found it impossible to maintain friendly relations with its promoter, and resigned the post after not many months of trial. "Workmen's cottages and village ale-houses," he says, "were not congenial to a mind filled with Italian images, and panting with desire to execute works of Palladian grandeur." It is clear that besides his natural dislike for the necessary drudgery of the work, he had never yet mastered the more prosaic details of his profession. His fancies were still dallying, moreover, with other arts, and the most notable episode of his Welsh sojourn was his authorship of a song destined to enjoy a wide and long popularity.

"During my sojourn at Plas Teg, we made a brilliant equestrian expedition to Llangollen. Dean Roper and his daughter, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Roper, myself and the respective grooms, formed an imposing cavalcade. After a charming ramble up to Castle Dinas Bran we had a jolly dinner at the hotel, and during the repast were entertained by a venerable white-bearded Druid, one of the most splendid specimens of his craft I ever encountered. The old fellow was a noted artist, and had a fine collection of all the most popular melodies, and among them one I had never heard before. He said it was some twenty years since he had first met with it. It was called 'Cader Idris;' and I made him play it over to me till I had learnt it correctly.

"Elated with my discovery, for such it really seemed to be—none of my friends having heard it before any more than myself—I lost no time in putting words to it, and the result was a great success.

"At the picturesque farmhouse at Pontblyddyn, in which I lived, was a pretty little Welsh dairymaid, named Jenny Jones, and a simple ploughman, called David Morgan. The ballad I then composed to my newly-discovered national air, bearing the young lady's name, has since made the interesting couple familiar to London ears. They would perhaps be astonished to know their history publicly recorded, and blush to find it fame.

"This, of course, was years before I had any idea of going upon the stage, and I only mention it in connection with the mortifying disenchantment that awaited me.

"I had been singing my new ballad one evening, at the house of some friends in London, to a tolerably large party, when an old gentleman in a voluminous white choker and a shiny suit of black, looking very like a Methodist parson, came up to me with a very serious face, to remonstrate with me, I feared, for the levity I had been guilty of, and to my surprise said:

"My dear sir, allow me to express to you the great gratification the perfect little ballad you have just sung has afforded me, and to assure you that I appreciate the honour you have done me in selecting for its illustration an air of my humble composing."

"With a look of ineffable pity, I answered the poor maniac: 'I am sorry, dear sir, to rob you of so pleasant a delusion, but unfortunately the air is one I picked up myself years ago among the Welsh mountains, and is, I flatter myself, quite original, and hitherto unknown.'"

"Pardon me, in my turn, dear sir,' said the old gentleman, smiling, 'if I inform you that the air in question was composed by me for the Eisteddfod in 1804, obtaining the prize at that festival. I named it 'Cader Idris,' and I shall have great pleasure in sending you the music, published at the time, with my name attached to it.'"

"Patatras ! down went my great antiquarian discovery, and I was left desolate.

"The old gentleman was John Parry, the Welsh composer, and father of the illustrious John, whose genius has delighted thousands ; and when, long afterwards, I introduced the ballad of 'Jenny Jones' in my piece of 'He would be an Actor,' and it got to be whistled about the streets, he presented me with a handsome silver cup, with a complimentary inscription in most elegant Welsh, in commemoration of the event."

The year 1827 found Mathews again in London, working in earnest, and seeing plenty of it, in the office of Nash. He retained his own office in Parliament Street, and undertook what work was sent him, but was all the while working under Mr. Nash in the humble capacity of a clerk. Nash seems to have taken small personal interest in his pupils, and in the meantime very little work of any profit came to Mathews' own office. Theatrical matters still claimed his attention, and were possibly the most real and deep-seated of his affections. His days were spent in much work that was clearly distasteful ; his evenings in writing "entertainments" for his father, articles for the magazines, and comedies and burlesques for the theatres. It is not surprising that this state of things was not satisfactory to any party concerned, and tired of this enforced idleness as regarded the money-getting part of his profession, Mathews sought and obtained his father's permission to make a second tour in the south of Europe, and acquire (as he said) "that knowledge which is only to be acquired by the investigation of the buildings of Italy and Greece." On this tour he set out with a young friend and former fellow pupil under Pugin, James d'Egville. The remainder of the first volume of these memorials is occupied with the journals and letters written by Mathews during the tour for the benefit of his parents, to whom he was always a considerate and devoted son.

Mathews returned from the trip, by which no special advantage seems to have been gained, in 1830, and for the

next few years was in a state of enforced suspense as to his future calling. "During the next few years," writes Mr. Dickens, "he led a somewhat desultory life. Architecture, painting, writing for the stage, travelling, and amateur acting all in turn occupied his time and attention ; but there can be no doubt that very soon after his return from Italy, the slow progress he was making towards a position was gradually drawing him more and more from the profession he had at first so enthusiastically embraced." It is evident, in short, that the charming manners and social qualifications of the young architect were terrible disqualifications for the need of "roughing it," which belongs to the outset of any and all professions. We read of him next as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, in Scotland, and the life and the soul of the party, as he had been in old days with the Blessingtons. It was not a hopeful period of probation for the next post he accepted, that of district-surveyor. This step was taken on the advice of his friend, Samuel Angell, who thought, wisely or not, that the tonic of a more prosaic experience of his calling would be of service to the young man. "You must study the Act of Parliament, superintend the erection of all the dwellings in the district, regulate all the party walls and flues, and show yourself master of the practical part of the science as well as the ornamental. Bow and Bethnal Green are both vacant. Start at once." "Here was a bathos," adds Mathews, in his autobiography. "From Rome and Venice to Bow and Bethnal Green. However, it was to be done, and at it I went." He went at it boldly, offered himself as candidate for the surveyorship of Bow, and was elected. The salary was as modest as the duties were unattractive, forty pounds a year, payable by "fees," which had to be collected by the unhappy surveyor in person. "At one house I knocked humbly, after considerable hesitation. The door was opened cautiously, with

the chain up, and a stout, suspicious-looking dame, in a pair of nankeen stays, asked me if I came 'arter the taxes or summat?' 'No, madam,' I said, deferentially; 'I am the district surveyor from Cut-throat Lane' (Mathews' actual official address at Bow), 'and I have called for——' "

"O bother!" said the lady, "summons me if you like. I'm not going to be humbugged by you."

"Shade of Vitruvius!" cries Mathews, "was this architecture?" And there was for him obviously but one answer, to be returned sooner or later.

It was returned the sooner that financial difficulties had began to gather round the elder Mathews. Unfortunate speculations in which the old man had embarked, together with a course of bad seasons, had brought him to the verge of bankruptcy, and the younger Mathews found the money question affecting him in new shapes. It became necessary that he should at once earn something more respectable than the 40*l.* a year, collected in "fees." The stage, so long loved and coquetted with, was the most obvious resource, and after a short preliminary campaign as joint manager of the Adelphi, with his father's old partner, Frederick Yates, he enrolled himself as a member of the Olympic Company, under Madame Vestris, and made his first appearance as a recognised "professional," on the evening of the 6th of November, 1835. It is to be remembered that he was now thirty-two years of age.

"I come now," says Mathews, "to the second part of my career, and I must confess I feel no small difficulty respecting it. I am aware that it is delicate ground I am entering on, and whether it can be made interesting or not is still to be ascertained. The poetry of my life is over, and I commence the prose; and if I cannot make it amusing, I will at least try and make it instructive by offering an illustration of the old quotation, '*Facilis descensus Averni*,' and showing

how easy are the stages by which a man may descend from the airy empyrean of poetry, music, and painting, to the heavy slough of pounds, shillings, and pence." How heavy this slough proved, and for how long it was to be borne, is shown by the ominous heading of chapter three of the second volume—"Difficulties—1835,—1858,"—twenty-three years, that is to say, of incessant labour and struggle. The precise defects in Mathews' character, or ability as an administrator, which led to these difficulties, are not of course set forth in these volumes. Probably he was himself unaware of them, and in any case it is not likely he would have discussed them with the public.

Theatrical management is one of the uncertain things of the world besides demanding a special aptitude on the part of those who embark in it. Mathews and his wife (for he married Madame Vestris in 1838) were certainly successful at the outset, and this success may have encouraged a policy of *laissez-aller*. They visited America, leaving the Olympic to shift for itself, and Madame Vestris on her return was obliged to admit, in addressing her audience, that the degree of patronage accorded to her theatre during her absence was more flattering to her vanity than calculated to fill her treasury. This temporary drawback led to the managers taking a step, by way of recouping their losses, which plunged them into further difficulties, extending over all the rest of Mathews' managerial life. They migrated from the Olympic to Covent Garden, a house with a bad name for tempting on and then wrecking theatrical argosies. They opened with *Love's Labour's Lost*, a play which his company had never acted or seen acted, and which proved a complete failure. And now began the struggle against pecuniary difficulty. "Money had to be procured at all hazards, and by every means, to prop up the concern till this new mine could be worked, and I was initiated for the first time

in my life into all the mysteries of the money-lending art, and the concoction of these fatal instruments of destruction called Bills of Exchange. Dun, brokers, and sheriff's officers soon entered upon the scene, and I, who had never known what pecuniary difficulty meant, and had never had a debt in my life before, was gradually drawn into the inextricable vortex of involvement—a web, which once thrown over a man, can seldom be thrown off again." One of the most interesting portions of these reminiscences—because the most real and unaffected—consists of a record of the struggles of this unfortunate time, and the shifts and appliances to which Mathews had to have recourse. The following account of an interview with a money-lender is only, Mathews declares, a fair sample of many others, and is in no respect over-coloured :—

"Even the borrowing money at sixty per cent is not so easy an operation as some people may think, not unattended with risk and worry, worse even than the frightful percentage. When not compelled to take a portion of it in wine or paving-stones, the getting the money *when* you want it is by no means so simple. I remember after a week or two of very hot weather, and consequent empty benches, I had occasion to borrow a couple of hundred pounds to patch up the Saturday's treasury. I applied to a professional discounteur on the Wednesday.

"Ah, Mr. Mathews! How d'ye do, Mr. Mathews? Glad to see you. Have a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you. I want a couple of hundred pounds to-morrow."

"Certainly, Mr. Mathews, with pleasure, Mr. Mathews. How long do you want it for? Have a glass of sherry?"

"Say three months."

"What security?"

"None."

"Very good. I must have a warrant of attorney."

"Of course."

"All right, Mr. Mathews. Look in at twelve to-morrow and I'll have it ready. Do have a glass of sherry!"

"Without the slightest belief in any such promptitude, I looked in at twelve—one of his great points being to have my carriage drive up to his door as often as possible, that his neighbours might see his importance.

"Well, Mr. Mathews, I find I can't

manage the £200. I can only let you have £150. I had no idea I was so short at my banker's—account actually overdrawn. But I've got a friend to do it for you—it's all the same." Sheridan's 'unconscionable dog' of a friend was always sure to figure in. 'He'll be here directly. Bless me! How long he is. Have a glass of sherry? Are you going back to the theatre? I'll bring him with me in half an hour.'

"The day passes of course, and no sign of either my friend or my friend's friend. This is Thursday. On Friday the same scene. "Didn't come till too late—but all right. You don't want it till to-morrow, you know. What's your treasury hour?"

"Two."

"Be here at twelve and it shall be ready."

"Saturday at twelve. 'Here I am according to appointment.'

"All right, Mr. Mathews. Have a glass of sherry? My nephew Dick has gone to the City for the cheque."

"But it is past one now."

"You go on. I'll be with you as the clock strikes two."

"Two, three, four o'clock, and no signs of the money, the salaries remaining unpaid to the amount promised. Then a note to say he will be with me at six to the moment. At seven, just as I am going on the stage, in he comes breathless."

"Such a job Dick's had for you, Mr. Mathews! However, here I am with the money. My friend disappointed me, but I managed without him. My nephew will read over the warrant of attorney."

"But I'm just going on the stage; there's no time now."

"Won't take five minutes. Dick, read the warrant. Now here is the money. Now, let's see—£15 left off the old account."

"Oh, pray don't deduct that now."

"Better, Mr. Mathews, better—keeps all square you know—that £15. Then the interest, three months, £17 10s. and £15—£32 10s. Warrant of attorney, £7 10s.—that's £40. Then my nephew's fee, £1 1s., and my trouble, say £1—£42 1s. Here's 15s.—that's £42 16s. Dick, have you got 4s.?"

"I've got 3s. 6d."

"That will do. I've got 6d.—that's £43; and £7 cash makes the £50."

"Yes; but I only get £7 odd."

"Never mind—keeps all square. Now the £100. Here's a cheque of Gribble and Co. on Lloyd's for £25 10s."

"Oh, what's the use of a cheque at this time of night?"

"Good as the bank—same as money—you can pay it as money. Fifty sovereigns makes £75 10s., and a £10 note makes £85 10s. Stay, it ought to be £95 10s. Oh, here's another £10 note, I'd forgot. There you are, £95 10s. Only wants £4 10s. to make up the hundred. You haven't got £4 10s. about you, have you, Mr. Mathews, you could lend me

till the morning, just to get it straight you know?"

"I believe I have. There are four sovereigns and ten shillings in silver."

"That's all right; £4 makes £99 10s., and 10s.—stop, let's count them—count after your own father, as the saying is—five and four's nine, and three fourpenny pieces; all right. Stop, one's a threepenny. Got a penny? or a post-office stamp? Never mind, I won't be hard upon you for the penny. There you are, all comfortable. Good evening."

"I paid away the cheque 'as money.' Two days afterwards I got an indignant note to say the cheque had been dishonoured. In high dudgeon I sent for my friend the discounter. To my surprise he appeared with the greatest alacrity.

"Not paid! Gribble's cheque not paid! Some mistake—it's as good as the bank. Here, give it me. I'll get it for you in five minutes. How long shall you be here?"

"An hour."

"I'll be back in twenty minutes."

"Need I say that I never saw anything more of my friend or the cheque? He had totally disappeared, with the only proof against him safe in his pocket."

The difficulties pursued him to the smaller theatre, the Lyceum, which was his next venture; and in spite of his own unfailing popularity, both as an actor and a man,—in spite of such great hits as the *Game of Speculation*, and the famous extravaganzas of M. Planché, with Mr. Beverley's scenery, he never succeeded in getting into smooth water. The Lyceum season of 1854-1855, came to an untimely end in March, and in a farewell address to the public, Charles Mathews, announcing his inability to face any longer the difficulties of his position, took leave for ever of the cares of management. The full measure of his distress was not however yet full. In the following year, while fulfilling an engagement at Preston, in Lancashire, he was arrested by a sheriff's officer on a debt of 400l. With curious malignity the creditor had instructed the officer to make the arrest at the exact moment when the large audience had actually assembled, and the curtain was waiting to rise. The account of the arrest, and the imprisonment of Mathews in Lancaster Castle, is one of the most graphic passages in his

autobiography, and shows the writer to have had literary gifts which would have served him in excellent stead in other walks of life. For this we must be content to refer the reader to the volumes themselves.

If this was the crowning disaster of Mathews' life, it was also the final one. Once more freed, and now wholly, from the burden of the past, and having renounced management for ever, the remainder of his life is a continuous record of professional success, and the content that belongs to easy circumstances. He had in the meantime married again, and the new alliance was as helpful to him, by his own cordial acknowledgment, in the business part of his career, as in other ways. "With his second marriage Mathews brings his autobiography to an end, and there are no signs among his papers of any intention of resuming it. Probably he felt that the story of the rest of his life—at all events as to its private side—would have but little general interest. The romance of youth and of adventure was finished. The interesting and curious train of circumstances which gradually transformed the clever, versatile, eager young man, into the accomplished actor and the self-possessed man of the world had been developed to its end. There was no longer any excuse for associating Mathews himself with the Puffs, the Affable Hawks, or any of the host of reckless characters he personated so admirably. Sir Charles Coldstream was *un homme rangé*." So writes Mr. Dickens, and with chapter four of the second volume romance and adventure are at an end. But the remainder of the volume is by no means without interest. It contains a record, peculiarly instructive at the present moment when the visit of the *Comédie Française* is fresh in our memories, of the foolish and malignant opposition to the similar visit of a French company—the *Théâtre Historique*, in 1848. The story was worth telling, if only to remind us of the more cordial understanding between artists of different

nations that thirty years have brought about. It has for its pleasant sequel in Mr. Dickens's narrative the account of Mathews' professional engagement in Paris in the year 1863, when he appeared with undisputed success at the Théâtre des Variétés, in a French version of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's farce, *Cool as a Cucumber*. The triumph was so unequivocal, that in the following year he made the still bolder attempt of playing a character originally created by a French comedian, Arnal, that of the hero of *L'Homme blasé*—the original of the English *Used Up*. Mathews' long tour in Australia and America—another series of successes—in 1870 and 1871, fills another interesting chapter, and the concluding five years of his life is the simple record of unvarying professional success in all parts of his native country. Mathews had been from the first day he went on the stage the most hard-working of artists. It had always been his wish that he should die in harness, and the wish was granted. It was while fulfilling an engagement in Lancashire that an attack of bronchitis—he was now seventy-five years of age—at last overcame the stubborn resistance of a naturally splendid constitution. He died at Manchester on the 24th of June, 1878.

To the second volume Mr. Dickens has most judiciously appended a series of Mathews' most characteristic speeches. He was an excellent speaker—bright, humorous, and effective. Perhaps the one that will be read with most pleasure and surprise is that delivered at a dinner given in Montreal in celebration of the Walter Scott Centenary in 1871. Mathews was on his Australian-American tour just referred to, and was playing at Montreal at the time. It was remembered that when a boy he had enjoyed the personal friendship of Sir Walter, and he was accordingly invited to preside at the dinner, and propose the toast of the evening. He accomplished the task with admirable

tact and skill. Every side of Mathews' unique versatility comes out in it in turn. The enthusiasm for Scott as a writer which he exhibits is unquestionably real, but he does not forget to bind up with it the element, personal to himself and to his fellow-actors, of Scott's intimate love for the stage and all connected with it; and he found a happy climax to the speech in the circumstance that it was on an occasion of special interest to that profession that Scott first publicly divulged the authorship of the Waverley novels.

The incident just recorded seems to us to be connected, by no means remotely, with the higher qualities of Mathews as an actor, and the position he occupied for so many years on the English stage. That position was an exceptional one, and arose out of exceptional circumstances. The short summary of his life just given may serve to show that his actual advantages of mind and person, and his many and varied natural accomplishments, were not more remarkable than the preliminary training which he undesignedly received from the circumstances of his early manhood. It must never be overlooked, in trying to estimate the groove within which his artistic powers so easily learned to move, that Mathews did not adopt the stage as a profession till he was over thirty years of age, a time when most actors have been ten years in the arduous pursuit of its earlier phases. He came to the profession, that is to say, without having served the usual apprenticeship. For him there was no probationary period of two years in the provinces at two guineas a week. But he had served another apprenticeship of a most valuable kind. He had had a gentleman's education; he had mixed with men of all classes, including the leading fashionable society of the day. He had been the favoured friend and companion of aristocratic circles. His accomplishments had had full play as an amateur. He could write, and

sing, and draw, and act better than most amateurs. He had studied one art at least with zeal, if not with much chance of attaining ultimate excellence. It was natural therefore that after a few experiments he should settle down into that line of character which circumstances had best prepared him for. His natural advantages were quite remarkable. He had, in his prime, the pleasantest face, the most agreeable voice, the most attractive figure, of any actor of his day. It was a distinct and undeniable pleasure even to look at Charles Mathews. And even before he was seen, when his voice was heard behind the scenes rattling off some introductory phrases before entering on the stage, the spectator was aware of an actual feeling of exhilaration. He was too much of an artist, and too well acquainted with the manners that please, to play at the audience. He never "mugged at the pit" as we once heard him warn Whiskerandos against doing, in the second act of the *Critic*. But he had a way of letting the audience "catch his eye" every now and then, in a good-humoured, apologetic sort of way that was irresistibly captivating. It was not strange that, being a delightful figure in a drawing-room, he should prefer to remain such, and to present for the rest of his life innumerable phases of the same thing. A disparaging remark of one of his Australian auditors is preserved for us in the memoir. The critic, who had seen other performers in Mathews' favourite parts, did not at all take to the original representative when he appeared. "He is not half as good as the old man," said this worthy citizen; "he does not act a bit. It is only like a gentleman walking about a drawing-room." This is in substance only a repetition of the famous criticism of Partridge upon Garrick's Hamlet. The performance was so true to life, that the critic could not allow that it deserved the name of acting at all. The proper reply to the Melbourne gentleman's criticism would have been

to ask him in turn whether he had ever in his life seen any other actor who *did* look like "a gentleman walking about a drawing-room." It was the rarity, quite as much as the perfection, of this gift in Mathews which accounted for his popularity. But, again, he was popular as a man. His very "difficulties" won him sympathy, and that pity which is akin to personal affection. It was known for years that he was entangled in money troubles, and all the time he was seen to be the most industrious of contributors to the public amusement, acting often in two or three pieces the same evening—acting audiences "*in*," and acting them "*out*"—and with the most imperturbable good humour and unflagging spirit. Like Falstaff, "he turned diseases to commodity." His very circumstances were taken advantage of by cunning play-writers and adapters to give a piquant interest to his representation of different characters upon the stage. The character of Mr. Affable Hawk in the *Game of Speculation*—one of the finest of his impersonations—owed unquestionably some of its attractiveness to the coincidences, actual or at least generally accepted, between the circumstances of the character and those of its representative. Mathews himself came to make humorous capital out of his own embarrassments. When he addressed the audience at his farewell benefit, before leaving England on his Australian tour, he called attention to the fact that the performance had been announced without the aid of any advertising, not a single bill or placard had been employed. "Now, this," he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, is a step in the right direction. Time was when my bills were flying all over the town," and we well remember with what an instantaneous burst of appreciation the allusion was received by the entire house. Twenty years before this he was making the same kind of allusion, and taking the public into the same kind of friendly confidence. In a letter to the news-

papers (not reproduced in Mr. Dickens's volumes), he once had to defend himself against a criticism that had been passed on his spelling of the name "Methuselah" in one of his own comedies, we believe *The Ringdoves*. After gravely maintaining his position on philological grounds, he added words to this effect, "and I think my opinion on the point is entitled to some respect from the long and intimate connection I have had with the Jews." There were times, however when the flavour of insolvency that had gathered about his name could not have been altogether pleasant to him. When he was returning to London after his week in Lancaster Castle, he overheard a conversation between two passengers in the same carriage, who did not recognise their travelling companion. "That is where Charley Mathews is confined," said one of them, pointing to the Castle walls. "Really!" said a sympathising lady; "poor fellow!" "Poor fellow!" rejoined the jolly gentleman, with a gingerbread-nut in his mouth, "not at all. He revels in it. Lord bless you, he has been in every prison in England." "I need not say," adds Mathews, who tells the story, "that I did not immediately introduce myself." There was thus a kind of foregone sympathy, not perhaps of the most elevating kind, between Mathews and his public, and this must have contributed to the long and uninterrupted course of his popularity.

There is still more to be said, however, on the side of his Australian critic. "Actor"—in the sense of one who is able to merge his own individuality in very different types of existence—Charles Mathews certainly was not. Within their range his powers were consummate, but that range was, when all is said, exceedingly narrow. It certainly was an extreme case of the triumph of "quality" over "amount." He had, as Sarcey said of him when he played in Paris, "un naturel exquis, et une incroyable finesse," and this carried

him triumphantly through a long series of characters for the most part identical in their features. Mathews himself thoroughly understood within what boundaries his capacity lay, and he was seldom tempted to stray beyond them. He certainly knew as well as his best critics in what qualities he was wholly deficient. "No good actor I have ever seen," says Mr. G. H. Lewes, "was so utterly powerless in the manifestation of all the powerful emotions: rage, scorn, pathos, dignity, vindictiveness, tenderness, and wild mirth are all beyond his means. He cannot even laugh with animal heartiness. He sparkles, he never explodes." Many of these emotions, we may add, if he did not possess the power of expressing, were hardly necessary for any form of high comedy; but some of them, notably pathos and tenderness, were terribly conspicuous by their absence, and more than any other of Mathews' natural deficiencies served to keep his range narrow. Pathos, in particular, he so little understood, that he evidently shrank from its portrayal with something of pain. We remember, for example, his performance of the bachelor-friend, the roaming man of the world who brings such disquiet to the old couple in their country home, in *A Cozy Couple*, the Lyceum version of Octave Feuillet's *Le Village*. As long as he was chattering about the delightful independence of foreign travel, and rallying his friends upon their Darby and Joan existence, he was excellent as usual; but when at the end he had to relate how he was once laid by with fever, in a lonely foreign village, and what different feelings coursed through his mind at that time, we remember how he slurred over what might have been the most charming situation in the comedy, leaving an impression of being utterly uncomfortable, and thankful when the episode was at an end. It is this defect in particular which prevents our instituting any comparison between Mathews and some renowned comedians of the present day upon

the French stage, especially that delightful artist, M. Delaunay, with whom we have lately been enabled to renew our acquaintance. In many natural gifts of face, figure, and the graces of movement, these two actors were well matched, but the points of likeness are soon exhausted. Of *intensity*, Charles Mathews knew nothing: nor can it be fairly said that he was a poetical actor in any real sense. If his acting was akin to any form of poetry, it was to that which the French call "*vers de société*;" but even here we can hardly admit the comparison, for at least since Præd and Thackeray have written we cannot think of this form of lyric verse apart from tenderness and the charm of sadness.

But, after all, a great actor is to be judged by his strong, and not by his weak points, and Mathews's contributions to the advance of his art are tangible enough. He owed it to his early training amid beautiful sights and sounds, amid the landscapes of Italy and the undying forms of beauty which he went there to study, that he was able to be the first to bring artistic considerations to bear on the acting and the mounting of the modern drama. "When I first came upon the stage," he said in one of his many after-dinner speeches, "I found everything conventional. I don't presume to say that I reformed it, but in my own particular, limited line I, for the first time, broke through the old conventionalities, and have lived to see my example followed till they are all nearly, if not quite, exploded." It should never be forgotten what Mathews accomplished in the way of artistic innovation. In costume, scenery, and general appointments, the *régime* of Mathews and Madame Vestris at the Olympic, Covent Garden, and the Lyceum, was memorable, although to Macready belongs the credit of earlier reforms in the same direction. To these two manager-actors we indeed owe it that the acted drama was first made a "thing of beauty" in other respects than those of histrionic excellence, and

in this change was involved more than that of the pleasure actually afforded to the audience. It enlarged the scope of the stage's sympathies. It brought into connection with it the other arts, and with this brought artists of all kinds into a new relation with one another—a relation fraught with advantage to all concerned. Side by side with the present memoir of Charles Mathews should certainly be read by those who would properly understand the advance of the acted drama during the last forty years, the memoir and journals of Macready. If only to the student of human nature, Macready's "confessions" are among the most profoundly interesting of modern times. In his case, as in that of Mathews, the life which the actor lived, outside of and beyond the strictly professional part of it, was intimately concerned with his qualities as an actor. The two men were radically unlike. Save that they were both actors and managers, and fought strenuously in their respective ways against money difficulties, they had scarcely a point in common. But they both pursued their ideal, different as those ideals were, with zeal and consistency; and both served as a link between many and divers forms of art. It is to them in great part that we owe the encouraging circumstance that the poet, the musician, the painter, and the man of letters are coming more and more to welcome the "poor player" to the ranks of a brother-artist, and to recognise that he may be a fellow-worker with them on equal terms.

And this brings us to the last word which it seems good to say on the lesson of these memoirs, as they bear upon the prospects of the English stage. The success of Mathews, as we have tried to show, was largely due to the fact that he was something more than an actor. If he was lacking in versatility as an actor, he was eminently versatile as a man. He was allied by sympathy, as well as in actual accomplishments, with half-a-dozen other arts; but he was also

allied by sympathy with all sorts of other men, and with many and varied phases of common life. If, during the hard-working years of his career as actor and manager, he was necessarily thrown most with that profession, he had still thirty years of a very different life on which to look back, and from which to draw refreshment. He had reminiscences, if not surroundings, on which to feed his talent. We are persuaded that the gradual elevation of the average of ability, and of *tone*, in the actor's profession depends upon the degree to which the conditions of that profession enable him to take his place on equal terms with his brethren in other walks of art, and with the general current of educated English society. There was a time when the very name of actor, save in a few rare personalities, placed its possessor in a class by himself, and was all but a disqualification for entrance into the common life of the upper classes in England. The very hours during which his art was practised being those devoted elsewhere to social intercourse, proved of itself a very complete barrier between the two classes. But now, as has been lately pointed out with great truth (if we are not mistaken, by the able dramatic critic of the *Athenæum*), an obstacle in the actor's path, of a totally opposite kind, is what he has most to fear. There is now a halo of glory about the head of the successful actor, which obtains for him so ready a welcome and so exaggerated a tribute of homage, that he is in greater danger from flattery, and the eulogiums of unwise friends, than ever he was of old from the respectable world's neglect. Things will right themselves in time, but in the meanwhile the successful actor has many insidious foes about his path. The remedy for this state of things lies, as we have said, in a more *natural* association among artists of all kinds, and between artists and the wholesome, ordinary, common-place friendly intercourse of daily

society. Artists of all kinds have to beware of the demoralising effects of mutual admiration. It fosters vanity, and it fosters jealousy, the two prevailing foibles of artists, and pre-eminently of actors. In the actor's profession, what needs toning down is the *personal* element. Of too many of them in all time it must be admitted—we are sure that the best among them will be the readiest to admit the truth—that their besetting temptation is that expressed in the Laureate's lines—

“It's always ringing in your ears,
‘They call this man as good as *me*!’”

Hitherto there has been some excuse, or at least explanation, of this, in the gulf which has separated the actor from ordinary society. His personal supremacy became his compensation for other things that were denied him and his defence against the educated world's contempt for his profession. But as the dignity of that profession rises, and with it the social position of the actor, the desire for personal supremacy ought to yield to, or at least be tempered by, other gains. Pride in the profession, and a sense of its worthiness, and the worthiness of the work it is doing, ought to take the place in some degree of less ennobling aims. But among other reforms, there is one which in any case ought to be early introduced. An actor should not have to play every night; or, if a continuous “run” of a certain piece is necessary, it should be followed by a period of comparative repose, or at least of alternations of leisure evenings. It is only so that the actor can fill his place in some measure in ordinary society, and obtain the benefit of taking friendly and wholesome part in the common interests of the world, among which, after all, are fostered the best and most healthy development of human character, and therefore the conditions which go to make art also wholesome and fructifying.

A COLLEGE FOR WORKING WOMEN.

FIVE years ago a few ladies and gentlemen took a house in Fitzroy Street, and opened it as a *College for Working Women*. They use the term *College* in accordance with its primary meaning as a *Collection* or *Assembly*, and have made the College a place of assembly for women employed during the day.

Women who earn their living have few opportunities for self-improvement; and yet the means of remedying a defective education, or supplying the want of any education whatever, would often enable them to improve their own position and that of others depending upon them.

Many women in London are young, friendless, and solitary. They lack the stimulus and interest of social life, rational entertainment, and intellectual pursuit. If they supply the want of these in the way that so many learn to do, or deaden their craving for them, they do it at a terrible cost. The College in Fitzroy Street steps in to meet their need, and helps them to make their lives bright and good.

When the work of the day is over, when the shops are closed and the tired shopwomen are free; when the young milliners and dressmakers have completed their task, and the female bookkeepers, telegraph clerks, and post-office clerks leave their desks; when the gold and diamond polishers, the burnishers and gilders, the machinists and bootmakers quit the noisy workrooms; when the hospital nurse, the lady's-maid, the cook, and the housemaid have their evenings out, and the weary teacher closes her books for the day, some two hundred of them find their way to the place of assembly, the collection of women in Fitzroy Street.

That which impels them most

strongly is the need of instruction. They want to improve. About one-third of the number read and write very imperfectly. They have earned their own living almost from childhood, and any rudiments of instruction they may have received are almost effaced. They hear of the College, and come to see what it can do for them.

Take the case of one, a domestic servant, who has spent her "night out" at the College for the last four years, duly and punctually paying the term fees. One evening she surprised her teacher by the gift of half-a-sovereign "for the good of the College, for the good of others, you know, miss."

"Why should you give so much as this out of your wages?" asks the teacher; whereupon the pupil tells her story.

Her mother is a widow, who was left with ten young children, and this pupil of the College had her first "little place" when she was eight years old. She has never been "out of a situation," though she has moved "on and on." She had very little schooling as a child, and quickly forgot what she had learnt; but she always wished to know how to read, and sometimes a kindly mistress or a fellow-servant had helped her. She has a brother at the Cape, a soldier, a good scholar—a sergeant with stripes and medals. He writes home regularly to his mother, and has always begged for news of absent friends, which no one was able to send. The College pupil did her best; but a few lines to say they were alive and well was all that she could manage. Now the four years have enabled her to write a letter without difficulty, to tell her brother "all the news," to keep alive in him the love of home and friends; she

understands his whereabouts in the wide world, on which point she used to be hopelessly in the dark, and she also looks forward to the time when she shall be able to take a situation as housekeeper. And so she gives her ten shillings "for the good of others" whom the College helps, and asks that her contribution may be put down "without a name to it."

There are many who come because they are "ashamed" of not being able to write, or because some one has told them that if they knew how to read they would like books; or because they have heard that there is a very nice lady who has got a class: they don't much care what she teaches, but a friend has told them they would be sure to like that lady. Indeed "liking" is a very important element in the case, and it is in this way that the often unrecognised social instinct works. When you are very tired and dull after a day's work, you want to see the bright, kindly face of some one who is interested in you, and who makes the lesson cheerful. Moreover, when the lesson is ended, there is the Penny Bank, which the teacher tells you about, urging you to remember that a rainy day will come, and you should save a penny whenever you can spare it. There is the coffee-room with its hubbub of voices and laughter, and table covered with periodicals; and there is the lending-library, and a lady who knows all about the books, and will choose one that you will like. Readers who take out books for the first time are particular on this point. They look at a volume suspiciously, and ask if they will be "sure to like it?"

About one-third of those who join the collection of women in Fitzroy Street are learning to read and write. The remaining two-thirds attend classes in grammar, arithmetic, book-keeping, history, geography, drawing, physiology, hygiene, French, Latin, German, singing; in fact, any subject they wish to study, of which the committee approves, and for which a

voluntary teacher can be found. And thus it comes to pass that from October to July every room in the house is occupied by a class of students on every night of the week save Saturday. All the College teachers are unpaid.

Many of these ladies and gentlemen are professional teachers, trained to their work and educated for it; coming when the labours of the day are over to give the best they have for the love of service, and as a voluntary ministrations to the need of others.

Many are amateurs, with a gift for teaching which, under favourable circumstances, is rapidly developed into special proficiency. All are welcome. In fact, there is only one kind of volunteer to be guarded against, and that is the unpunctual person who comes late or not at all; who sends a telegram to an assembled class, or a letter which reaches the office at ten o'clock at night after the class has dispersed. The man or woman who is likely to stay away if it is wet, or cold, or windy, or even for a concert or a ball, should pause and reflect before offering help to others.

"I thought some one would take my class," says such a one; taking it for granted that the College has a store-closet, like a prudent housewife, and upon an emergency can produce a supernumerary teacher.

Or, "I thought it was so wet no one would come."

Or, "The night was so very bad; it really did not seem worth while to make such an effort in order to give a spelling-lesson to a few women."

"Don't make the effort," is the only reply that can be given to such a one; "don't make it at all."

Such work should be undertaken not by those who are willing to come out on fine evenings when they have nothing else to do, but by a far more earnest and sympathetic class of helpers. Moreover, it is not the case that teachers come to a small bare room to give a reading-lesson to a few young women. The pupils who await

them have not been kept back by wind or snow, by rain or frost; they have come long distances on foot in the cold of winter, or after the trying heat of a summer's day; they are tired, exhausted, often depressed at the hopelessness of the task they have undertaken, the almost insurmountable barrier of ignorance which impedes progress, and if they learn anything from a teacher, they learn much more than he professes to teach. They learn that life is, and ought to be, something more than mere living, less for one's self, and more for others; they learn to sympathise with deeds of thoughtful love, to understand the meaning of self-sacrifice, to know that, although wealth and station seem to separate the rich and the poor, yet God has made of one blood all the dwellers upon the earth. More than one of the students has learnt from her teacher to think of "the good of others." Many have given from their scanty store, and many others have devoted time to the objects which the College seeks to promote.

It seems difficult to account for the fact that teachers of reading, writing, and spelling are more unpunctual, than those who take the advanced classes. There are ladies and gentlemen among the latter who have not once been absent from any cause save illness during the whole period of their ministration; and at present there is not one irregular or unpunctual teacher out of the whole number. On the contrary, they come from long distances, make great sacrifices, return to London before the usual time, and leave it late in the summer, in order "not to disappoint my class."

Possibly the more intelligent pupils inspire more interest, but the patient industry of an ignorant girl or woman also deserves respect and consideration. The knowledge of grammar, geography, or French are not of more importance to a young woman than that of reading and writing, and ought not to be considered of more

importance; but the fact remains that all teachers of the former subjects tend to regularity, and that hitherto the majority of the latter tend in an opposite direction, though with noble and noteworthy exceptions.

The College is a collection of students. It seeks to supply the need of instruction and improvement felt by a few women in every class. But it does more than this: it seeks to promote culture, to teach habits of prudence and forethought; it gives thoughtful women an opportunity of meeting each other and forming valuable friendships, and it offers healthy and rational entertainment as a recreation to the older, and a means of guiding and forming the tastes of its younger members.

The College is in union with the Society of Arts. Examinations are held within its walls, free of cost to students, who can obtain certificates and prizes. There are free lending and reference libraries, open to students every night in the week except Saturday. Books, or money to purchase them, have been given by many friends; and grants of money for the purchase of books have been received from the trustees of the *Gilchrist Fund* and of *Rebecca Hussey*. There are now about 600 volumes in the library, and more than a hundred readers. Wholesome fiction is freely supplied, and is greatly in request; there is also a fair demand for poetry, biography, history, and travels.

Every night in the week, except Saturday, a branch of the Penny Bank is open in the office. Lectures by Mr. Geo. C. P. Bartley and Mr. J. G. Fitch have done much to draw the attention of the students to the possibility of thrift and economy, and the duty of it. During the past year 107 students deposited 118*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*, which, with 27*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* already in the bank, makes a total of 395*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* A considerable part of this sum has recently been withdrawn, on account of hard times and slack work; but those who have known the advantage

of a reserve fund in time of need say that they will try never to be without it, and in most cases a small sum has been left as a "nest egg."

The College offers, as we have said, possibilities for social intercourse. There is a coffee-room, well lighted and warmed; in the new house there will also be a reading-room, open every night from seven to ten. These are the College hours for all classes and all the work now carried on. The coffee-room offers a possibility of tea, coffee, and bread and butter; but an assemblage of women differs from one of the other sex. They don't smoke, and they don't want anything to eat or drink. Women have not acquired the habit, or have not got the means, of spending money on superfluous stimulants or food; and a cup of tea or coffee with bread and butter for three-halfpence does not tempt them. They "have meals at home," they say, and an occasional "exception" only "proves this rule."

The coffee-room table is furnished with books and periodicals. The *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and *Good Words* are regularly provided by one friend; the *Illustrated London News* and *Macmillan's Magazine* by another. Stray numbers of the *Graphic*, of the comic papers, of some of the monthlies, find their way thither, and are welcome. After they have done duty in the coffee-room, the weekly papers go to a neighbouring workhouse-infirmiry, where they are eagerly welcomed by the poor inmates. The consecutive monthly journals are bound; all odd numbers and superfluous waste-paper are sold, and the pence they bring help to re-bind and keep in good repair the well-worn library volumes.

Saturday is a free evening. No classes are held on it; the library and Penny Bank are not open. It is the night set apart for social entertainment. Concerts, lectures, readings, recitations, dramatic performances—all have been offered to and accepted by the committee, and all eagerly

welcomed by the students. They are preceded one and all by tea at eight o'clock, a tea to which the College invites its guests, and a pleasant half-hour in the coffee-room, when teachers, friends, and pupils learn to know each other.

Refreshments are paid for from the Entertainment Fund, which has hitherto been mainly furnished through the kindness of Madame Antoinette Sterling, who, when she sings to the students, allows tickets of admission to be sold for the benefit of this fund. After tea comes the difficult task of packing a large audience into two rooms on the first-floor. Teachers and students believe these rooms to be elastic; however full they may be, it is always possible to squeeze in a few more persons, and none save the teachers, have ever been known to spend the whole evening on the staircase outside the door.

Many readers will be interested in the tables of occupations and attendance subjoined. They will see that during the "season," that is, from May to July, the numbers fall off in all classes, and that the busy time of the College is from October to April. The occupations of the students and members during one year are as follows:—

Artificial flower, feather, and toy-makers . . .	5
Bookbinders, folders, and compositors . . .	6
Bookkeeper . . .	1
China painters, gilders, japanners, hair workers . . .	7
Clerks and newspaper agent . . .	4
Domestic servants . . .	30
Embroiderers, lace milliners, and jewel-case liners . . .	8
Hospital nurses . . .	9
Machinists . . .	18
Needlewomen, dress and mantle-makers, milliners, &c. . .	107
Shopwomen . . .	26
Stationers, tobacconist, and fancy trades . .	6
Surgical-instrument makers . . .	4
Teachers and pupil-teachers . . .	38
No occupation stated ¹ . . .	107

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¹ Nearly all employed in housework or needlework at their own homes.

TABLE OF CLASS ATTENDANCE.

SUBJECTS.	FOURTH YEAR. October 1877, to July 1878.			
	First Term.	Second Term.	Third Term.	Fourth Term.
Arithmetic	43	51	50	27
Bookkeeping	16	18	26	24
Drawing	11	16	11	8
French	37	40	35	29
German	4	—	1	1
Geography	17	18	15	—
Grammar	54	51	42	25
History (English)	8	10	13	11
Latin	6	4	4	4
Literature (English) . . .	9	5	4	—
Physics and Hygiene . . .	—	—	26	28
Singing	50	31	28	22
Writing	69	48	40	25
Reading and Spelling . . .	84	73	75	42
Total of Entries to Classes	408	365	370	246
Total of Students	206	196	203	151

Five years ago the College was established in a house of which a short lease had been procured. That lease expired at Christmas, 1878, and it became necessary for the committee to find a house in the same locality. If they had wished to open a tavern or a gin-palace they would have found no difficulty in obtaining suitable premises; but any attempt to promote education, or to establish any kind of educational institute, is guarded against by all large owners of property in London. It is impossible to obtain permission to open a school on the Duke of Bedford's estate, and extremely difficult on many others. Some day landlords will learn that grammar is not so much to be dreaded as gin, but that day has not yet dawned; and it was only after considerable difficulty, and by means of very generous effort, that the treasurer of the College obtained a forty years' lease of the premises No. 7, Fitzroy Street.

The annual rent of this house is 115*l.*, and before the lease was granted 600*l.* had to be expended in repairs. A large part of this sum has been already given, more is promised, and the remainder will certainly be forthcoming. Annual subscriptions and

donations will not fail. No work set on foot for the good of others, and which meets a real need, is allowed in England to perish. It will receive needful support, and is as a seed, which will in due time bring forth abundantly. The Evening College for Women at South Kensington has already sprung from the example of our College in Fitzroy Street. Every great centre of work and activity in London ought to have such a place of assembly for working women.

When the repairs are completed the College will, at a low rent, occupy premises of the annual value of 170*l.* With increased accommodation and commodious rooms the Committee hope greatly to extend their work, to open a Cookery School, much needed in the neighbourhood, and to offer facilities for the establishment of technical classes in women's work during the day time.

The Kyrle Society has kindly consented to undertake the decoration of two large rooms on the first-floor, and Miss Callwell has offered to decorate the coffee-room and office. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of making the classrooms, the coffee-room, the reading-room, the hall and staircase, and office beautiful. Beautiful objects should greet the tired eyes and weary brain, and refresh them. The knowledge that this beauty has been provided by the loving service of others will revive many a drooping heart and spirit.

Moreover, how shall the temptations of this great city and its lighted halls be neutralised save by the efforts of those who join together to withdraw the young from the dull and lonely lives which so often betray them to ruin? If kind friends are ready with bright, loving welcome, they will find it easy to lead young women to love that which is good and noble, and to be contented with wholesome, happy entertainments; and they will also find that the pleasure of those who give is as great as of those who receive.

The students, whose small fees for classes and membership often represent sharp economy, and who give time and attention after the work of the day is over; and the teachers, who, in addition to time and money and thought for the educational part of the work, devote so much generous care to bringing beauty in art, music, and literature home to their pupils, have between them made the College all that it is, and will make it all that it hopes to become.

It is impossible to close this brief record of five years' work without an allusion to the honoured name of one by whom all the early efforts on behalf of women were inaugurated.

When the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice originated the scheme of *Queen's College*, Harley Street, he laid the foundation upon which has been based the higher education of women of all classes.

When he founded the *College for Working Men* in Great Ormond Street he associated with it classes for working women. The classes for women, which were separate from those of the men, were discontinued after a time. But the work that had been begun was taken up by the Working Women's College in Queen Square, and carried on until, in 1874, a majority of the

council of that College resolved to throw it open to men as well as women, and try the experiment of mixed education. It was then that the College in Fitzroy Street took up the work, and resolved that there should still be an institution in London devoted exclusively to the improvement and culture of working women; a place of resort for those who, either from their own scruples or those of friends, objected to mixed evening classes.

The desire to raise in this College a living monument to him whose efforts on behalf of women never ceased, and whose interest in all that pertained to their improvement and culture was never diminished, has been the leading motive of some who have worked in it. His influence has upheld and guided them under discouragement and difficulty, and enabled them to meet and overcome opposition. The work which he has begun will not fail. So long as there are lonely and uneducated women, so long will there be some to step forward and seek to make their lives luminous with love and knowledge; and so long will there be some to recall with ardent and grateful affection the honoured name of Frederick Denison Maurice.

FRANCES MARTIN.

THE MALAKANI; OR, SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANS IN EASTERN RUSSIA.

"THE Russian Government has invited the Malakani, a sect of milk-drinkers, to settle in the Kars district." The sect to which this recently-issued telegram of Reuter's office¹ refers, having most of its adherents in certain villages of Eastern and Southern Russia, was introduced to the notice of the British public by Mr. Wallace, who, in 1872, visited several of its congregations, and held colloquies with the elders. The Malakani's Presbyterian organisation, their familiarity with the Bible, the eagerness, earnestness, and shrewdness displayed by them in controversy, strongly reminded Mr. Wallace of his Scotch home and elicited his lively sympathy. Nor are their own countrymen less favourably disposed towards them—a fact all the more remarkable, as the Russian law classes the Malakani among the most pernicious sects, and as their wealth might be supposed to arouse envy. What fixes the eyes of Europeans, as well as of Russians, upon them, is indeed the unqualified praise bestowed upon them by every one; and the sharp contrast universally acknowledged to exist between them and their surroundings. In order to enable the reader to understand this, we must begin by throwing a glance on the other peasants of the East Russian steppes.

Those other peasants are in no respect much above, and in some important points decidedly below, the neighbouring Kirghis nomads. Their villages, very similar to the winter quarters of well-to-do Kirghis, are as grey and uniform as nomad encampments. The low, lengthy huts, with roofs of half-rotten thatch, are built

of mud mixed with chopped straw, and stand in vast irregular yards, inclosed by crumbling walls of the same material. Only a few two-storied wooden houses belonging to corn-dealers and usurers somewhat diversify the long winding rows of mud huts and mud walls. No grass, no tree, not even a kitchen garden enlivens such a village; and its soil, either buried in snow, or parched, cracked, and covered with a thick layer of dust, or turned by snow and rain into a quagmire, is far drearier than even the sunburnt steppe on which the nomad pitches his felt tent. It is difficult to say whether that tent or the hut is more scantily furnished, and as regards every kind of disgusting disorder the hut is unquestionably worse than the tent. Even the domestic economies of the peasant and the nomad are surprisingly similar. The peasant is in perpetual search for fresh land; he cultivates the same field only two years in succession, and then leaves it for a number of years, until, by thus lying fallow, it has recovered sufficient fertility—a system exactly alike in principle to the nomad's wandering in quest of fresh grassplots. Still more in accordance with nomad usages is the peasant's pasturing. The animals of all the families in the village are intrusted to shepherds and herdsmen hired by the community, who drive them as long as the season permits over the far-stretching village commons. These herds and flocks, the peasant's only means of investment—for they spend nothing on the improvement of their agriculture, and the land itself is partly community-land distributed for cultivation, partly rented—are a very precarious kind of property in these

¹ Dated St. Petersburg, January 21st, 1879; see *Times* and other newspapers of the 23rd.

regions, where the cattle plague is endemic, and where the scum of all the nationalities on the steppe, Russians, Malorossians, Germans, Tatars, Kirghis, Kalmouks, unite in horse-stealing, passing the booty rapidly from hand to hand until it disappears in some nomad herd often hundreds of miles from where it was taken. Another mighty impediment to the peasants' economical progress is their savage-like improvidence. They no doubt dispose of masses of land which to the European farmer would appear fabulous, and therefore require no manure. These advantages, however, are widely outbalanced by the distance of markets and the uncertainty of prices; by a winter so severe and capricious that little more than five months are left for agricultural labour; by droughts, untimely frosts, sudden blights, rust, mice; in years of good growth, enormously dear labour and wet autumns, an average yield less than a third of that habitual in England; bad years being the rule, and somewhat satisfactory ones the exception, and at least one harvest in ten returning less than the seed. These things are of course well known to the peasant; and yet, after every harvest, he is, as long as the money lasts, in a state of bestial besottedness, accompanied on festive days by coarse feasting on a grand scale. The total result is that the increase of wealth scarcely keeps pace with the growth of population, and that the aspect of the peasant's life is as stationary as in Asia. The peasant's religion, though called Christian, is far more heathenish in its practices and superstitions than the by no means pure Mohammedanism of the Kirghis; and while these nomads mostly receive some kind of instruction from their mullahs, the minds of the peasants remain entirely uncultivated. Their morality is such as under these circumstances may be expected. That every man is a thief is, according to a proverb current among them, a matter of course; no one would tell the truth

where a lie seems more profitable; and the brute passions, though somewhat hidden by a superficial kindness, assert their rule on every occasion, and sometimes burst out with fearful fury. Thus, not long ago, a troop of peasants from some of the villages we are here speaking of tried to put a stop to horsestealing by striking terror into the souls of the Kirghis. Armed and on horseback, and having drunk a whole tun—140 gallons—of spirits, they sallied forth into the Kirghis territory and murdered every man, woman, and child they could lay hands on, seizing the babes by the legs and hurling their heads against those of their parents. Such is the civilisation in the midst of which the Malakani live, for those very villages from which the expedition just described was recruited are noted abodes of Malakanism; and at a distance of about sixty miles from them is Alexandroff Gai, where Mr. Wallace, guided by the Russian friends with whom he was travelling, went to hold his principal conference with the Malakan elders.

That town-like village is indeed specially fit to impress the stranger, for here the Malakani have, favoured by exceptional circumstances, been able to settle in a quarter of their own, apart from the other inhabitants, and to build up, out of the same materials which the surrounding barbarism employs, a civilised life well adapted to the opportunities and requirements of the steppe on the border of Asia. The streets in the Malakan quarter of Alexandroff Gai, though straight and of great breadth and considerable length, do not contain many houses; the yards being of unusual vastness even here. The walls, extending from house to house, by which these yards are separated from the streets, as well as the stables, barns, and granaries within the yards, though built of mud-bricks, are even, regular, and in good repair; and the whole homestead, however strange to the European eye, on account of the enormous waste of space,

the long, low, earth-coloured farm-buildings, the absence of verdure, the unwonted human figures—peasants with long beards, dressed in cotton shirts and wide baggy breeches, and horsemen in Kirghis array, and with Mongol features—differs most markedly from the dilapidation and wild disorder customary in Russian farmyards. As regards the houses, the best of them, similar in shape to those of the dealers in other parts of Alexandroff Gai, are wooden, brightly painted, two-storied, with an outside staircase leading to the gallery which runs along the upper story; and over that story a garret with a small balcony—altogether a stately-looking building. The second-rate houses, one-storied and of weather-stained wood, and the still poorer huts of mud bricks, are remarkable only by their neatness. The centre of the upper story in the best houses is formed by a large hall-like room with broad benches along the walls and one or two tables. Here prayer-meetings are held and guests are received. On either side of the hall is a good-sized room, inhabited, the one by the elder, the other by the younger members of the family. On the ground-floor are the kitchen and the store-rooms. The whole house is neat and orderly; and the poorer houses, though less attractive, are also pleasant and homelike. The dress of the inhabitants is analogous to their abode; that is to say, it differs from that of the other peasants only in neatness and substantiality, not in material or cut. All the clothes—with the exception of the elderly men's cloth caftans, the baggy trousers of black cotton velvet or other thick cotton stuff, and the sheepskin furs—are made of cotton prints or scarlet cottonades, and the men are girt with twisted woollen shawls. Yet, in spite of this attire, and of the hair dressed and cut, and the beards worn just as other peasants have them, the fact that the Malakani are very different from their fellow-villagers is apparent at the first sight of most of them, in the honest beaming eyes, the

mild expression of the faces, and the frankness of the address, though that is somewhat subdued by a but too easily explicable shyness.

The Malakani's prosperity is owing to their intelligence, their frugality, to the confidence they enjoy, to the unity within their families, and to their mutual assistance. In Alexandroff Gai, where, notwithstanding the abundance of land, there is much poverty among the other peasants, every Malakan household is at least above need; and the twelve wealthiest Malakan families hold together 200,000 acres of crown land, the individual holdings varying between 3,000 and 40,000 acres. Each of these vast tracts is used principally for cattle or sheep-breeding, and a small part for wheat-growing in the above-described fashion; that is to say, every year some of the pasture is turned into fields, and each field, after having been cultivated for two years, is again turned into pasture. The cattle, 300 to 500 on the largest holdings, and the still more numerous sheep, are placed in the hands of Kirghis herdsmen, who, having felt tents, horses, and some cattle of their own, encamp the whole year on the steppe, and, living exactly like other Kirghis, perform their herdsmen's duties on horseback. Their pay is quite sufficient for their small wants; and they, as well as the numerous farm-servants and labourers in the Malakani's employ, are faithful to their masters because they are treated, not as beasts of burden, but as fellow-men. "We feed our work-people with beef," said one of the largest Malakan farmers to me, "because what tastes sweet to us also tastes sweet to them."

Such farming as that which I have just described is possible only in a very thinly-inhabited part, where land may be had from the crown at a yearly rent of about 2*d.* an acre. In the somewhat more westerly districts, life is not so easy; but there are other advantages of which the Malakani avail themselves with much energy and skill. My host, in one of

the villages which shared in the murdering raid into the Kirghis territory, devotes his attention to a variety of pursuits. Land in that neighbourhood, which, though sixty miles further westward than Alexandroff Gai, is nearly sixty miles from the Volga, is proportionably dear (10s. an acre yearly rent for the best land), on account of the competition of the German colonies in the vicinity. Yet my host, nothing daunted, extends his farming from year to year, and has now 600 acres under wheat, recouping himself by the high quality of his produce, part of which he sells for seed. He owns two flour-mills. When cattle are cheap he takes to slaughtering, and sells the hides, tallow, and meat. The village fair is leased to him, and he lets the permanent booths and the places for temporary stalls. His house, similar to the best houses in Alexandroff Gai, is used by him for receiving travellers, chiefly corn-dealers, from the ports on the Volga whom he attracts by assisting them in their purchases, and by the fairness of his terms. Some Malakani have large orchards systematically tended and watered, and producing rich harvests of valuable apples; some are carriers, some are tanners and dealers in leather, some are carpenters, some are house-painters; some of the women make thick velvety rugs for which they themselves dye the wool; and whatever the Malakani undertake, every one likes to have intercourse with them, convinced of the soundness of their labour and of their faithfulness in keeping their word—rare satisfactions in Eastern Russia. My own business transactions with two of my Malakan hosts strongly reminded me of some of the best traits of European life. I had furnished my room, in the house of one of them, with the articles necessary for a few months' stay; and when I was going to leave, I asked the landlady how to dispose of the furniture. "How much do you want for it?" asked she. I named the prices for each article. "I shall take them at those prices," answered she, without any attempt at

haggling. The second affair is still more characteristic. I had lived five weeks with my host, Athanas Gavrilévitch Orloff, the owner of the two flour-mills mentioned above. Our agreement was that I was to pay three roubles a week for board and lodging; it however happened that I was, by various misunderstandings with my banker, nearly without money, and had not paid Orloff anything until my departure, and he knew that I had then only twenty-five roubles. In consequence of this situation the following dialogue took place:—

The evening before my departure I said: "Here are twenty-five roubles, take fifteen and return me ten."

Ath. Gavr. "I have not time just now."

Thereupon in the morning:

I. "Here are twenty-five roubles, take fifteen and return me ten."

Ath. Gavr. takes the money reluctantly, and saying nothing, brings back eighteen roubles.

I. "You have made a mistake, here are eighteen roubles instead of ten."

Ath. Gavr. "No, don't you see, three roubles a week I take from the corn-dealers, who give me no end of trouble; how could I take so much from you?"

The Malakani's family life moves in the same patriarchal form as that of the other peasants. Not only the unmarried children, but also the married sons and their sons and unmarried daughters are under the progenitor's roof and rule. But while this organisation is in other Russian peasant families a source of brutal and capricious despotism, and of endless quarrels and heartburnings, it is in the Malakani's home ideally harmonious. Its principal traits here are the zeal of the paterfamilias to fulfil his duties with dignity and with equal justice and affection towards the whole household; his family's loving reverence for him; the high position of his wife; the total equality between daughters and sons—in spite of the harsh treatment of the female sex under the Russian law—and the absolutely free choice of partners in matrimony. The contrasts between the Malakani and the other peasants become still more striking when we enter into the details of their

daily lives. The delight of the other peasants is the squalid tumultuous dram-shop; in their homes, bestiality, noise, and filth; a coarse show of opulence one day, and misery a few days after; ferocious domestic despotism and the vices engendered by it, are constantly to be witnessed. The flow of the Malakani's life, on the contrary, is so still and even that Europeans, accustomed to hurry and turmoil, cannot imagine it. Work performed without haste, and yet steadily, and in willing co-operation with all the members of the family; instruction of the children by their parents, prayers, psalm-singing, colloquies on religious subjects, reading of the Bible, and congregational assemblies, constitute the Malakani's whole existence. Their religious exercises, showing none of the enthusiasm and the self-consciousness which appear to us essential to sectarian piety, are for them inexhaustible sources of quiet enjoyment.

The Malakan religion exceeds all other religions in the want of established outward marks, and is therefore not easy to describe. It certainly bears some trace of the sources from which it sprang, that is to say, of the influence of two older sects—the one originated by the teaching of English Quakers in Moscow, the other Judaizing. But since the foundation of Malakanism a century has elapsed, and the remnants of those influences are now of small significance for its essence; and in comparing Malakanism with other religions, we obtain little more than negations. The Malakani abhor image-worship, have no priests, no dogma, no sacraments, no symbols of faith, no consecrated forms of worship, no sacred buildings, no peculiar dress and manner, and do not imagine themselves to be inspired by the Holy Ghost. Although their congregational meetings mostly take place on Sundays and other great Church holidays, they do not scruple to transact business on those days; and any day appears to them fit for congregational devotion. Even their Presbyterianism,

very unlike that of the Calvinists, scarcely deserves the name of a constituted Church government. For their elders are simply old men, well read in the Scriptures, who owe their authority to tacit consent, not to election; and it is not easy to draw a line where eldership begins. Mere negations cannot, however, give an idea of Malakanism; and we must try to collect its positive traits.

Its outward form is the very extreme of plainness. The locality where the congregation assembles is, as a rule, one of the hall-like rooms; but a smaller room, or a yard, or even a field, also answers the purpose. The service is described in the following manner by a witness who often saw it celebrated:—

“In the large room where the assembly is going to take place a table is covered with a white cloth, and upon it a number of Bibles and psalters are placed. When the presiding elder enters the room, all the others rise and salute him by bending their heads; he also bends his head, and all pray in silence. He then proceeds to his seat, indicates the chapters of the prophets, the Psalms, the New Testament to be read; after the reading he points out the Psalms or chapters intended to be sung; all then go nearer to the table. The singing itself is melancholy, resembling that of popular ballads. After the singing there is again some reading, and then a prayer, likewise composed of Bible verses. At the end of the prayer the whole congregation, led by the elder, prostrate themselves. Some other prayers are performed kneeling.”

My own experience of Malakani congregational worship is slightly different from this description, but agrees with its most prominent trait, the total absence of settled liturgical forms and of an established order. No one knows before the beginning of the service what is going to be read and sung. The presiding elder himself chooses the texts during the service. Not unfrequently several elders preside,

and the choice is made by consultation, or sometimes alternately by the one, sometimes by the other. Colloquial commentaries, principally by the elders, on the passages which have been read, are not uncommon. Most congregations have a few traditional prayers in prose, and some religious songs, which are occasionally, according to the presiding elder's choice, employed in the service. More settled, and even approaching to a liturgical ritual, are the services for weddings, the reception of the new-born, and burial. But the presiding elder is here also at liberty to choose and alter as he deems appropriate. Family devotion is still more devoid of set rules. It is not usual in Malakan families to gather regularly for any purpose; and even the meals are about as uncertain and prolonged as breakfast in an English country mansion where there are many visitors. There are, therefore, no established usages for saying grace, nor is there anything at all akin to English morning and evening family worship. All the above-mentioned private religious exercises are quite free, according to each member's own choice. Even fasts are kept in the same way. They are self-imposed penances, and though, like the Jewish fasts, consisting in total abstinence from food, often last several days. The only other remnant of Judaism in the congregations I have here more specially in view, is a peremptory objection to pork. In some other congregations, however, the Saturday Sabbath is kept exactly as in Jewish houses, and even minute details of Jewish Sabbath-customs are observed. Some congregations in the Caucasus even used, twenty years ago, to have certain Hebrew prayers, and perhaps have them still.

The three great events of family life—marriage, birth, and death, are, as I have already said, consecrated by congregational worship; and the marriage ceremony, though absolutely colourless, is very impressive. The whole congregation assembles in one of the vast yards, and its representative on this occasion is the very oldest

man, white-haired, trembling, and so all the more venerable. This service is very lengthy, and consists principally of prayers, composed of Bible verses, which the elder reads, the congregation joining only in the *amens* and prostrations. The burial service is less long, but else of a similar nature.

As regards the doctrines professed by the Malakani, they cannot properly be said to have any other established faith than that the Bible is God's word, and ought therefore to be obeyed. The teaching derived by them from this axiom is not at all dogmatical, but merely practical, and exclusively consists in the application of the commands of the gospel to the duties of every-day life, an endeavour in which they have acquired a great proficiency, even their young people, girls especially, vieing with each other in the quoting of texts. The practical lessons thus deduced are well fitted to meet with the approval of the educated—whether religious or not—in western Europe. Their treatment of what we call "the rights of the female sex," is especially remarkable. Such "rights" they do not acknowledge, because, as they instinctively feel, religion teaches only duties, not rights; and yet they manage to assure to women as lofty a position as any enthusiast could desire. The matrimonial relations are based upon the rule that "the husband ought to love his wife as Christ loves His Church." This rule is not only accepted and applied throughout private life, but is also the source of the juridical decisions of elders and congregations in questions of marriage law. The reason alleged for granting equal advantages to daughters and sons is that "God commands us to love all our children alike, and that therefore to give a preference to sons would be sinful." All the other teachings are analogous to these. A superficial observer might however be misled into the belief that besides these practical lessons, there is in Malakanism, as in other religions, some formulated dogmatical creed. For there are scores of Malakan

professions of faith, much more similar to each other than the creeds of the various branches of Calvinism. But all of them form part of those enormously voluminous secret documents of the Ministry of the Interior relating to the criminal prosecutions and police investigations of sectarianism, some specimens of which, stolen from the archives, were published by Kelsieff, one of Herzen's followers (4 vols. London, Trübner & Co., 1860-1862). The Russian law considers sectarian propagandism as a crime, and the Malakani as sectarians of the most dangerous kind; and thousands of reports and protocols of criminal inquests into Malakanism, therefore, exist in the head office and the branch offices of the Ministry of the Interior, to whose functions those inquests, which were indeed more administrative than juridical, appertained till not long ago. The inquisitors were of course obliged to ask the accused, "What is your faith?" and the accused were obliged to answer. All these professions of faith are therefore in fact answers to questions of men belonging to the orthodox Church, although their form does not always indicate it. *E.g.*—

"Priests and Bishops.—'We have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession' (Heb. iv. 14).

"Images.—We have a priceless image, the Son of God, 'Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature' (Coloss. i. 15).

"Censer and Incense.—Our incense consists in prayers. 'Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense' (Ps. cxli. 2)."

The scarcely veiled meaning of the above and of a number of similar answers is: "We do not accept the rites and dogmas of the established Church, because they are not in accordance with the Bible." Besides such negations there is in these professions of faith a much more positive element; for instance:

"Baptism.—The soul's diving into God's word and love.

"Communion.—The soul's partaking in the good word of God.

"Confession.—The prayer addressed to Jesus that He may act as Mediator for the forgiveness of sin."

Although these answers fully agree with the Malakani's convictions, we should be much mistaken if we considered them as their intellectual property. They are, indeed, nothing but the petrified remnants of the doctrines of *Duchoborts*i (spiritual warriors), the older sect, from which Malakanism sprang. That sect, which, as already said, derived its origin from Quaker teaching, is perhaps even more remarkable than the Malakani. Its principal abode, on the *Molotchnaya river*, in the Crimea, was visited in 1818 by the Quaker R. Allen and two other Quakers, and in 1842 by Baron Haxthausen; and all these travellers were astonished by the *Duchoborts*i's mystical speculations and the dialectical subtlety with which they defended them. The Malakani, on the contrary, are as far as possible from being great thinkers. They no doubt show some adroitness in fencing with the orthodox clergy; but their principal arm in such disputes is their own absolute incapacity to follow up a theological argument. They drive their adversaries—themselves no very great lights—to despair by persistently misunderstanding them, and by over and over again repeating the same texts. Malakanism is an entirely practical and absolutely undogmatical religion. It takes its foundation for granted, and makes no effort to investigate it.

All the Malakani can and do read; but having no literature of their own except some manuscript prayers and religious songs, they must look elsewhere for intellectual food; and the choice made by them throws a curious light on their intellectual sphere, proving how completely they are cut off from the general movement. Besides Bibles and psalters in Slavonic—the same which are used in the orthodox Church—New Testaments, and a few parts of the Old Testament in modern Russian, and still fewer commentaries on the whole or part of the Gospels, all of them likewise

published by the orthodox Church, the Malakani read, as far as I was able to discover, only four books—the *Magazine of all the Amusements*, the *Writings of Skovoroda*, *Jung Stilling's Autobiography*, and Livanoff's *Essays on Russian Sects*. The latter author, though employed by the Government to attack sectarianism, and having for that purpose free access to the archives of the Ministry of the Interior, extols the Malakani almost beyond measure, and draws, with wonderful audacity, ironical parallels between them and the adherents of the established Church. The *Magazine of all the Amusements* is a collection of astrological, chiromantical, and other mantic tracts, apparently translated about fifty years ago from much older German publications. *Skovoroda* was a Cossack, a quaint Christian philosopher and poet of the last century. *Jung Stilling's Autobiography* was translated into Russian in 1815, and was in high favour with the mystics of St. Petersburg. It probably reached the Malakani from Sarepta, the Hernhut colony on the river Volga; and an adversary of the Malakani asserts that they at one time prized that book above the Gospel. Malakan owners of books certainly glory a little too much in the possession of these treasures, frequently mixing scraps from them with their conversation. For though quite without spiritual pride, they are not free from a naïve, childlike vanity.

The Malakan congregational organisation is, according to their own opinion, the counterpart of the organisation of the early Church, and the resemblance is undeniable, because there is some similarity between the two situations. The Malakani, long accustomed to be treated by the law as dangerous sectarians, and to be deprived of many of the natural rights of unoffending men, look upon the Emperor and the Government much as the early Christians did, scrupulously obeying the authorities and laws, but obeying them as strangers. They call

the established Church "Russian," and its adherents "Russians," just as if they themselves were foreigners. Their congregational assemblies have for that very reason a signification very similar to that which the "ecclesia" had for the early Christians. We have already seen that marriages and births are consecrated by the congregation; and these public acts have, in the eyes of the Malakani, a not merely sacramental, but also a legal authority: nay, the Government itself, having no other means to ascertain the status of Malakan families, accords—though not openly and distinctly—some weight to those acts. All legal disputes between Malakani are brought before the congregation; and the elders are in their jurisdiction guided by their notions of Bible law; for the Bible is their only law-book, and when they sit in judgment it is constantly in their hands. The congregational assembly also admits new members, exercises a disciplinary authority, and receives confessions of sin. That no regular contributions are raised, and that the elders are entirely unpaid, are other important points of resemblance between the church government of the Malakani and that of the early Christians. The education of the young is not among the functions of the congregation; there neither are, nor ever were, any Malakani schools, but the somewhat desultory instruction of the Malakani children is performed solely by their relatives.

Malakanism originated about a century ago, and its beginnings are fit to form the theme of a stirring novel. Its founder, the village tailor Uklein, left his legitimate wife to marry the daughter and become one of the principal followers of the village heresiarch Hilarion Pobirochin, a wealthy peasant in one of the villages of the province of Tamboff (to the south-east of Moscow). Pobirochin had, during a residence in Poland, been imbued by some of the mystics of that country with ideas belonging rather to India than to Europe. On his return to his

native village he placed himself at the head of the Duchobortsi of those parts, who, at that time, divided and uncertain in their doctrines, were, with the submissiveness of Russian peasants, disposed to accept the commands of his despotic will. He taught that there is no God, save in the persons of the righteous; that when one of these dies another one is born into whom the deceased's soul passes, while the souls of the lawless pass into the bodies of animals. Himself he considered as the incarnation of the Son of God. In order to enforce these doctrines he was surrounded by twelve unconditionally devoted adherents, called the "angels of death," who maintained his authority by means of threats, blows, and even murder. Uklein, disgusted by Pobirochin's forbidding his followers to read the Bible, soon fell out with him. In one of the congregational meetings he opposed his father-in-law so violently, that only the alarm raised by the housewife saved him from the clutches of the "angels of death."

The teachings of the Duchobortsi, independently of Pobirochin's extravagances, are, as I have already pointed out, nearly akin to those of the Quakers, and these same doctrines formed the fundamental stock with which Uklein started when founding his new sect. He however reverted to the Bible, which had been somewhat set aside by the Duchobortsi in favour of their inspirations and mystical speculations; and he moreover became the associate in propagandism of the head of a widespread Judaizing sect, receiving them into his fold, and adopting some of their tenets, especially the objection to pork. It seems strange that the necessarily confused ideas arising from this mixture achieved a large and rapid success. The fact is that among the Russian lower classes there is a craving for spiritual food, because the established Church offers them nothing but forms, which, though full of beauty, become mere idolatry in the hands of a drunken and contemptible village clergy,

performing the rites mechanically, and without even the pretence of an interest in them. The persecution of Malakanism, on account of its close resemblance to the "pernicious" Duchobortsi creed, also contributed mightily to its spread, which was moreover favoured by the locality where the new sect originated. The province of Tamboff borders on the vast steppe region, stretching from the confines of Asia across the river Volga, which is in some of its south-eastern and eastern districts still inhabited by Kalmouk, Kirghis, and Bashkere nomads. The greatest part of that region had, in January 1771, become nearly empty by the exodus of the Kalmouk nation, which, justly alarmed by the establishment of the German colonies, fled into Asia, leaving only a few fragments on the right bank of the river, and entirely deserting the left bank—that is to say, the whole wide space between the rivers Volga and Ural. The Kirghis afterwards pressed forward into that space; but up to Uklein's time they had only made some raids into it, ravaging some of the German settlements, and driving the inhabitants and their herds and flocks to Asiatic markets. The German colonists, though by far the densest population of the region, numbered barely 30,000 spread over 1,000 square miles. The remaining parts of the population were some clusters of serfs surrounding their self-exiled masters; the sparse descendants of the Astrachan Tatars and of two Finnish tribes; some Russians in Astrachan and in the villages along the two branches into which the Volga is here divided; and the Volga Cossacks in widely-dispersed stanitzas and isolated farmyards. This region, little interfered with by the Government, was the scene of Uklein's labours after he had left his native province. In the then most completely deserted part, close to the frontier of Asia, Alexandroff Gaï was founded, and received its Malakan settlers from Tamboff, whence persecution had driven them. Most of the above-

mentioned Malakan congregations had a similar origin; but Uklein had also considerable success among the Cossacks and the other peasants, both free and serfs. The Crimea, Grusia, and Siberia likewise received crowds of Malakani, transported there in order to prevent the infection of more populous localities; and Malakanism, wherever thus planted, continued to propagate itself among its neighbours.

But why were Uklein's followers called Malakani—a name evidently derived from *moloko* (milk)? To this question the Russians usually give the absurd answer, "Because the Malakani do not, like the orthodox, abstain from milk on the fast-days of the Church." The fact is that the name *Malakani* was originally a popular nickname of the Duchobortsy,¹ most of them having, by order of the Government, been made to emigrate to the banks of the *Molotchnaya* (Milk-river) in the Crimea; and that the name afterwards, apparently in the years 1812 to 1820, shifted over to Uklein's sect, on which it fixed itself so firmly that its real origin is long forgotten. It was indeed, in the beginning of Uklein's sect, almost impossible for outsiders to distinguish the new sect from the parent stock, especially as both loved to call themselves "Spiritual Christians," and as the professions of faith in both were the same, or nearly the same.

Between the two sects themselves there has nevertheless been not only no renewed connection, but, on the contrary, a continually increasing distance; nor have the Jewish influences been renewed, except on a few isolated spots whence they have not again extended. Thus, by the gradual extinction of the traditions of the two parent sects, and the exclusive prevalence of practical deductions from the Bible, Malakanism has developed itself into a homely Christian philosophy, and has as such, by its wonderful results, earned universal, unqualified, and well-deserved praise. All the deeper is our regret to observe the numerous and con-

tinually increasing symptoms of decay which are at present manifesting themselves. Kissing and spasmodic dancing have made their appearance in the common worship of some congregations; some were, not long ago, under the paramount influence of a prophet, according to trustworthy testimony a runaway private soldier, born at Alexandroff Gai, who obtained large sums, married in Mormon fashion two young and handsome girls, and at last perished in an attempt to cure himself from inebriety. These movements were and are merely reactions against the indifferentism everywhere setting in—the slackened interest in religious affairs, the waning attendance at congregational devotion. The good treatment of humble dependents, though continued because it has proved profitable, begins to be directed and modified by calculation; drink finds its way into many Malakan homes; nay, there are confirmed drunkards in some of the most prominent and most anciently renowned Malakan families. The concurrence of this decay with the Russian public's admiration of Malakan virtue and the Government's kind interest in it, is by the Malakani themselves admitted to be not accidental. The impetus and bitter relish imparted by persecution appear indeed to have been necessary for the preservation of pure Malakanism, which is else too pale and sober to satisfy even those born and brought up to it.

The fundamental principle of the laws and regulations directed against sectarianism has outwardly remained nearly the same during the whole century since Malakanism was founded; but in its application there have been very considerable variations, nearly corresponding with the reigns to which they belong. There is, according to the Russian law, to be no constraint upon the conscience; but every attempt to bring about apostasy from the established Church is to be severely punished. The first part of this principle was, in the early years of Malakanism, nothing but a mockery; for every manifestation of sectarianism,

¹ See Livanoff's *Sectarians*, vol. iii. p. 401.

its congregational worship more especially, was regarded as an attempt to convert orthodox Christians; and the punishment was in many cases the extreme penalty of the Russian law, the knout, followed by penal servitude in the Siberian mines. The lighter punishments were compulsory military service, which then lasted more than twenty years; banishment into the fortresses, to Siberia, Grusia, the Crimea, and other desert provinces; mostly preceded by flogging with the "plet," the short and thickly-plaited horsewhip borrowed from the nomads. More terrible than these lighter punishments was the protracted preliminary inquest, the brutal driving of the prisoners, heavily chained, over long dreary distances, until they reached the inexpressibly foul and vile places of temporary confinement, and the iniquitous procedure in which the inquisitor had unlimited power, and the prisoner no right. With the accession of Alexander I. in 1801, there came a mighty change for the better. He declared that persecution merely served to spread and confirm sectarianism, and that the only true means for eradicating it was kindly persuasion and good example. Every case of sectarianism was to be laid before the council of ministers, and as the Emperor himself took a lively interest in these matters, most of them were brought to his own cognisance; and many such opportunities were made use of for the further development of his enlightened ideas. Especial favour was shown to the Duchobortsi, for whom Alexander, the friend of the Quakers, had an almost unconcealed liking, though pretending to consider their doctrines as the errors of well-meaning, but misled simpletons; and some of that favour also reached the Malakani. Nicholas, on the other hand, believed the established Church to be the mainstay of the state, and naturally con-

sidered sectarians who call regard the orthodox as "idolators," to be especially dangerous. There were again endless vexations and extortions, and numerous criminal prosecutions leading to banishment, and some to still severer punishments. Alexander II. almost abolished—practically though not formally—the criminal treatment of sectarianism. The press was at liberty to praise the Malakani, although the collection of regulations in matters of sectarianism, secretly printed by the Ministry of the Interior at the beginning of the present reign,¹ continued to describe them as an especially pernicious sect—a contradiction which the Malakani could not fail to experience in practice. Thus there was, in Alexandroff Gai, some time after Mr. Wallace's visit, a criminal inquest, because, according to the denunciation of a priest, two orthodox soldiers were said to have been present at a congregational prayer-meeting. The only results, however, were some protocols, and the prayer-meetings continue to be held quite openly. The minor official fry, and even some of the orthodox clergy, are on the very best terms with the Malakani; and officials of good standing, such as Mr. Wallace's travelling companions, do not hide their predilection for the sectarians. The Government itself shows, by the invitation quoted at the beginning of this essay, that it not only understands, but has the courage to acknowledge and utilise, the colonisatory capabilities of the Malakani. The success of this measure is undoubtable, and there is every reason to hope that in the pursuit of their difficult and noble task, the Malakani will in time get rid of all their recently-developed taints.

G. M. ASHER,
Professor.

¹ St. Petersburg, 1858; reprinted in London, 1863, Trübner & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF IN THIEVES' LANGUAGE.

THE following autobiography is both authentic and true. I have had many opportunities of testing its truth in various ways during a friendship of some eighteen months, during which the writer has been pursuing the less exciting and less lucrative occupation of a teetotal costermonger. I leave it to speak for itself, and confine my function to that of an interpreter of what will be to many an unknown tongue. It is a typical career that might be that of dozens or even hundreds in East London.

J. W. HORSLEY,

Chaplain H.M. Prison, Clerkenwell.

I was born in 1853 at Stamford Hill, Middlesex. My parents removed from there to Stoke Newington, when I was sent to an infant school. Some time afterwards I was taken by two pals (companions) to an orchard to cop (steal) some fruit, me being a mug (inexperienced) at the game. This got to my father's ears; when I went home he set about me with a strap until he was tired. He thought that was not enough, but tied me to a bedstead—you may be sure what followed. I got loose, tied a blanket and a counterpane together, fastened it to the bedstead, and let myself out of the window, and did not go home that night, but met my two pals and dosed (slept) in a haystack. Early next morning my pals said they knew where we could get some toke (food), and took me to a terrace; we went down the dancers (steps) to a safe, and cleared it out. Two or three days after I met my mother, who in tears begged of me to go home, so I went home. My parents moved to Clapton; when they sent me to school, my pals used to send stiffs (notes) to the schoolmaster, saying that

I was wanted at home; but instead of that we used to go and smug snowy (steal linen) that was hung out to dry, or rob the bakers' barrows. Things went from bad to worse, so I was obliged to leave home again. This time I palled in with some older hands at the game, who used to take me a parlour-jumping (robbing rooms), putting me in where the windows was open. I used to take anything there was to steal, and at last they told me all about wedge (silver-plate), how I should know it by the ramp (hall-mark—rampant lion?); we used to break it up in small pieces and sell it to watchmakers, and afterwards to a fence (buyer of stolen goods) down the Lane (Petticoat Lane). Two or three times a week I used to go to the Brit. (Britannia Theatre) in Hoxton, or the Gaff (penny music-room) in Shore-ditch. I used to steal anything to make money to go to these places. Some nights I used to sleep at my pals' houses, sometimes in a shed where there was a fire kept burning night and day. All this time I had escaped the hands of the reelers (police), but one day I was taken for robbing a baker's cart, and got twenty-one days. While there I made pals with another one who came from Shore-ditch, and promised to meet him when we got out, which I did, and we used to go together, and left the other pals at Clapton.

At last, one day we was at St. John's Wood, I went in after some wedge; while picking some up off the table, I frightened a cat, which upset a lot of plates when jumping out of the window. So I was taken and tried at Marylebone Police Court, and sent to Feltham Industrial School. I had not been there a month before I planned with another boy to guy (run away),

and so we did, but was stopped at Brentford, and took back to the school, for which we got twelve strokes with the birch. I thought when I first went there that I knew a great deal about thieving, but I found there was some there that knew more, and I used to pal in with those that knew the most. One day while talking with a boy he told me he was going home in a day or so; he said his friends was going to claim him out because he was more than sixteen years old. When my friends came to see me I told them that they could claim me out, and with a good many fair promises that I would lead a new life if they did so, they got me out of the school. When I got home I found a great change in my father, who had taken to drink, and he did not take so much notice of what I done as he used. I went on all straight the first few moons (months) at costering. One day there was a *fête* at Clapton, and I was coming home with my kipsy (basket); I had just sold all my goods out, I just stopped to pipe (see) what was going on, when a reeler came up to me and rapped (said), "Now — you had better guy, or else I shall give you a drag (three months in prison)." So I said all right, but he rapped, "It is not all right, I don't want any sauce from you, or else I shall set about (beat) you myself;" so I said "What for? I have done nothing; do you want to get it up for me?" Then he began to push me about, so I said I would not go at all if he put his dukes (hands) on me. Then he rammed my nut (head) against the wall, and shook the very life out of me. This got a scuff (crowd) round us, and the people ask him what he was knocking me about for, so he said, "This is young — just come home from a schooling" (a term in a reformatory). So he did not touch me again; so I went home, turned into kip (bed), and could not get up for two or three days because he had given me such a shaking, him being a great powerful man, and me only a little fellow. I still went on all

straight until things got very dear at the market. I had been down three or four days running, and could not buy anything to earn a deaner (shilling) out of. So one morning I found I did not have more than a caser (5s.) for stock-pieces (stock-money). So I thought to myself, What shall I do? I said, "I know what I will do. I will go to London Bridge rattler (railway), and take a deaner ride and go a wedge-hunting (stealing plate)." So I took a ducat (ticket) for Sutton in Surrey, and went a wedge-hunting. I had not been at Sutton very long before I piped a slavey (servant) come out of a chat (house), so when she had got a little way up the double (turning), I pratted (went) in the house. When inside I could not see any wedge laying about in the kitchen, so I screwed my nut into the washhouse, and I piped three or four pair of daisy-roots (boots). So I claimed (stole) them and took off the lid of my kipsy and put them inside, put a cloth over them, and then put the lid on again, put the kipsy on my back as though it was empty, and geyed to the rattler and took a brief (ticket) to London Bridge, and took the daisies to a sheney (Jew) down the Gaff, and done them for thirty blow (shillings). The next day I took the rattler to Forest Hill, and touched for (succeeded in getting) some wedge, and a kipsy full of clobber (clothes). You may be sure this gave me a little pluck, so I kept on at the old game, only with this difference, that I got more pieces (money) for the wedge. I got three and a sprat (3s. 6d.) an ounce. But afterwards I got 3s. 9d., and then four blow. I used to get a good many pieces about this time, so I used to clobber myself up and go to the concert-rooms. But although I used to go to these places I never used to drink any beer for some time afterwards. It was while using one of these places I first met a sparring bloke (pugilist), who taught me how to spar, and showed me the way to put my dukes up. But after a time I gave him best

(left him) because he used to want to bite my ear (borrow) too often. It was while I was with him that I got in company with some of the widest (cleverest) people in London. They used to use at (frequent) a pub in Shoreditch. The following people used to go in there—toy-getters (watch-stealers), magsmen (confidence-trick men), men at the mace (sham loan offices), broadsmen (card-sharpers), peter-claimers (box-stealers), busters and screwsmen (burglars), snide-pitchers (utterers of false coin), men at the duff (passing false jewellery), welshers (turf-swindlers), and skittle-sharps. Being with this nice mob (gang) you may be sure what I learned. I went out at the game three or four times a week, and used to touch almost every time. I went on like this for very near a stretch (year) without being smuggled (apprehended). One night I was with the mob, I got canon (drunk), this being the first time. After this, when I used to go to concert-rooms, I used to drink beer. It was at one of these places down Whitechapel I palled in with a trip and staid with her until I got smuggled. One day I was at Blackheath I got very near canon, and when I went into a place I claimed two wedge spoons, and was just going up the dancers, a slavey piped the spoons sticking out of my skyrocket (pocket), so I got smuggled. While at the station they asked me what my monarch (name) was. A reeler came to the cell and cross-kidded (questioned) me, but I was too wide for him. I was tried at Greenwich; they ask the reeler if I was known, and he said no. So I was sent to Maidstone Stir (prison) for two moon. When I came out the trip I had been living with had sold the home and guyed; that did not trouble me much. The only thing that spurred (annoyed) me was me being such a flat to buy the home. The mob got me up a break (collection), and I got between five or six foont (sovereigns), so I did not go out at the game for about a moon.

The first day that I went out I went to Slough and touched for a wedge kipsy, with 120 ounces of wedge in it, for which I got nineteen quid (sovereigns). Then I carried on a nice game. I used to get canon every night. I done things now what I should have been ashamed to do before I took to that accursed drink. It was now that I got acquainted with the use of twirls (skeleton-keys).

A little time after this I fell (was taken up) again at St. Mary Cray for being found at the back of a house, and got two moon at Bromley Petty Sessions as a rogue and vagabond; and I was sent to Maidstone, this being the second time within a stretch. When I fell this time I had between four and five quid found on me, but they gave it me back, so I was landed (was all right) this time without them getting me up a lead (a collection).

I did not fall again for a stretch. This time I got two moon for assaulting the reelers when canon. For this I went to the Steel (Bastille—Coldbath Fields Prison), having a new suit of clobber on me and about fifty blow in my brigh (pocket). When I came out I went at the same old game.

One day I went to Croydon and touched for a red toy (gold watch) and red tackle (gold chain) with a large locket. So I took the rattler home at once. When I got into Shoreditch I met one or two of the mob, who said, "Hallo, been out to-day? Did you touch?" So I said, "Usher" (yes). So I took them in and we all got canon. When I went to the fence he bested (cheated) me because I was drunk, and only gave me 8*l.* 10*s.* for the lot. So the next day I went to him and asked him if he was not going to grease my duke (put money into my hand). So he said, "No." Then he said, "I will give you another half-a-quid;" and said, "Do anybody, but mind they don't do you." So I thought to myself, "All right, my lad; you will find me as good as my master," and left him.

Some time after that affair with the fence one of the mob said to me, "I have got a place cut and dried; will you come and do it?" So I said, "Yes; what tools will you want?" And he said, "We shall want some twirls and the stick (crowbar), and bring a Neddie (life-preserver) with you." And he said, "Now don't stick me up (disappoint); meet me at six to-night." At six I was at the meet (trysting-place), and while waiting for my pal I had my daisies cleaned, and I piped the fence that bested me go along with his old woman (wife) and his two kids (children), so I thought of his own words, "Do anybody, but mind they don't do you." He was going to the Surrey Theatre; so when my pal came up I told him all about it. So we went and screwed (broke into) his place, and got thirty-two quid and a toy and tackle, which he had bought on the crook (dishonestly). We did not go and do the other place after that. About two moon after this the same fence fell for buying two finns (5*l.* notes), for which he got a stretch and a half.

A little while after this I fell at Isleworth for being found in a conservatory adjoining a parlour, and got remanded to the Tench (House of Detention) for nine days, but neither Snuffy (Reeves the identifier) nor Mac (Macintyre) knew me, so I got a drag, and was sent to the Steel. While I was in there I see the fence who we done, and he held his duke at me as much as to say, "I would give you something if I could," but I only laughed at him.

I was out about seven moon, when one night a pal of mine was half-drunk, and said something to a copper (policeman) which he did not like, so he hit my pal, so I hit him in return. So we both set about him. He pulled out his staff, and hit me on the nut, and cut it open. Then two or three more coppers came up, and we got smugged, and got a sixer (six months) each. So I see the fence again in Stir.

On the Boxing Day after I came out I got stabbed in the chest by a pal of mine who had done a schooling. We was out with one another all the day getting drunk, so he took a liberty with me, and I landed him one on the conk (nose), so we had a fight, and he put the chive (knife) into me. This made me sober, so I asked him what made him such a coward. He said, "I meant to kill you; let me go and kiss my wife and child, and then smug me." But I did not do that. This made me a little thoughtful of the sort of life I was carrying on. I thought, "What if I should have been killed then!" But this, like other things, soon passed away.

After the place got well where I was chived, me and another screwed a place at Stoke Newington, and we got some squeeze (silk) dresses and two sealskin jackets, and some other things. We tied them in a bundle and got on a tram. It appears they knew my pal; and some reelers got up too. So when I piped them pipe the bundle I put my dukes on the rails of the tram and dropped off, and guyed down a double before you could say Jack Robinson. It was a good job I did, or else I should of got lagged (sent to penal servitude), and my pal too, because I had the James (crowbar) and screws (skeleton-keys) on me. My pal got a stretch and a half.

A day or two after this I met the fence who I done; so he said to me, "We have met at last." So I said, "Well, what of that?" So he said, "What did you want to do me for?" So I said, "You must remember you done me, and when I spoke to you about it you said, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.'" That shut him up.

One day I went to Lewisham and touched for a lot of wedge. I tore up my madam (handkerchief) and tied the wedge in small packets, and put them into my pockets. At Bishops-gate Street I left my kipsy at a barber's shop, where I always left

it when not in use. I was going through Shoreditch, when a reeler from Hackney, who knew me well, came up and said, "I am going to run the rule over (search) you." You could have knocked me down with a feather, me knowing what I had about me. Then he said, "It's only my joke; are you going to treat me?" So I said "Yes," and began to be very saucy, saying to him, "What catch would it be if you was to turn me over?" So I took him into a pub which had a back way out, and called for a pint of stout, and told the reeler to wait a minute. He did not know that there was an entrance at the back; so I guyed up to Hoxton to the mob and told them all about it. Then I went and done the wedge for five-and-twenty quid.

One or two days after this I met the reeler at Hackney, and he said, "What made you guy?" So I said that I did not want my pals to see me with him. So he said it was all right. Some of the mob knew him and had greased his duke.

What I am about to relate now took place within the last four or five moon before I fell for this stretch and a half. One day I went to Surbiton. I see a reeler giving me a roasting (watching me), so I began to count my pieces for a jolly (pretence), but he still followed me, so at last I rang a bell, and waited till the slavey came, and the reeler waited till I came out, and then said, "What are you hawking of?" So I said, "I am not hawking anything; I am buying bottles." So he said, "I thought you were hawking without a licence." As soon as he got round a double, I guyed away to Malden and touched for two wedge teapots, and took the rattler to Waterloo.

One day I took the rattler from Broad Street to Acton. I did not touch there, but worked my way to Shepherd's Bush; but when I got there I found it so hot (dangerous), because there had been so many tykes (dogs) poisoned, that there was a

reeler at almost every double, and bills posted up about it. So I went to the Uxbridge Road Station, and while I was waiting for the rattler I took a religious tract, and on it was written, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" So I thought to myself, What good has the money done me what I have had? so instead of getting out at Brondesbury, I rode on to Broad Street and paid the difference, and went home, and did not go out for about a week.

The Sunday following, when I went to Uxbridge Road, I went down a lane called Mount Pleasant, at Clapton; it was about six o'clock. Down at the bottom of the lane you could get a fine view of Walthamstow; so while I was leaning against the rails I felt very miserable. I was thinking about when I was at Feltham. I thought I had threw away the only chance I had of doing better; and as I stood thinking, the bells of St. Matthew's Church began to play a hymn-tune I had heard at Feltham. This brought tears to my eyes: this was the first time in my life that I thought what a wretch I was. I was going home very downcast, when I met some pals, who said, "Why, what is the matter; you look miserable?" So I said, "I don't feel very well." So they said, "Are you coming to have something to drink?—that will liven you up." So I went in with them, and began to drink very hard to drown my thoughts.

Monday morning I felt just the same as I always did; I felt ready for the old game again. So I went to Hoxton, and some of the mob said to me, "Why, where have you been the last week or so—we thought you had fell?" So I told them I had been ill.

I went out the next day to Maidenhead, and touched for some wedge and a poge (purse), with over five quid in it.

A little while after this I went with two pals to the Palace at Muswell Hill; the races were on. So when we got there, there was some reelers there

what knew me, and my pals said, "You had better get away from us; if we touch, you will take your whack (share) just the same." So I went and laid down on the grass. While laying there I piped a reeler whom I knew. He had a nark (a policeman's spy) with him. So I went and looked about for my two pals, and told them to look out for F. and his nark. About an hour after this they came to me and woke me up, and they said, "Come on, we have had a lucky touch for a half-century in pap" (50*l.* in paper, *i.e.* notes). I thought they was only kidding (deceiving) at first, so they said, "Let us guy from here, and you will see if we are kidding to you." When we got into the rattler they showed me the pap; yes, there it was, fifty quid in double fanns (10*l.* notes). We did them for 9*l.* 10*s.* each to a fence.

I took the rattler one day to Reigate, and worked my way to Red Hill. So I went into a place and see some clobber hanging up, so I thought to myself I will have it, and take the rattler home at once; it will pay all expenses. So while I was looking about I piped a little peter (parcel). When I took it up it had an address on it, and the address was to the vicarage, so I came out and asked a boy if the clergyman lived there, and he said "Yes;" but to make sure of it I went back again. This time I looked at the clobber more closely, and I see it was the same as clergymen wear, so I left it where it was. I always made it a rule never to rob a clergyman's house if I knew one to live there. I could of robbed several in my time, but I would not. So I took the rattler to Croydon, and touched for some wedge, and come home.

I used to go to Henley-on-Thames most every year when the rowing matches was on which used to represent Oxford and Cambridge, only it used to be boys instead of men. The day the Prince of Wales arrived at Portsmouth when he came home from India, me and two pals took the rattler from Waterloo at about half-

past six in the morning. When we got to Portsmouth we found it was very hot, there was on every corner of a street bills stuck up—"Beware of pickpockets male and female," and on the tram-cars as well. So one of my pals said, "There is a reeler over there which knows me, we had better split out" (separate). Me and the other one went by ourselves; he was very tricky (clever) at getting a poge or a toy, but he would not touch toys because we was afraid of being turned over (searched). We done very well at poges; we found after we knocked off we had between sixty and seventy quid to cut up (share), but our other pal had fell, and was kept at the station until the last rattler went to London, and then they sent him home by it. One day after this I asked a screwsman if he would lend me some screws because I had a place cut and dried. But he said, "If I lend you them I shall want to stand in" (have a share): but I said, "I can't stand you at that; I will grease your duke if you like:" but he said that would not do, so I said, "We will work together then," and he said, "Yes." So we went and done the place for fifty-five quid. So I worked with him until I fell for this stretch and a half. He was very tricky at making twirls, and used to supply them all with tools. Me and the screwsman went to Gravesend, and I found a dead 'un (uninhabited house), and we both went and turned it over, and got things out of it which fetched us forty-three quid. We went one day to Erith; I went in a place, and when I opened a door there was a great tike laying in front of the door, so I pulled out a piece of pudding (liver prepared to silence dogs) and threw it to him, but he did not move. So I threw a piece more, and it did not take any notice; so I got close up to it and I found it was a dead dog been stuffed, so I done the place for some wedge and three overcoats, one I put on, and the other two into my kipsy.

We went to Harpenden Races to see

if we could find some dead 'uns; we went on the course. While we was there we saw a scuff, it was a flat that had been welshed, so my pal said, "Pipe his spark prop" (diamond pin). So my pal said, "Front me" (cover me), "and I will do him for it." So he pulled out his madam and done him for it. After we left the course, we found a dead 'un and got a peter (cashbox) with very near a century of quids in it. Then I carried on a nice game, what with the trips and the drink I very near went balmy (mad). It is no use of me telling you every place I done, or else you will think I am telling you the same things over again.

I will now tell you what happened the day before I fell for this stretch and a half. Me and the screwsman went to Charlton. From there we worked our way to Blackheath. I went in a place and touched for some wedge which we done for three pounds ten. I went home and wrung myself (changed clothes), and met some of the mob and got very near drunk. Next morning I got up about seven, and went home to change my clobber and put on the old clobber to work with the kipsy. When I got home my mother asked me if I was not a going to stop to have some breakfast? So I said, "No, I was in a hurry." I had promised to meet the screwsman and did not want to stick him up. We went to Willesden and found a dead 'un, so I came out and asked my pal to lend me the James and some twirls, and I went and turned it over. I could not find any wedge. I found a poge with nineteen shillings in it. I turned everything over, but could not find anything worth having, so I came out and gave the tools to my pal and told him. So he said, "Wasn't there any clobber?" So I said, "Yes, there's a cartload." So he said, "Go and get a kipsy full of it, and we will guy home." So I went back, and as I was going down the garden, the gardener it appears

had been put there to watch the house, so he said, "What do you want here?" So I said, "Where do you speak to the servants?" So he said, "There is not any one at home, they are all out." So he said, "What do you want with them?" So I said, "Do you know if they have any bottles to sell, because the servant told me to call another day?" So he said, "I do not know, you had better call another time." So I said, "All right, and good day to him." I had hardly got outside when he came rushing out like a man balmy, and said to me, "You must come back with me." So I said, "All right. What is the matter?" So when we got to the door he said, "How did you open this door?" So I said, "My good fellow, you are mad! how could I open it?" So he said, "It was not open half-an-hour ago because I tried it." So I said, "Is that any reason why I should of opened it?" So he said, "At any rate you will have to come to the station with me."

The station was not a stone's throw from the place, so he caught hold of me, so I gave a twist round and brought the kipsy in his face, and gave him a push and guyed. He followed, giving me hot beef (calling "Stop thief"). My pal came along, and I said to him, "Make this man leave me alone, he is knocking me about," and I put a half-James (half-sovereign) in his hand, and said, "Guy." As I was running round a corner there was a reeler talking to a postman, and I rushed by him, and a little while after the gardener came up and told him all about it. So he set after me and the postman too, all the three giving me hot beef. This set other people after me, and I got run out. So I got run in, and was tried at Marylebone and remanded for a week, and then fullied (fully committed for trial), and got this stretch and a half. Marylebone is the court I got my schooling from.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DISCORDS.

"THIS great Babylon that I have builded;" these words rushed into Alma's mind as she stood by her mother on the terrace overlooking the gardens at Leigh on the day after their arrival, and noticed the smile of perfect satisfaction on Lady Rivers's face. Lord Anstice had brought out his guests after dinner to look at the sunset from the terrace facing westward, where visitors were customarily taken on summer evenings to enjoy the wide expanse of view and the glow on the distant hills. Lady Rivers could not by any means keep her eyes so far afield, however, it was the near prospect that interested her. The garden terraces, one below the other, ablaze with autumn flowers, the fountains sending up showers of jewels in the evening light, the glimpses of park and groups of antlered deer; beyond the gardens the two stately avenues of oaks that might be traced to the entrance-gates, a mile or two away in opposite directions; the massive white house behind, from which they had just come—"Not perhaps so showy and complete in every detail as Golden Mount, but oh, what a different air it has, *how* preferable!" The remark was whispered to Alma when Wynyard turned aside to take a letter the servant brought him; but Lady Rivers's whispers were rather in the stage fashion, and Alma felt sure that he caught the words "Golden Mount" at least: it was the second time to-day that Lady Rivers had brought out that unfortunate comparison in his presence. The first time he had laughed good-humouredly, and

glanced openly at Alma, as if expecting her to share his amusement, but now his face grew grave, and he walked off to the other end of the terrace with his letter in his hand to look at the sunset by himself. Did he, Alma wondered, go away out of consideration to her, to give Lady Rivers time to exhale all her raptures over the scene at a safe distance from his ears, and so spare her confusion, or was he really disgusted? Was he busy just now, as Alma often suspected him to be, in reasoning or scolding himself back into toleration? She had fallen into a way of watching him whenever they were together, and speculating about his thoughts, and this did not conduce to ease on either side, or to the confidence that surely ought to have been established now that they were within a month of the wedding-day.

So many unfortunate allusions to the time of the Kirkman intimacy were always dropping either from Lady Rivers or from Sir Francis's tactless lips, that Alma could not keep her thoughts from working round them, and sometimes she never lifted her eyes to her lover's face for a whole day, but to look for a change in it, to wonder when the dawn of the first suspicion would show itself there. If she could but have been her real self to him, if only she had not had "the little grain of conscience" to make her sour, all might have been well. Only that very day she had vexed and disappointed him twice,—the day that she had meant to be such a triumphant, white day,—on which he had brought such warmth of welcome to their meeting. She had surprised him disagreeably at the moment of being taken by him to the morning-room, hereafter to be her own, by refusing sharply to

sit down and write the first note ever written at her new writing-table to Madame de Florimel, to invite her to come to the wedding. An hour before dinner she had vexed him again by drawing back when he wanted to introduce her to an old London friend of his, a watchmaker, who was spending a little time at Leigh, and was at the moment enjoying a hunt for butterflies in the kitchen garden. "Why could she not have humoured him?" she asked herself now. He had so evidently wanted to get her to himself, away from her mother's raptures, which had been wearying enough all day; why could she not have pleased him by being civil to the old man? There was nothing against it, but the vague suspicion that haunted her about every thing or person connected with her own or Wynyard's life during the last few months, lest it or he should prove a snare beneath her feet, or a witness confronting her with some question that would bring her to shame. Now he had carried away the odious belief that she was vulgar enough to be ashamed of the time of his poverty, and jealous of the friends he had made then—that was the interpretation he would put upon her unwillingness to talk about the events of the last year; he would explain the cloud that must always hang over that passage of their mutual lives so, and she could never justify herself, though she knew the extent to which it would lower her in his estimation.

By and by Wynyard, having finished reading his note, came back to them, and they walked up and down the terrace together, whilst he pointed out the chief features of the prospect to Lady Rivers. The mausoleum in the far distance among the tallest and oldest yew-trees in the county; the ugly squat obelisk erected by some crazy Lord Anstice of a few generations back in memory of a favourite hunter; "My Lady's Folly," whose cost had laid the last straw on the load of debt that had overwhelmed

Madame de Florimel's branch of the family.

"Alma could have her folly if she liked," Lady Rivers smilingly supposed, "without any danger now of involving the family estates; the late Lord Anstice's hoards would be proof against any number of follies."

"Well, I am glad you like it all," Wynyard observed, when there was a breathing space in Lady Rivers's praises. "I can't say so much myself. I have always thought the place rather ugly than otherwise, and wish that my uncle had left the old house standing. However, we shall see what the future will do. 'Times change by the rood,' don't they, Alma? Now that Sir Gilbert du Bois 'has lots of food and firewood,' his desolate tower may hope to get a new character. How can it help that," he added, in a lower tone, for he caught a look of vexation on Alma's face, "when the maiden 'with wonderful eyes too under her hood' comes into it at last?"

They had reached a side entrance, and Lady Rivers proposed to go in, but Wynyard drew Alma back as she was following, and pleaded for another turn or two, "Unless she was tired," "or," he added quickly, "unless she had had enough of his company for one day."

Alma silently slipped her hand under his arm, but did not look up till quite a minute after, and then her eyes were full of tears. Wynyard led her to a seat under the shelter of a protecting buttress.

"Now you are going to tell me what is the matter," he said. "There has been a shadow between us all day; and, Alma, don't you think it is time for us to get out of our company armour, offensive and defensive, and be ourselves to each other? We can't live in it, can we? Yet, dearest, though I have watched and watched, ready, I think, to help you out if you would give the least sign, I don't believe you have shown me your true self since that one hour by the river on our journey, which I thought was to

begin so much happiness, such perfect trust. How is it? I don't think it is my fault; but if you think it is, just tell me."

"You should not speak as you did just now. You should not have said that about Sir Gilbert du Bois to mamma and me. Wynyard, don't you think I know you well enough to read your secret thoughts when you say things of that sort about sudden changes of fortune, however smilingly you may say them? It is not all play, or at all events it is a play that hurts me."

"Then I am sorry: you shall not have to complain again. But Alma, dear, why are you so sensitive? In a few days more, remember, we shall be one, not two, and the past will be a common possession. Surely our relations are sound enough for us to permit ourselves our little jokes and allusions to bygone troubles that have been utterly blown away? You cannot think I seriously suspect you of having changed with my fortune? Should we be sitting here if I did? Have I not your own word given me on that last day of my old life that you loved me and were faithful to me through all the time when others tried to divide us? If a drop of gall sometimes oozes into my talk, it ought not to touch *you*. Look me in the face, dear, and let me see that it never will again; show me that you have put yourself too entirely on my side to be hurt personally by what I say in jest or earnest about that old cause of bitterness. Nay," he added, when Alma did not look up, "I am not asking for any new assurances of love, though perhaps I think I get rather less of these than I might look for, considering my long fast, and what is coming next month. But I won't be exacting. I am satisfied with those few words by the river. Only look me once more in the face, dear Alma, and before it is too dark to see, let me read in your eyes—the dear eyes that had such frank kindness in them for me once—that there is not really any

doubt between us, not so much as that you shall ever again fancy that I doubt you."

Alma heard a quick, impatient sigh, while she was debating within herself whether or not she dare look up and reveal all the trouble there must be in her face. Before she had made up her mind Wynyard ended the suspense by jumping up from his seat, as if he could bear her hesitation no longer.

"You will tell me at your own time," he said gravely; "or perhaps," hesitating as if waiting to be contradicted, "it will be better to make up our minds to let the past be past. I will cure myself of making bitter allusions—there, it is a promise—and you—but no, I will make no conditions. I will wait for the old dear openness and confidence to come back as they must, a thousandfold dearer for the new ties. One does not get any good by tearing one's rosebuds open. Let us walk to the end of the terrace: the sun is all but gone down, and the one time when this view is worth anything is while the outlines of those distant, low hills show clear against the after-glow in the west. Poor Ralph made a sketch of the sunset here, which was one of the best things he ever did; I'll show it you when we go in."

While they stood watching the changes in the sky, Wynyard talked pleasantly enough about the best situation for Alma's easel to stand in when it arrived, her choice of a music-room, her wishes and pleasure on this or that little household matter. It sounded quite natural talk between an engaged pair, a month before the wedding-day, and would have satisfied Lady Rivers; but Alma knew Wynyard too well not to detect the slight frost of manner, so unlike his usual attitude towards those he loved, and which she felt put her further away than another person's sullen silence would have done.

When they re-entered the house, Wynyard said, doubtfully—

"There is another visit I wanted you to make to-day, but it is a painful one; you will be too tired; it had better wait till to-morrow."

"Tell me about it now. Is it to some one in this house?"

"To Mrs. Anstice, poor Ralph's mother. I want you to see her, and if you can find an opportunity, say something to her about its being your wish as well as mine that this house should remain virtually her own as long as she wants it."

"She is to live here, then?"

"Where else? She has no other home, and as poor Ralph always liked her to be here, she clings to the place as a link with him; she must not be disturbed."

"Don't let mamma hear anything about it, then."

"Why not?"

"She does not believe in two women being able to live in one house."

"Well, it will not be for long. The house was hers a little while ago, and would no doubt be hers still if Ralph had made a will. It is not in the entail, and could have been given absolutely to her, as my uncle once meant to give it to me."

"But I thought she was a very disagreeable woman, with whom no one could get on."

"She is very ill and broken-hearted now. Don't go to see her to-night, however, unless you wish it. She expects you, but you can do as you like."

"Of course I will go," said Alma, hurt at the tone the conversation had taken. "I was not making objections on my own account."

And then she followed silently, while Wynyard led the way, up a staircase and along several galleries hung with pictures, to the distant wing of the house, where the apartments occupied by Mrs. Anstice since her son's death were situated. He was thinking all the time of that evening when Ralph had surprised him in his chambers and talked of Alma. How angry he had been at his cousin's

proposal to resign the house and estate and his mother to the joint management of himself and Alma, while he travelled. And now here they were undertaking the task, all exactly as Ralph had planned it (he himself, poor fellow, banished); but, under what different circumstances, in what a different frame of mind, too, from anything he (Wynyard) could have imagined at the time. As he looked back to his feelings on that evening, he could hardly believe he had been on the point of saying to Alma a minute ago, that if she objected to living in the same house with Mrs. Anstice, the wedding could be put off till after Mrs. Anstice's death, and that he had only restrained himself from a fear of giving the first vent to a crowd of secret discontents which he had resolved not to allow to come to the front, but to smother for the sake of future peace.

Alma broke the silence when he paused to lift the heavy curtain which shut off the passage leading to the sick room from the rest of the house.

"Has Mrs. Anstice no relation or friend of her own with her? She must feel very solitary in this big house when you are away."

"She has a friend with her to-day; and, by the way, a young lady you must know something of. You have often, I suppose, met the two sisters who lived in your aunt's house in Saville Street, Katherine and Christabel Moore?"

"Are they here?" exclaimed Alma, in a tone which certainly did not betray much pleasure. "What can they have to do with Mrs. Anstice!"

"Not much, perhaps, but they were spending a few weeks at Abbot's Leigh in the spring, and Mrs. Anstice met one of the sisters in the park near the mausoleum. They got into talk somehow. I think Mrs. Anstice turned faint and Miss Moore helped her back into her bath-chair. Since then, my aunt has shown more pleasure in their society than in anything else."

"Do *they* live here too, in the house?"

"Oh no! They left Abbot's Leigh two months or more ago, and are now lodging with my old watch-making friend, David Macvie, at Barnsby. It seems that old Macvie bought a business at Barnsby a little while ago, and these two sisters followed in his wake, I suppose; there was always some curious sort of link between them."

"It gives one an eerie kind of feeling to hear of so many former acquaintances turning up in our new home."

"Katherine Moore is an acquaintance worth keeping, at any rate. She has been spending a few days with Mrs. Anstice, but goes back with David to-night."

The windows of the room they entered were already closed and curtained, but there was a shaded lamp on a table by a sofa, on which the invalid lay. Its rays showed Alma a pale, haggard face turned towards the door to greet her. Wynyard took her up to the sofa, and her hands were laid hold of by two thin feverish hands, and almost before she was aware the sick lady had drawn her down and kissed her on the forehead. Wynyard pushed a chair forward within the circle of the lamp-light, and Alma sat down, uncomfortably conscious of two large hungry eyes exploring her face as though to find out if there was any promise of help there for a wounded soul. Alma wished the ordeal over, and yet when Mrs. Anstice turned away from her at last, and when she saw how the hollow eyes softened as they rested upon Wynyard's face, she had a curious sense of having been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

While Mrs. Anstice talked to Wynyard Alma had leisure to notice the other occupants of the room. A young lady in black sat working at the end of the sofa. She looked up and answered when Wynyard addressed her, but kept in the background till the conversation was interrupted by a violent

fit of coughing on Mrs. Anstice's part; then she came forward to raise the sufferer's pillows, and, when the paroxysm was over, remained supporting her, stroking back the hair with skilful fingers, whose touch seemed to have a mesmeric power of soothing. That then was Katherine Moore, whose name used to come so often into Emmie West's talk, and against whom Alma had felt in old times just enough antagonism to make her reappearance in this new sphere a disagreeable *contretemps*. As the frown of suffering passed from Mrs. Anstice's face, a gentler expression stole over it, and a glance of gratitude transfigured her sad eyes into momentary beauty.

"See," she said, turning to Wynyard as soon as she could speak, "Miss Christabel Moore has sent me another little picture to-day. I like it better than any of the others I have had from her, though they all comfort me. You may take it into your hand and look at it if you like."

The picture referred to rested against a small frame upon the table, and when Wynyard had examined it he passed it on to Alma. She had noticed it before as it stood in the full lamp-light, and had wondered at its beauty, thinking that the delicate colouring and the radiant glory on the central figure reminded her of some of Blake's drawings. A closer inspection confirmed the resemblance. The picture was contained within a circle not larger than might have served for an initial letter, but, small as it was, there was a wonderful amount of delicate work in it, curves melting into curves and exquisite colour into colour. The lower part of the picture expressed vaguely, dark, rolling water just touched by a light that further off grew brighter, illuminating the shore, upon which there stood a slender, youthful figure with upturned face and outstretched hands, holding a cross, and raising it towards a yet stronger light overhead. The whole atmosphere of the picture was full of light and peace and hope, and yet in

the wonder of the face, and in the very air of new-born strength shown in the poise of the figure, whose feet just touched the shore, there was a suggestion of past trouble and difficulty, something that spoke of a dark, long night that had preceded the glad day, of a faint or indifferent heart surprised and touched by an unexpected and undeserved welcome to the shores of light.

Wynyard came to look over Alma's shoulder before she had finished with the picture, and pointed out the beauty and completeness of the work. He told her that Mrs. Anstice had several other drawings of the same kind, all done by Miss Moore's sister, now too great an invalid to leave her room, and when Mrs. Anstice held out her hand as if impatient to restore the treasure to its place, he asked permission to show the other pictures to Miss Rivers. When leave was granted Katherine brought a portfolio and stood opposite Alma and Wynyard, showing the drawings, but guarding them, so Alma fancied, a little jealously against too close an inspection, and never allowing them to pass out of her own hands. They were all of the same mystical character, but varied in detail. Here the whole picture seemed to grow and expand out of a small decaying seed—stalks, leaves, and flowers which, unclosing, disclosed angel faces and branched upwards towards infinite light. Here a crowd of seraph faces bent over a rose, from one of whose leaves depended an empty chrysalis, and on whose heart two caterpillars were feeding. Here again was the shore of light with the wide sea, but in this there was no figure visible on the further verge; a golden mist brooded over it, and on the near bank were two persons bending down to loosen the fastenings that held a boat to the strand. In another, a woman with a face full of yearning and hope held a casket in her arms, outstretched towards heaven. A message or a parable was contained in each picture. Alma,

who was less occupied than Wynyard with the beauty of the drawings, stole every now and then a questioning look at Katherine Moore to see if there was anything in her countenance or manner when she answered Wynyard's questions as to the meaning of the designs, that would throw light on the mystery of their composition or on the reason of their being sent to Mrs. Anstice. What interest had these sisters in her to induce them to give so much time and thought to her consolation?

"Katherine tells me the drawings are given to her sister for me," Mrs. Anstice was now remarking to Wynyard; "and though I am always glad of a new one, I think the old ones get dearer to me every day, and that a fresh hope steals into my heart each time I look at them—hopes that I should not dare to listen to if they were put into words. These pictures are better than words, they never startle and they never hurry me, but they creep into my heart and comfort me I don't know how. You will tell your sister this, won't you?" she added, looking at Katherine. "I don't know why she takes so much trouble for me, or how she knows exactly what I want; but I can't think what I should do without her and you, especially now that Wynyard is going away and I shall have no one else near me I care to see."

Alma looked at Katherine while Mrs. Anstice spoke. Yes, indeed, what was the link between them? how came the sisters to understand her grief better than any one else?

Katherine, happening to turn round suddenly, met the questioning gaze with another as full of meaning, a long steadfast look, which had more in it than a steady putting down of Alma's curiosity. There was that in the look, but there was something else too, and all through the rest of the evening, when she and Wynyard had rejoined Lady Rivers in the drawing-room, Alma questioned with herself what that something was.

Could Katherine Moore feel compassion for *her*, Alma Rivers, on the day when she had seen for the first time the stately house she was soon to enter as its mistress? If it was not pity that softened those clear, judging eyes while they dwelt on her face, what was the meaning of their changed expression? The look haunted Alma like a prophecy or a warning of coming disappointment.

It was late when Katherine got back to the watchmaker's shop at Barnsby, where she and Christabel had lived for the last three months. Christabel was still waiting up for her in their little room, and though she looked white and exhausted, Katherine humoured her by sitting at her side and allowing herself to be minutely cross-questioned on every particular of the visit to Leigh.

It was now two months since Christabel herself had been at Leigh, and Katherine knew she was not likely to be able to go there again while Mrs. Anstice lived. The intercourse, accidentally begun, on which Christabel set such store could only be kept up by means of the little pictures which Katherine had, after much entreaty, consented to convey to Leigh from time to time.

"So they came in and you saw them together; were you satisfied?" Christabel asked after a longer interval of silence than had occurred yet.

Katherine took some time to consider her answer.

"I think she loves him for himself, and that she is perhaps strong enough to bear a great downfall of her ambition bravely if it comes; but she is ambitious and worldly, and as to being satisfied—I cannot be that while you are silent; you know what I would have had you do long since."

"Dearest, we will not discuss that matter; you said you would not ask me again. I promised him that he should tell his mother himself, and you know that their meeting will be soon: it can only be delayed a few weeks longer you

think, and there will still be time for him to win her forgiveness and reconcile her to me, as he always said he would, before I come. I was not to see her while she was angry with him, or me, and I shall not."

"For my sake, Christabel, do not talk so. You have no right to take *that* for granted. It may be natural under all the circumstances, but it is not right; and remember, as your nurse, as well as your sister, I forbid you to talk of it."

"I can obey that order," said Christabel, smiling and stroking Katherine's face. "I won't talk, dear, after to-night. I know it is cruel to you. I have been very cruel to you this last year of my life. I see it clearly now, and that is one of my punishments. I have just taken your life—the grand, beautiful life you had planned to make yours—and I have crushed it out with my own, in snatching at a happiness to which I had no right, which I ought at all events to have waited patiently for. I have been cruel, like all selfish people, and I can only ask you now, as I do in my heart every moment of the day, to forgive me."

"Nay, you are only cruel when you talk of leaving me."

"I must, whenever you raise that question. It is only when you know what I really look forward to that you can help blaming me. I want you to let me keep my promise to him till I see him again, since it will be so soon, and the silence for that time can only hurt our two selves."

"If I could be sure of that! But how do you know that you are not depriving Mrs. Anstice of a great comfort by not letting her know what has been and what may be?"

"Katherine, you don't really think that? I had only to talk to her for a few minutes, and look in her face, to understand his fear of telling her. It would have been hard for her to hear it, if all had been well; but now—to learn from strangers that he died with such a secret between him and

herself, would kindle in her a fire of jealousy that even the chills of death could hardly quench. No, as he always said, he must tell her himself. She has a stern nature, and the life she led with him was full of storms. Yet there was strong love on both sides, and when they meet, perhaps they will be permitted only to remember the love."

"But why do you send her those pictures, if you do not want her to know anything?"

"I am planting a little seed that will bloom out there. She will go with a hidden hope in her heart, and when she looks at it with purged eyes, she will understand, and will be ready for me and for it, if I take it with me."

"Again, dear, you must not say such things."

"I don't want to leave you desolate, Kitty; I have my hope for you too, and this once I will speak of it. I should like something to be paid back into your life, to make up, I don't say for the miss of me, but for the sacrifices these last months have cost you. We are not so poor now that a new charge would be a burden to you. Uncle Christopher's legacy has saved us from anxieties of that nature for the future, and I should like you to have some one to train up in your own views who would repay you better than I have done. If my child is a girl, all will be comparatively easy. No one need ever know the whole history but Lord Anstice; he will make it all right for her, and you can take her away to Zürich and live with your friends there, and make her what you would have been but for me. I know it won't annul the hardship to you, darling. I have broken your heart nearly, and spoilt your life, but at least I see where I was wrong, and have repented and been forgiven. These are precious months of waiting and learning we are having together, and, dearest, I think your life will be the richer and stronger for them. You will carry out some of our old dreams still, with a new spirit put

into the old aspirations; and you will think sometimes, won't you, when you are working for others, that you have a double life's work laid upon you—mine, that I threw away, as well as your own?"

Katherine was stroking Christabel's thin hand as she talked, and instead of answering, she held the almost transparent fingers to the light. "They are very thin," she said, sadly; "too thin—and yet they look as if they had a good deal of work left in them yet. They never did such beautiful things before as they do now, and I can't believe that this wonderful new power has come to them to cease in a few months. No, dear; you, too, have a life of activity for others before you."

"Here or there?" said Christabel, softly.

"You must not wish."

"I don't wish. On the contrary, when I am dreaming, a great sorrow and a great yearning come over me. I feel the half-developed power in me, and I see visions of beautiful art-work that would have been given to me to do if I had been faithful to my calling, and not snatched at a personal happiness I could not reach without treading down other people's good. Then I find it hard to hush my spirit and refrain from longing for the opportunities given back. I don't turn away from life if it is given, I only acknowledge the monition I have within myself that I have forfeited it, and that I shall not have the chance now of doing here what I was meant to do."

"Of course I know there is no use arguing against presentiments, but I must be true to my knowledge and remind you that they are not uncommon in your circumstances, or much to be regarded. There is an alternative which I think you don't look at enough, and which I must bring forward once more, to urge you to speak, or to let me speak, to Lord Anstice before it is quite too late. I heard this afternoon that an early day next month

is fixed for Lord Anstice's wedding. Suppose some morning, three months hence, he suddenly hears that an heir is born to his cousin, in whose favour title and estates will have to be given up, what a mockery the grand wedding for which the Rivers are preparing, will then seem to every one!"

"Nay, surely not. What will it signify to two people, happy in each other, whether they had a grand or a simple wedding? Did not Lord Anstice tell you that he and Miss Rivers were engaged on their journey home from La Roquette before they knew anything about his change of fortune. They meant to have each other all the time, it seems, and this flash of prosperity, if it should turn out to be only temporary, will seem to them to have come in good time to bring them together without opposition."

"You hardly estimate what the disappointment must be to people who know more of the world than you do, dearest."

"Ah, but I do. It is you who under-estimate what a help it will be to them under the disappointment to have had that chief matter of their lives put beyond question before the reverse came. It would be all that less to think of; and if she is worth anything at all, she would hardly have a thought to spare from thankfulness that she had the right to comfort him."

"I wish I had not felt such a strong impulse to warn Miss Rivers this evening when I saw her. I observed her from the window in Mrs. Anstice's room when she came out after dinner with Lord Anstice, and afterwards, while she was turning over the pictures in your portfolio, I took a long look at her face, and the result was that I had a longing to warn them both."

"I wish I could recall her face quite clearly," Christabel said. "I have been trying all day to bring it back to my memory. Emmie West once showed me her photograph, and

occasionally I had a peep in Saville Street. Surely we used to like her face, there was something fine about it."

"Yes, and something weak as well. The weakness that is fostered by living among people who have few enthusiasms; the weakness of lacking the single eye—a want that leaves the whole body full of darkness when a choice between outward and inward good has to be made. I think the weakness has grown too, and that there is a shadow on the face which used not to be there."

"But she loves him: it is a true mutual love."

"Since the engagement preceded this change of fortune I suppose we ought not to doubt that. I told you that I had had the courage to put a leading question to Lord Anstice, and that he seemed glad to let me know how it had been. He is not changed by his changed fortunes; he was just as anxious to bespeak our good opinion and friendship for his wife, as if he had been going to take her to those rooms over the printing-office he once described to us instead of to Leigh. I don't know any one who stands outside his circumstances as he does."

"Then he is ready for whatever happens. And as for Alma Rivers, if her spirit is clouded, what can we wish for her better than trouble to bring her to her better self. I do recollect her face now, and I am sure there is good enough in it to give us ground for believing that she will rise to meet the disappointment bravely if it comes; and, remember, there are at least two alternatives against its coming."

"Well, dearest, my concern is chiefly with you, and I know we cannot afford to waste your strength in avoidable agitation. I have made my last remonstrance, and shall now keep to our bargain, that if you will obey me inside this house, I will leave your relations with the outside world alone for the present. Now I am going to put you to bed, and read you to sleep

with a bundle of letters from Saville Street that came this morning."

"Do the Wests write from Saville Street still?"

"Yes, but it was their last day. The furniture from 'Air Throne' had been sent to their cottage in Kent, and Mildie writes to us from the empty room, perched on the window-sill, with her writing-desk on her knees—a melancholy tirade, as you shall hear."

"Poor Dr. Urquhart! That was a mistaken prophecy of yours, Katherine. You gave Emmie's heart away very easily when we talked about it at first. I remember you expected to see it flower into love under Dr. Urquhart's courting as surely as the hyacinth roots into bloom, when you had put them in the sun."

"My hyacinths never produced anything but leaves, if you remember, last spring, so my comparison held good, if my prophecy did not. Poor little Emmie!"

"What an inconsistent sigh from you, Dr. Katherine Moore that is to be!"

"Not at all! I have my suspicions about Emmie's reasons for refusing Dr. Urquhart; and even if they were nothing else, I am sure I am right to sigh at the prospect of another incompetent teacher being thrust upon the world to wear herself away with uncongenial work. I wish we could do anything beyond sending that 50*l.* as additional rent for our two years' tenancy of 'Air Throne,' which Mrs. West will not, I think, refuse, now she knows we can so well spare it."

"It is my fault that we must shut ourselves away from all our friends till the end of the year in this out-of-the-way place, where nobody knows us. But never mind, dear Katherine, good sense and gentleness count for something, and Emmie won't do any harm to her pupils for a few months, even without a certificate. After that time your hands will be free, and you can do what you like for her; have her to live with you, and fit her for congenial

work of some sort, since she seems to have a heart of the inconvenient kind that refuses to give itself away as self-interest dictates."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ATÈ.

THE summer had been a very hot one, but September had set in damp and gusty, and the sudden change of temperature brought an increase in Mrs. Anstice's ailments, which cast a degree of gloom over the latter part of the Riverses' visit to Leigh. Lady Rivers naturally resented any hint of alarm respecting the symptoms of an illness resembling her own, and was alternately disposed to fret over the prospect of Alma's being saddled with a permanent invalid in her married home, and to grow agitated under a sudden dread that something immediate might happen to postpone the wedding. To be sure it would only entail a delay of a few weeks, for what was this poor Mrs. Anstice to any of them; but even a short delay would cause grave inconvenience, and would give the Kirkmans a handle to talk. It made Lady Rivers' hair stand on end even to think of the triumph that would fill Mrs. Kirkman's heart, if the smallest excuse were given her for saying that the fine fish for which Miss Rivers had angled so shamelessly, had escaped from her net just as it was landed. "And you know, Alma, she is quite capable of saying that or something still more vulgar, if she could think of it, and she is cleverer than I am, your father says; but then he thinks anybody cleverer than I am." Sir Francis Rivers came to Leigh for the last week of the visit, and his presence diverted from Alma the hearing of some of her mother's complaints and forebodings. On the other hand he brought fresh elements of discomfort into the atmosphere—allusions to his sons' idleness, to the needs of the West boys, and fresh schemes for pushing their fortunes

through Mr. Kirkman, which made Alma wince and blush. Nearly as bad were his floods of professional talk, into which Wynyard was guilty of plunging, with a relish that suggested the amount of *ennui* inflicted on him by Lady Rivers' previous efforts to keep the conversation during meals at the level she considered due to the coronet on the plate and the footmen's liveries. "Encouraging your father in his very worst faults," Lady Rivers moaned, when she and her daughter were alone, "even to the enormity of bringing dusty law books into the drawing-room and looking out quotations with your father for his dreadful book, under my very eyes, while the butler was handing round the tea. The sort of thing I have been fighting against all my life. When I first thought of having an earl for my son-in-law, I little expected he'd take that side, and weaken my hands with your father to this extent. There might have been a want of refinement at Golden Mount, but it would not have been of a kind so fatal to all domestic discipline, the men-servants' feelings were considered there at least. I wonder you can bear it, Alma!"

Yet in spite of these and some other drawbacks, there were portions of that week to which Alma always looked back with tender yearning; golden half-hours during which the peace, and joy, and sunshine of love entered her heart with half promises of always staying there. Evening and morning and mid-day strolls with Wynyard on the terrace; slow rides in quiet lanes between the autumnal hedgerows; exhilarating canters across the stubble of the lately cleared harvest fields; times when the present was full enough to crowd out all remembrance of the past, and fears of the future; when by the help of some country sight or sound she found herself lifted over recent memories and landed in recollections of earlier days which, without any remorse, she could share with Wynyard. True, a very little thing, a chance word, a

sudden question, a name cropping up in the conversation might put an end to all this satisfaction in a minute, and suddenly re-open to Alma's perception the dividing gulf between herself and her lover.

When Alma was next alone after such a happy hour with such an abrupt awakening, she usually comforted herself by making resolutions of perfect frankness towards her husband at some future time. Some day, in this very place, (and before the visit was over, Alma had in thought made half-a-dozen lovely spots out of doors and cosy nooks in the house the scene of the confidence)—some day—when use had given an added sweetness to all the details of life, when they were returning from a walk on some spring evening next year, or after a conversation, perhaps, over an old favourite book by their winter fireside, when some unusual emotion of tenderness had been called out—she would take courage and tell him the whole story. She would begin, "You know me now, and you know how I love you, you cannot doubt the love of your own wife,—well, now I will tell you the truth about myself, how I felt and what I did a year ago; and because you are my husband, and better and stronger than I am, you must help me to bear the flaws in my conscience that make me feel unworthy of you. I am not unworldly as you are, it was not altogether disinterested love that made me marry you. I do care very much to see you here, and perhaps even love you better in a position that I think becomes you, than I could ever have done if you had remained in obscurity. It is not high-minded to feel like this; but it belongs to me, and as we are one now, you have got to bear with it." Then she thought she would begin and tell him straight out the history of Madelon's wedding day, and how she had hidden the letter in the drawer of cut corks in the little south room at La Roquette. It would be a great blow to him. She pictured to herself the changes on his face while

he listened. At first he would hardly believe she had done it; would put a question or two eagerly, half hoping to find some excuse, some explanation that she had forgotten to give; but when it was all over he would not turn away from her, he would take it as a misfortune that concerned them both. He would comfort her, and perhaps even admire her for the courage that had led her to reveal the truth at last.

Alma imagined that after such confession her conscience would be healed, and she would feel at liberty to take his love as really belonging to her in a way she could not do now. This was the plan she made in her happiest moments, but she could not always see it possible, even when she and Wynyard most nearly resumed the old footing of dear and unclouded intimacy. There were occasions when a word or look of his would awaken quite an opposite mood, and she found herself near to registering a vow never to let him have the least hint of a deed that would sink her to a depth of contempt she had not imagined to be in him. Sometimes a terror seized her, whether it was that *one* deception only, which had erected the barrier she found it so hard to pass. Had she been sinking lower, growing smaller, more sordid in her views and aims, while he had been rising higher? Had his life, as Agatha's had, grown so far apart from hers, that "they could not hear each other speak," in however close companionship their days and years were passed?

The hopeful mood was uppermost in Alma's mind on the morning of her departure from Leigh. She and Wynyard had had an early ride, when the fresh touch of autumn in the air, and the dewy beauty of the woods and fields had exhilarated them to a pitch of almost boyish and girlish joyousness. After breakfast, while Wynyard took leave of Mrs. Anstice, she and her father made a final tour of the gardens together, and Alma thoroughly enjoyed his sensible appreciation of the beauty

and grandeur she displayed to him with a sense of proprietorship stealing into her heart. There was nothing in her father's way of speaking to offend her taste. His was the kind of satisfaction that her judgment approved as a fitting homage to the good things of the world. She felt almost restored to self-complacency as she listened, and a word or two dropped by Sir Francis about Wynyard's worth and his probable weight in the country in the coming years, made her heart beat quickly, and her cheeks glow while she whispered to herself that at last she was happy,—as happy as she had ever expected to be. Wynyard met them on the terrace, and Sir Francis left the lovers alone to take a last look at the sunny gardens, and exchange happy auguries for the future.

"It will not be exactly this picture that we shall see when we come back," said Alma, as they turned away from the sparkling fountains and the blaze of autumn flowers, and began to walk towards the house. "The richness and the glory will have mellowed, and the year entered upon another stage before we stand here together again."

"That may be sooner than we have been expecting, dear," answered Wynyard, "for I have just promised Mrs. Anstice that nothing shall prevent my seeing her once more. I could not refuse her the comfort of such an assurance, could I, Alma? And you will not grudge the sacrifice, if we have to make it, of shortening the time of our absence, for her sake. I have said that we will hold ourselves in readiness. Katherine Moore has undertaken to write if any change for the worse should take place whilst we are away."

This was the one jarring note to Alma in the perfect harmony of that happy morning.

She had consented reluctantly that Wynyard should consider himself bound to Mrs. Anstice's service for the few months longer she was likely to live; but it vexed her to be reminded, just in this hour, that he had a duty

unconnected with herself, to which their plans must give way. The vexation she felt upon this account recalled another disturbing thought to her mind.

"Katherine Moore," she repeated, thoughtfully; "you seem to take it for granted that she will go on coming about the place. Has Mrs. Anstice engaged her as companion or nurse? Is there any reason of that kind for all the trouble Miss Moore takes for Mrs. Anstice?"

"I should think not; Miss Moore has had some money left her lately by an uncle who died in Australia. So, at least, she told me when I ventured to remonstrate on her allowing Mrs. Anstice to take up so much of her time."

"I wonder she does. It must be very melancholy work. I wonder she spends so much time with Mrs. Anstice, who is no relation to her, if she is not obliged."

"Do you?" Wynyard answered.

They had reached the carriage by this time, and the conversation dropped.

Alma did not notice how silent Wynyard was during the first hour of the journey, or suspect in the least that she had spoiled his happy recollections of that sunny morning as effectually as he had spoiled hers. Lady Rivers made conversation enough, however, to cover other people's deficiencies. A thousand little details of the wedding-day had to be discussed, and now was the time, she observed, to talk them over. Wynyard, on plea of the recent death in his family, and Mrs. Anstice's precarious state of health, had begged hard for a quiet wedding. It was to be very quiet, Lady Rivers explained to him now, only not quite a hole and corner wedding.

"It will never do, you know," she urged, "to give people the opportunity of saying that we were ashamed of ourselves, and had the wedding in a corner on that account."

Here, once more, for the very last

time, she hoped, Alma had to give her mother a warning look, to prevent her letting drop a further explanatory word respecting the reason for which the Kirkmans might suppose them to be ashamed, for the thought of her old friend Mrs. Kirkman's wrath was too constantly present to Lady Rivers' mind, not to ooze out more or less in her talk when she got excited.

Dread of Mrs. Kirkman's anger was by no means Alma's worst skeleton, but the dimensions it assumed in her mother's imagination, had a certain effect on hers; and at the end of the day, when they were nearing London, she felt a foreboding creep over her, with the familiar thick atmosphere. She half expected Horace Kirkman's face to appear at the carriage window when the train stopped, or to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous Kirkman livery among the carriages that were waiting outside the station. The long train was crowded with less pretentious persons however, chiefly family parties returning from seaside trips, and some delay occurred in getting the luggage together, and finding the carriage.

Sir Francis went outside to look for it, and while Wynyard searched about for a resting-place for Lady Rivers, Alma stood alone and watched the crowd. Did those women, who were struggling for their boxes in the throng by the barrier, or frantically hailing cabs, and collecting trains of children, think her an enviable specimen of womankind, she wondered, for being able to stand quietly aside, and let things take their course? Could she imagine herself acting such a bustling part in life? Yet were there not, a long way back in her memory, pictures of some such comings home from holiday excursions, when the boys were still quite small, and the army of nursemaids by no means equal to the occasion? Was there not some story about Frank having been lost on a return journey from the seaside, left behind at a London terminus, and brought home by a gentleman who

had been greatly taken with his handsome face and intelligent way of accounting for himself. It was a story her father had once, in the days when Frank was still a favourite, been fond of telling, till Lady Rivers began to think it reflected on their grandeur, and put her veto upon its ever being mentioned again.

Alma wondered afterwards what made her think of Frank just then, why a vision of him,—a slender bright-faced school-boy as he looked at the time when papa could still flatter himself about his good disposition, and be eager about his removes and prizes,—should be the last that occupied her mind before she caught sight of her father coming back on the station platform. One glance at his face chased all thought away, and her heart stood still with fright, so clearly was disaster written upon it. She hurried towards him, for he scarcely seemed able to stand, and his first movement was to grasp her by the shoulder, and lean heavily upon her. His face was white and drawn, and his body bowed, as if under the effect of a deadly blow.

"Oh, papa! what is it?" she cried, when a second or two had passed, while his twitching lips could not form a word. "Tell me, that I may tell mamma."

Then he rallied, and stood upright.

"Yes, yes, your mother—I cannot see her at this moment, you must get her home first. I will follow and tell her when she is a little prepared; but get her home now."

"What is it?"

"A telegram from India put into my hands this moment."

"Is it Melville or Frank?" Alma whispered.

The answer was a deep groan, and a quick shake of the head. Then in a far-off tone, which somehow seemed to come from over the sea, instead of through her father's pale lips, she heard—

"He is dead! my boy, my poor boy "

No need again to ask which. Frank, poor Frank, of whom her father had once been so proud, who had disappointed him most cruelly, and always been loved the best, by both father and mother.

"You must take your mother home," Sir Francis repeated; "there's the telegram, but don't show it until you have her safe in the house. I could not drive with you; no, my dear, I could not sit it out. Forgive me for throwing the burden on you, but I will walk with Wynyard, and be at home almost as soon as you are. Ah! Wynyard was the best friend he ever had, and he wanted me not to send him to India. If I had put him into some humbler way of life—if your mother had not urged me so hard—and now, how am I to tell her the miserable end he has brought upon himself!"

The drive home with Lady Rivers, a little anxious, but still more offended at her husband's sudden desertion, was got through somehow, as the worst moments of life are lived through, we never afterwards quite know how.

Alma knelt by her mother's chair in the drawing-room, already a little put out of its usual appearance, by incipient preparations for the wedding, and tried, through leading remarks and questions, to prepare her for the shock that must be given sooner or later. It seemed a long, long time, before her father's knock came, and yet she had not got the news told when she heard it. Her mother's thoughts would turn to such thoroughly opposite calamities from the one that awaited her,—fears that Alma's sick heart loathed to speak about, and yet which she was obliged to discuss and dismiss—that something had occurred between Constance and her husband, a quarrel, a separation; a scandal about young Lawrence; that the late Lord Anstice had suddenly come to life, and reduced Wynyard to a nobody again; that the Kirkmans had said or done something to prevent the

wedding. Sir Francis's face as he entered the room did more than anything else to bring the right thought to poor Lady Rivers' mind, the right word to her lips.

"Frank!" Yes, nothing but that would make Sir Francis look so. The name of the firstborn, beloved, and yet a little dreaded, (had it not been uttered in blame chiefly, during the last year or two) burst simultaneously from the lips of the bereaved parents as they faced one another. After a few minutes Alma thought it best to steal away, leaving the two who had loved each other dearly once, though worldliness and prosperity had thrust their hearts asunder, to draw together, in the shadow of the first death that had invaded their family.

But terrible as was that night of new sorrow, sad as were the following days, when one short inscrutable sentence summed up the whole cause of their grief, there was worse to come. "Killed in a duel," on such a date, the telegram stated, and the intelligence seemed bad enough, as if nothing could make it worse. Yet there was worse to be heard, and it fell the more heavily on Sir Francis, because, during the fortnight that elapsed between getting the telegram and the arrival of letters, the gentle process of beautifying the dead had had time to go far enough to make a rude facing of hard facts additionally bitter. To have restored one's dead to a pedestal in the heart, and dressed him up in lost graces and innocences of youth, and then to have a tale of his dishonour thrust upon one, of base intrigue, ending in what might well be called a deserved punishment at the hand of the friend he had betrayed—what could be more heartrending? A good deal was kept from Alma and Lady Rivers as unfit for their ears; but they could not escape gathering a general impression of disgrace and misery from the extreme depression into which Sir Francis fell after additional news came. It was vacation-time, and there was no work going on

in the courts, or he would probably have roused himself to attend to it, and borne the blow better. To see him so absorbed by grief as to lose interest in all his usual objects, was something quite new to his family, who did not know how to meet such a crisis. It was well for them all that Wynyard was at hand, willing to let himself be made the recipient of the miserable father's complaints, and with a liking for his friend of early days which made him a sympathising listener. Alma left the task of comforting her father mainly to him, and did not take advantage of times when they might have been together to let him comfort her, as he longed to be able to do. She was somewhat perversely wretched at this juncture, and nursed a sense of loneliness to which the present state of the household tempted her. With her father and mother the great calamity swallowed up all thought of her personal disappointment, and she found herself wondering sometimes whether the postponement of their wedding was anything like as great a vexation to Wynyard as it was to herself. He could talk easily of a few weeks' delay, but to her a feverish restlessness came with the uncertainty. She was too proud to show that she suffered more than he, when the day that was to have been their crowning day passed by unnoticed: the hours that should have been so joyous slipping by in gloomy solitude. Her mother never talked about the wedding now, and seldom of the Kirkmans. There was no longer any need to fear indiscretion from her. Wynyard had almost ceased to be a future son-in-law, or even an earl, in her estimation. He was just Frank's friend, the one person who had ever done any good with poor Frank, and she would monopolise him when he was not with Sir Francis in a way that was very trying to Alma, so completely did it seem to put her and her claims aside as non-existent.

Alma did not show to advantage in her mother's sick-room, and she felt

that she did not. It was not altogether her fault, for Lady Rivers had never made her a companion for anything but society purposes: the idea of taking this brilliant daughter into real service as a nurse, or comforter, would have been almost as unnatural to her as the thought of putting on her court pearls to go to bed in. Even a common sorrow could not draw them together at once, or annul in Alma's heart the antagonism which dated from early years, when the falseness and pretension of which Lady Rivers' life was so largely made up, first dawned upon her, and which had coloured her whole manner of being towards her mother.

It did not help her that Lady Rivers was always longing after Emmie West, and would entertain Wynyard with histories of Emmie's pleasantness and sweetness of temper, and agreeable methods of making the hours pass at La Roquette. It seemed, Alma thought, almost a mania with her mother to talk about La Roquette to Wynyard whenever she ceased to speak of Frank, and she found herself taking a miserable sickly interest, and criticising the few remarks that he made in reply to these praises. They never quite satisfied her. She always thought he said a word too much, or a word too little, when he had to speak about Emmie's perfections, and daily the sense of loneliness grew, hardening like a crust over her heart, and stiffening her manner till she hardly knew herself.

The days crept on, and October arrived before the elders of the family could be roused to make any plans, or consent to a change of abode; but at length the re-appearance of some

symptoms in Lady Rivers of the illness from which she had suffered last winter, gave the necessary impetus to decision.

It was rather hastily determined that Sir Francis should take his family to San Remo, while there was still time for him to settle them there before his duties called him back to London. Wynyard was to join Lady Rivers and Alma a little later on; and there would be no reason why the deferred wedding should not take place at San Remo about the end of the year, when Sir Francis would again be able to come out to them.

Wynyard urged this, trying to put things in the very best light when the last days before his parting with Alma came, and he insisted on having more of her company than she had afforded him hitherto. She listened to his plans, and tried to be hopeful—tried hard to soften out of the cold anger against herself and her circumstances, that held her like a possession. Sometimes she succeeded, telling herself that all might yet be well in a few weeks; and sometimes, while Wynyard talked of the pleasant southern air, and the sunshine that would gladden their next meeting, a deadlier heart-sickness than she had yet known assailed her—a vivid recollection of the sights, and sounds, and scents of Madelon's wedding-morning rose with Wynyard's words, and she whispered to herself that by no possibility could a day in that likeness bring her happiness. Oh, no! she had poisoned all such days for herself for ever, and could not, try as she would, see herself a triumphant bride in circumstances that would bring her fault so livingly before her.

To be continued.

VIVISECTION.

GREAT dissatisfaction exists in the minds of many people with regard to the provisions and working of "The Cruelty to Animals Act of 1876." There were those who declared originally that the Act, in the form in which it was finally passed, was insufficient for the protection of animals liable to painful experiments; and it is now asserted that the returns which have been made under the Act prove that such an apprehension was only too well founded. I propose, then, in this paper to examine on what principles, and under what conditions and limitations, the use of painful experiments upon animals is justifiable, and to compare the conclusions that may be arrived at with the provisions and application of the Act of 1876, for the purpose of discovering whether that Act is sufficient for the regulation of the practice of vivisection, or whether any amendments may require to be made in it, in order that an end may be put to all reasonable anxiety on the subject.

Let me begin by noticing that the word "vivisection" only imperfectly marks out the ground which it is our purpose to survey. It is obvious that there are several kinds of painful experiments performed on animals—such as inoculation with disease, or the administration of poisons—which do not involve any "section" or cutting; and as these experiments must be comprehended in any adequate treatment of the subject, I must ask the reader to remember that in the present paper I use the word "vivisection" in an extended sense, to denote all painful treatment of living animals for the purposes of medical or biological science.

As soon, then, as the question is asked, "What are the conditions and

limitations of the legitimate use of vivisection?" it is likely to be met by objections coming from two exactly opposite quarters. On the one hand there seem to be some who would say, or if they did not venture actually to say would appear to think, that there are no limitations at all to the use of painful experiments upon animals; while on the other side there are some who believe, or act as if they believed, that under no possible conditions can such experiments be justified. Each of these extreme views demands a little consideration before we can proceed unhesitatingly with our inquiry.

I can hardly suppose that any one would bring forward, as justifying a total disregard for animal suffering, the idea attributed to Descartes, that animals are simply automata, having no real spontaneity of action. Startling as such a confession may appear to many, I believe myself that there is a profound truth in this idea, and that it does, when properly understood, express with remarkable vividness and accuracy the essential distinction between animals and men. But it is only true with an explanation which entirely does away with the force of it as a plea for indifference to the way in which the lower animals may be treated by mankind. The full statement of the idea runs thus—"Animals are automata, *of which sensation is a part of the machinery.*" Now it is sensation, and not spontaneity or free-will, that constitutes a claim upon our kindness.

But it is more probable that the assertion of a right to do what we please with the lower animals will be rested on the paramount value and importance of man; and especially on his immeasurable superiority, as being

the only animal capable of the pursuit of science. For the unbeliever I know not what other answer can be made to this than that he has himself almost done away with the paramount value and importance of man, seeing that he will not allow him to be either the image of God in this world or the inheritor of His glory in the next; and further, that it is a mere assumption that the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, and independently of all religious, moral, and beneficent considerations, has any superiority over any other pursuit that may have a high degree of attractiveness. I am afraid I shall give a shock to some minds when I say that to me a philosopher scenting out and hotly pursuing a new idea, or a new fact, simply under the influence of a strong scientific instinct, does not seem obviously to hold any immeasurable superiority over his dog eagerly pursuing a rat under the influence of a keen sense of smell. I say this with the less scruple because the scientific instinct is very strong in myself, and I feel that if it were not for my Christian faith it might very soon run away with me. But I suspect that the claim to gratify that instinct at any cost to the lower animals will turn out, when stripped of all misleading phraseology, to be nothing else than the claim of the strong to do what they please with the weak—the claim which a tiger has to slay and devour a man if he be able. He who asserts such a right as this should be very sure indeed that there is no one stronger than he in heaven, or earth, or hell, lest haply the curse of the law which he has sanctioned should fall with all its misery upon himself.

But for those who hold the Christian faith, while on the one hand man's immeasurable superiority over the lower animals is guaranteed, the claim of these animals upon his consideration is no less clearly vindicated. For since even the infinite superiority and right of mastership of God over His creatures does not render Him in-

different to their sufferings, or careless how He treats them, nothing that can be alleged on behalf of man's dignity can authorise a contemptuous disregard for the interests of the sentient animal world over which dominion has been given him. "The Lord is loving unto every man, and His *mercy is over all His works*;" "The Lord shall *save both man and beast*;" "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," or rather "to all the creation"—that "whole creation" which "groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," but which "itself also shall be redeemed from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." Such words as these reserve the supremacy of man, and yet bind up with that supremacy the happiness of the dumb creation. And nowhere perhaps is the Divine regard for the weaker sentient creatures set forth so strongly as in that great argument of our Lord for trust in the providence of God, which is grounded upon the paramount dignity of man: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows" was the declaration of Him who could rightly estimate our worth; but the confidence to be derived from that pre-eminence depended upon the assertion of the Divine guardianship even over a sparrow—"Not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father." If then we would be the "children of our Father which is in heaven," if we would be "merciful as our Father also is merciful" we must not think it a light matter to inflict death, mutilation, or suffering on the little animals whom He has put into our power.

Shall we then go to the other extreme, and say that man has *no* right to inflict suffering upon the lower animals? This view seems equally shut out by any careful consideration of the revelation of God. If without our Father not a sparrow shall fall to the ground, then it is with Him that, for man's sake, the little bird is shot or snared. Ultimately, through what-

ever intermediate agency we may trace the matter back, it is only by denying some of the attributes of God that we can remove from Him the responsibility of animal as well as human suffering. And that in His universe one being should suffer for the sake of another is not a rare accident, but a fundamental law, affecting the whole chain of existence from Himself downwards. Nor would it be true to say that such martyrdom—for so, I believe, in every case we may rightly name it—can only be justified when the sacrifice is voluntary on the part of the victim:—the babes who died in Bethlehem instead of the Divine Babe, and the mothers whose hearts were torn by their cries, had no more choice in the matter than the poor dog who is fastened down and dissected while alive. In such an event a Christian must surely look beyond Herod, or any other intermediate agent, and confess with awe and yet with affiance that a most righteous and loving God has seen fit to make innocent suffering a part of the scheme of His Divine government. But if this be so, then there are reasons and occasions which justify the infliction of such suffering; and the mere fact that what we do causes pain to man or beast is not sufficient to condemn the doing of it, without taking into consideration the purpose for which it is done and the motives we have in doing it. So then the question comes back—vindicated, I think, from objection on either side—“What are the conditions and limitations of the legitimate use of vivisection?”

In order that we may not consider this question in a vague and general manner, but may grapple with the real facts of the case, let us first notice what are the various purposes for which painful experiments on animals have been, or conceivably might be, made use of. Although I can hardly hope that my statement of them will commend itself to all minds as satisfactory, I will endeavour to arrange these purposes in an ascending order

of utility or importance. Such experiments, then, may be employed—

1. For purposes of demonstration or teaching.

2. For the acquisition of skill in operating.

3. For the verification of supposed facts or discoveries in physiology, which may seem to need confirmation.

4. For the discovery of new facts in physiology or biology.

5. To ascertain whether surgical operations hitherto untried are practicable, and are likely to prove safe and successful.

6. To study the nature, progress or action, and treatment or remedies, of diseases, poisons, and other influences injurious to the human body.

Let us take each of these cases separately and endeavour to ascertain first the principles which regulate its use, and then how far the Act of 1876 has embodied these principles.

1. With regard, then, to the infliction of pain upon animals in order that they may be used for purposes of demonstration, it will not, I think, be alleged that anything can be taught in this way which cannot be learnt otherwise, either by dissections, diagrams, or verbal explanations; so that the only object, apparently, of such demonstrations is to teach more vividly and impressively facts which without them the pupil would grasp less readily and tenaciously. And if this moderate amount of benefit could only be secured by the actual suffering of the animals operated upon, I think we ought to have no hesitation in condemning this use of vivisection altogether; the agony of a living creature is too solemn a thing to be employed as a sort of *memoria technica*, or to save the pupil a little more trouble and application. That could hardly be a wholesome condition of feeling in master or scholar which would lead either the one or the other to readily accept such a mode of teaching as this. If, however, by the use of anæsthetics, and the death of the animal while still under their influence, all serious suf-

fering can be prevented, the matter assumes a different aspect; it then becomes merely a question whether we have a right to kill animals for the purpose of instructing the mind, just as we do for the purpose of nourishing the body. When put in this way I suppose we can none of us hesitate to answer the question in the affirmative; but in allowing this answer I must attach to it the caution that, even in its lowest forms, life is to the Christian a mysterious and sacred thing, as involving an operation of that Holy Spirit Who is the "Giver of Life," and that, except in the case of noxious creatures, and those which are in such a condition that life is a misery or a burden, we ought, I think, to be careful and sparing in our use of the liberty to take it. Provided, however, that such demonstrations are reserved for the illustration of facts which are at once important and difficult to be apprehended, and that the animals which are the subjects of them are operated upon, and killed, in a state of unconsciousness, it does not seem that there can be good reason to cry out for their abolition. And since these are exactly the conditions which the Act of 1876 in this case insists upon, ordering that "experiments" on living animals "shall not be performed as an illustration of lectures in medical schools," except under a "licence from one of her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State," granted upon a certificate from some highly-qualified authority "that the proposed experiments are absolutely necessary for the due instruction" of the pupils; and only then with the proviso that the animals upon whom they are performed shall, "during the whole of the experiment, be under the influence of some anæsthetic of sufficient power to prevent the animal feeling pain," "and shall be killed before it recovers from the influence of the anæsthetic which has been administered;" when all this care has been taken to regulate this employment of vivisection, it would seem that every security against abuse

that can be afforded by Acts of Parliament has been obtained, and that, as far as this part of the subject is concerned, no reasonable ground exists for a demand that the Act of 1876 shall be amended.

2. It is the less necessary for me to dwell upon the second case, that of the employment of vivisection for the purpose of acquiring manual skill in operating, because, in regard to this country, the inquiry is of no practical importance, such a use of painful experiments on animals being absolutely forbidden by the Act. I will only observe therefore that if there were any strong necessity that facility and rapidity in operating should be attained by such experiments, the conditions to be observed would appear to be exactly the same as those laid down in the previous case; the training of the eye and hand by this method not differing, in respect of the restrictions and cautions to be applied to it, from the instruction of the mind. I suppose, however, it is generally felt that dexterity in operating can be sufficiently well acquired by the diligent practice of dissections, *post-mortem* examinations, and minor surgical operations, before any serious attempt is made on the human body, and that no one therefore has any wish to modify the provision of the Act prohibiting the employment of living animals for this purpose.

3. Nor need the third use of vivisection—its employment in order to test supposed facts or discoveries—detract us long; for this must evidently stand on exactly the same footing with experiments made for the purpose of original discovery. To whatever extent, and under whatever conditions, these are justifiable, the attempt to verify or refute, by the use of animal suffering, asserted facts or discoveries, when there is good ground for doubt as to their reality, must be so equally. We can therefore better discuss the whole matter under the next head, merely observing that what is specially essential in the present case, viz.,

that the verificatory experiments shall only be made where there is real uncertainty, seems to be amply secured in the Act of 1876, which provides that a certificate shall first be given by very high medical authority "that such testing is absolutely necessary for the effectual advancement of physiological knowledge, or of knowledge which will be useful for saving or prolonging life, or alleviating suffering."

4. We come now to that class of experiments in which lie the real difficulties of the question, viz., those in which animal suffering is employed for the discovery of new facts in physiological or biological science. And here I think regard must be had to the purpose with which the increase of scientific knowledge is thus sought. The experimenter may be in search of further knowledge on some point which is, to him, a mere matter of curiosity, having, so far as can at present be seen, no bearing on the treatment of disease or accident, the prolongation of life, or the alleviation of suffering, and throwing no light on any question important to the well-being, physical or spiritual, of mankind. His object may be simply the gratification of what I have called the scientific instinct, or even the acquisition of scientific fame. Can experiments on animals be rightly undertaken in this frame of mind? At the risk of being thought over-scrupulous by some, I must answer that—if they entail suffering—they cannot. And even when they are performed under the influence of anesthetics, and the animal is killed in a state of unconsciousness, so that no pain is inflicted, I must still express a doubt whether—except in the case of noxious animals, or those whose life has become a burden to them—a man has the right to destroy life, in order to gratify his own lust of knowledge, or lust of fame. The desire of knowledge for its own sake is a strong natural instinct, or perhaps in some cases a strong acquired taste; and probably the ardour of the pursuit, and the exercise of skill which it calls

forth, are often even more pleasurable than the attainment of that which is sought for: but unless it can be shown that such pursuit is eminently beneficial to the bodily, mental, or spiritual health of him who is engaged in it, the keen zest which is felt in following it, cannot, I think, rightly be enjoyed at the cost of the death or suffering of sentient beings. I know it will be urged in mitigation of this judgment that all fresh knowledge, in however purposeless a manner it may have been arrived at, may by and by turn out to be of eminent practical utility. This is perfectly true; but this is only one of the many ways in which evil is overruled for good; and such a beneficial result, when it arrives, can no more excuse the man who tortured an animal without any reference to it, than can the infinitely glorious consequences, which will arise out of man's knowledge of good and evil, excuse the sinful act by which our first parents brought that knowledge into the world. In short, as that primæval instance teaches, valuable and even godlike knowledge may sometimes be acquired by foul methods as well as by fair; but that must not lead us to excuse or imitate the faithless selfishness which gratifies its lust of knowledge foully. And here, I think, we have arrived at a point in which the Act of 1876 may require to be amended. I say "may require," because it may turn out that, as a matter of fact, no licences are granted for painful experiments under such circumstances as I am deprecating. But the Act, by allowing experiments to be made "with a view to the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge," as distinguished from "knowledge which will be useful for saving or prolonging life, or alleviating suffering," does seem to leave the door open for experiments which may have no beneficial object or bearing whatever. Now, I must not be supposed to imply that no other physiological knowledge can be beneficial than that which is useful for medical

or sanitary purposes ; on the contrary, I can conceive of discoveries in physiology utterly incapable of ever being turned to any medical use, and yet having a profound interest and utility in reference to morality, psychology, or religious belief. For instance, I should myself consider that a large amount of animal life and suffering would most legitimately be expended on a series of experiments which should demonstrate that the phenomena of life were due to a distinct vital force—not the resultant of mechanical, chemical, and the other recognised physical forces, but additional to, and dominating, all these. For such a demonstration would have a most important and salutary bearing on the question of the nature of death, and the permanence through death of the identity of the organized body. But where the experimenter is unable to show that he has any beneficent object whatever in seeking the knowledge which he strives to win by painful experiments on animals, I think that the licence to make these experiments should be denied him.

It may perhaps be alleged that no experiments ever have been, or ever would be, made without a distinctly beneficial object. This is a matter about which it is very difficult for one like myself, not belonging to the medical profession, and having no personal acquaintance with physiological experiments, to form a judgment ; but certainly it does appear to an outsider that many of the series of experiments which have been made on animals could never have been reasonably expected to lead to any useful result ; and I am afraid it must be acknowledged as a matter of fact, that no good whatever has accrued from by far the larger number of them. Now, if in some of these instances it can be shown that the objects of the experimenters were not important, beneficial, and likely to be attained, then I must most earnestly appeal to educated gentlemen not to let either professional sympathies, or scientific

interests, or indignation at popular exaggeration, tempt them to screen or palliate such inhumanity, but to remember that the search for truth is only then high and noble, when the seeker is led on, guided, or at least restrained, by the hand of an all-embracing charity.

Even if it should be proved that there was no such abuse of vivisection in any of these cases as at first sight might appear, yet looking at the intense thirst for knowledge and for scientific fame which exists at the present day, and the ever-growing danger of its illegitimate indulgence, it might be well that the Act of 1876 should receive that slight amendment which would shut out the possibility of mere experiments of curiosity, and oblige every applicant for a licence, or for a certificate, to show that he had a distinctly good purpose in inflicting pain or taking life, and to prove that there was a fair likelihood of that purpose being accomplished. I should propose therefore that, in the third section of the Act, in the first restriction, which now stands thus—"The experiment must be performed with a view to the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge," the words "substantial and beneficial" should be introduced before the word "advancement," so that the sentence would run thus—"The experiment must be performed with a view to the *substantial and beneficial* advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge." There should be an analogous alteration in the fourth proviso, at the end of the same section ; and this proposal will complete my discussion of the previous case—that in which vivisection is used for purposes of verification. That proviso is, that "Experiments may be performed not directly for the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge . . . but for the purpose of testing a particular former discovery alleged to have been made for the advancement of such knowledge ;" and I suggest that it should read thus—"Experiments may

be performed not directly for the advancement by new discovery of physiological knowledge but for the purpose of testing a particular *important and beneficial* discovery alleged to have been made for the advancement of such knowledge." It may very likely be the case that these alterations are not absolutely necessary, because even now no license or certificate would be granted without an assurance that the experiments it covered had a beneficial purpose; but even so, no harm would be done by the words proposed to be inserted, and they might be the means of guarding against abuse creeping in at some future time.

5. We may now pass to the fifth division of our subject, and consider the case of experiments which might be made upon animals with the directly beneficent object of extending the limits of practical surgical operation. Such a use of vivisection would, I apprehend, be very rare; but it is conceivable that a new form of operation might suggest itself to a skilful surgeon, which, if it succeeded, would be a great boon for the relief of pain or incapacity, or the preservation of life, but which he might shrink from the responsibility of applying first of all to a human being. In such a case it seems to me that it would be perfectly legitimate to try it on a sufficient number of animals to allow of a judgment being formed as to its practicability, and the probability of its success. In these instances the operation would be performed on the animals—as they would be in the human subject—under the influence of anæsthetics; but it might be necessary that the animals should be kept alive after they regained their consciousness, and indeed that all pains should be taken to recover them permanently. I can imagine that in this way most valuable experience might be acquired, which would either prevent a waste of human life or suffering, or on the other hand prove the possibility of increasing the benefits of

surgery to mankind. Such experiments would, I believe, be permitted by the Act; and its provisions seem amply sufficient to guard them from abuse.

6. Lastly, we come to those experiments on animals which are made for the purpose of studying the nature and progress or action of diseases, poisons, and other injurious influences, with a view to their prevention, treatment, or remedy. And here I must say that, if the opponents of vivisection were to succeed in carrying out their principles to their logical conclusion, by getting such experiments prohibited, it seems to me that their success would be nothing short of a calamity to the human race. We have here, I think, a *reductio ad absurdum* of extreme anti-vivisectionism. No one, I imagine, can fairly overlook the immense benefits which have resulted, and the still greater gains which are likely to accrue, from the employment of this method of investigation. And yet experiments on animals, depending on the administration of poisons, or inoculation with disease, or exposure to other noxious influences, may involve, in order to be effective, protracted misery, which cannot be deadened with anæsthetics, or shortened by a merciful infliction of death. For the employment of such experiments, the Act of 1876 leaves room under due restrictions; and I can hardly believe that any thoughtful man would wish to abridge the liberty thus given. But if this is so, on what principle can any other use of vivisection be forbidden, of which the purpose is adequately important and beneficial?

The returns made under the Act show that, up to the 21st of May, 1878, only seven certificates had been given for the use of experiments without anæsthetics, and only fifteen for dispensing with the obligation to kill the animals operated upon before the recovery of consciousness. What, I think, would strike most persons is, not the largeness, but the smallness of

the number of experimenters—twenty-two at most in the United Kingdom—who have thus received permission to perform operations inflicting actual pain on animals. But if the number were tenfold greater than it is, it would not prove that any abuse of animal suffering was being perpetrated, unless it could be shown that these certificates were being given and used without any really and sufficiently beneficial object. Any evidence that may be offered on this point ought to be considered very carefully; but unless it should prove to be far clearer than I have any reason to suppose, the conclusion at which I must arrive, after this survey of the whole question, is that the Act of 1876 needs no other amendment than the insertion of the few, but significant, words which I have suggested.

But if this be so, what shall we say of those who, from mistaken motives of humanity, cry out for the total abolition of vivisection, and, as means to compass that end, make injurious personal attacks, and placard the walls with horrible representations of animals fastened down and tortured, without one word as to the narcotics which, in ordinary cases, prevent their suffering, or as to the good purposes for which it is endured? If the societies which are opposed to the employment of painful experiments upon animals, desisting from a mischievous agitation which appeals principally to those who have no opportunity of forming a sound judgment, would set themselves the humbler and more troublesome task of watching against all violation, evasion, and misapplication of the Act of 1876 in this country, and of obtaining similar enactments for the protection of animals abroad, they might do good service, and justify their own existence; but the course they are at present adopting, will, if it fails, entail a

miserable waste of nobly aimed efforts and aspirations on the one side, or, if it succeeds, produce nothing but bitterness, contempt, and defiance, on the other.

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

NOTE.—Since the above was put in type, fresh returns have been laid before Parliament of the certificates granted for the performance of painful experiments upon animals. Those returns show that there has been some, though not an excessive, increase in the number of such experiments; but as this does not affect the argument of the article, there is no need to discuss them particularly. It is alleged by those who are working for the total abolition of vivisection that these returns are inadequate and unreliable, and do not give any real idea of the amount of misery that is actually being inflicted on animals in the name of scientific research. If they can supply sufficient proof of this, I feel sure that they will gain plenty of support in their demand for fuller and more accurate returns, and for a more faithful carrying out of the intentions of the Act generally. On the other hand, the ardent opponents of legislative restriction assert that the most promising students of physiology are driven away to foreign schools on account of the formalities by which they find their investigations hampered in this country. Even if this be so, it should be remembered that humanity, like every other virtue, must sometimes involve a sacrifice, and that it is not of much value unless it is willing to make it. Probably, however, the two allegations may be held to countervail one another, and may be taken to indicate that the Act of 1876 has neither failed of its object, nor yet stifled physiological research.—G. G.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

AN article by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, deals with the union of the Liberal party. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the paper chiefly shows how hopelessly, from his point of view, the party is disunited, and how few are the bonds of union by means of which it may be drawn together again. The object of this paper is not so much to oppose Mr. Rogers's conclusions, as to show that the state of things which he describes must tend to condemn party government in the minds of most reasonable people, and that, unless some change for the better in its condition takes place, its days must soon draw to a close. The latter half of this position can only, of course, be maintained by inference. We cannot *prove* that government by party will cease. What we can do is to sketch, with the help of Mr. Rogers, the state to which the management of national affairs is at present reduced, and leave people to ask themselves, if, under these conditions, useful and healthy legislation of any kind is possible.

The only rallying point which Mr. Rogers can at present discover for the Liberal party is the casting out of the Conservatives from power. That doubtless is a position which, from the mere party point of view, cannot be disputed. But then, Mr. Rogers is quite wise enough to see that it is not sufficient. What is the new Liberal government, which is to displace the present administration, going to do? Party men, he feels, will ask that question. Each section will demand the application of its own nostrum, the carrying out of its own particular views. But this is what Mr. Rogers deprecates. He knows well enough that the Permissive Bill

will not rouse the country, and that a demand for Female Suffrage will not do so. He even fears that the disestablishment of the Church of England may be a cry shouted into deaf or unwilling ears. As to this last, he has no doubt himself that it is the most important of public reforms. Although, according to him, "our foreign politics are in such a tangle that the first attention of a Liberal ministry must be given to them," he doubts whether any ministry which neglects the question of disestablishment will not lose the opportunity of dealing with foreign policy. However, he has come at last to confess that only a minority clamours for disestablishment, and that upon its back as a stalking-horse the Liberal party will not ride to victory. What, then, is to be done? There must be some expression of opinion. Well, then, let that be indicated by "three well-known words of the old Liberal formulary—Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." These, by his explanation of them, Mr. Rogers shows to be vague enough to commit nobody, and yet wide enough to include the political convictions of every specialist. "Peace" will signify the management and rearrangement generally of our foreign politics, including all those dreary questions of frontiers and principalities upon which the bores of the House of Commons delight to enlarge. Under the head of "Retrenchment" we shall understand that economy and wise expenditure which is supposed to be the prerogative of Liberal governments, but which many outsiders do not perceive to have been more unquestionably practised, irrespective of times and circumstances, by Mr. Gladstone than by Lord Beaconsfield:—"Reform," of course, signifies the Burial Question

and Disestablishment—also a thorough revision of the Land Laws. It may be even possible under this head to deal with the Liquor Traffic, and Female Suffrage, and Co-operative Stores. In fact, stick to your text, but don't attempt at present to break it up into detail, and then surely there is a platform broad enough and strong enough for the whole party to unite upon. So, at least, thinks Mr. Rogers.

But alas! detail is just what is wanted. It all depends upon what you mean by things. If one could read the times by the aid of Mr. Rogers's spectacles, no doubt one could understand "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," in the sense meant by that gentleman. But then, what strikes a good many non-politicians is, that it is never clearly made out that Mr. Gladstone and his friends, had they been in power for the last six years, would have managed on the whole better than Lord Beaconsfield, or that had they acted differently they would have satisfied the majority of their countrymen. However stale the argument may be, however much like a servile imitation of the *Times* newspaper it may seem to Mr. Rogers, the majorities of the House of Commons must count for something. Even the elections, which Mr. Rogers indeed makes out to tell a different story, go to swell the same chorus. What the Conservatives have lost in one place they have gained in another. Nothing that has taken place seems to have altered the fact that, on the whole, the country has approved the policy of Lord Beaconsfield's administration. And this Mr. Rogers and Mr. Gladstone himself appear to be sensible of. Else why are so many pages of their respective papers in this August number of the *Nineteenth Century* devoted to calling in question the morality and the honesty of particular statesmen? There is no point in showing up the iniquity of individuals whose righteousness no one believes in. The abuse of the present administration is due either to

the fact that the country trusts it, or to the fact that temper has got the better of its opponents.

It is true that we have got accustomed to these kind of attacks, and ministers of state do not seem to mind them much; but when one comes to analyse them they are curious enough. Mr. Rogers, for example, talks of "the immoral statesmanship which has marked our proceedings in South Africa." That, if it means anything, means that Sir Michael Hicks Beach is an immoral person—that Sir Bartle Frere is probably worse. But then one asks, Why are we to believe this, on the authority of Mr. Rogers, or indeed of any hostile Liberal? Are not enthusiastic Conservatives wont to describe Mr. Gladstone as a traitor to his Church and country? Liberals laugh, and ask if that is all they have to say? One wonders if the *tu quoque* they retort upon themselves never strikes them. Sensible people no more believe in the dishonesty of Mr. Gladstone than they admit his descent from a Bulgarian peasant; but it does not therefore follow that they agree with him in all his opinions. And in the same way many persons may doubt the wisdom of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, or deny the unerring accuracy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and may yet decline to describe the one as a bully, with Mr. Rogers, or the other as double-tongued, with Mr. Bright. Of course we are told that these offensive epithets must be taken with qualifications—that they break no bones, that they enliven parliamentary proceedings, and so forth. Exactly; in other words, they mean nothing, and are useless as weapons of political controversy. If this is so—if we cannot help feeling that Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues will not be displaced from power an hour sooner through the invective of Mr. Gladstone, or the rhetoric of Mr. Rogers, it seems a pity so many words are spent to so little purpose. If we want an example of how a personal vindication may be

stated, and so, by implication, an indictment against the Government be framed, without condescending to insinuations or abuse, one may be found in this same number of the *Nineteenth Century*, in an article upon "South African Policy," by Lord Blatchford.

The object of political articles like this one of Mr. Rogers's seems to be to show that there is more in a name than either Shakespeare or any one else appears to have considered. Let a member of Parliament call himself Conservative, and he is of course, in the mouth of Mr. Rogers's friends, by very virtue of the title, "obscure," "insolent," "double-tongued," "incapable," "a lover of class interests," and so forth. Let him call himself Liberal, and it follows as the night the day, that he is "fearless," "intrepid," "far-seeing," "distinguished," and "of singular honesty." In nothing is this state of feeling more conspicuous than in the judgment which has been passed by many members of the Opposition on Lord Derby. As long as he was a member of Lord Beaconsfield's administration, he was a "cold-blooded, phlegmatic individual," moved by nothing, and incapable of action. The moment he resigned his position in the Cabinet, even though he did so on the plea of adherence to views which he had always maintained—the views which deputations had waited upon him for the express purpose of inducing him to alter—he becomes "the most distinguished member of Lord Beaconsfield's Government." Of course no one believes, not even, we imagine, Mr. Rogers himself, that Lord Derby need be the less a Conservative because he has at present declined to act with Lord Beaconsfield, any more than one believes that the leopard changes his spots when he exchanges his native haunts for a cage in the Zoological Gardens. Lord Derby does not necessarily add to his honesty by quitting the Government, nor does his brother Colonel Stanley subtract from his by becoming a member of it. Who need

care, except perhaps Mr. Rogers and his friends, whether a politician calls himself a Tory or a Radico-Liberal-Conservative? What one must care for is the kind of work he does. If a member of the House of Commons is honest, straightforward, attentive to his work, sensible, and able, there is little doubt that his constituency, if left to itself, will be willing to return him to Parliament, as long as he is inclined to represent them, irrespective of his being Conservative or Liberal. Men are beginning to care less for parties and more for personal character and ability than they used to do. Does any one seriously believe that if Sir Stafford Northcote were to contest the borough of Southwark against Mr. Rabbits, the latter would gain the day simply because he happens to be a Liberal—is it to be imagined that the ability of the Chancellor of the Exchequer would go for nothing? In the same way, is it to be supposed that in the contest in which Lord Hartington, it seems, is about to engage in Lancashire, the mere fact of his calling himself a Liberal is to tell against him? We quite believe that if he adopts the mode of warfare at present in favour with his party, he will run considerable risk of being sent about his business. But we feel no less assured that if he states his political convictions calmly and rationally, without exaggeration, or shrieking at opponents, he will stand a still better chance of being elected, and by many persons in some points widely disagreeing with him. If this seems a strange doctrine, we must remember that, other things being equal, honesty and much ability is to be preferred to honesty and less ability. Men, as far as politics are concerned, are beginning to look each other in the face much more than they did, and perhaps nothing has so much contributed towards this end as Mr. Gladstone's rhetorical efforts of the last three years. People have asked themselves the question which he is always putting before them—whether the Government is as

dishonest and incapable as he represents it to be? And the answer is, we doubt not, in the vast majority of cases, that, with all respect to his immense and unquestionable ability, oratory, enthusiasm, and his undoubted honesty, individual members of the Cabinet are just as truthful, just as honest, and, for all practical purposes, just as able as he.

What we are getting convinced of is, that right government is the monopoly neither of Conservatives nor Liberals, but belongs to those who have the wit to see and the wisdom to carry out what is for the advantage of the country, irrespective of the parties to which they may state themselves to belong. Lord Beaconsfield has been sneered at for passing the last Reform Act, but surely, when we consider that he himself always predicted of the class he then enfranchised that it would return Conservative members to Parliament, and that as a matter of fact it has done so, he was perfectly consistent. On the other hand, a good many persons have thought that, from his own point of view, Mr. Gladstone was absolutely inconsistent in not establishing and endowing the Roman Catholic majority in Ireland, after he had disestablished and disendowed the Protestant minority. We bring no charges of consistency or inconsistency one way or the other; all we wish to show is that differences of opinion now make poor political capital. What people ask for in the present day is legislation, and if that is effective, they are indifferent to the names by which the statesmen who have created it are known in the House of Commons. And what is the difference—the appreciable difference—between many political opponents? How is one to distinguish between Mr. Forster and Mr. Cross, or between Lord Hartington and Sir Stafford Northcote? Why is it that they should not, and could not work together? No doubt there may be differences of opinion between them. But it is to be supposed that the differences which appear so prominent

in Parliament are very often due, more than anything else, to a kind of rule that anything proposed on one side of the House must necessarily receive hostile criticism from the other. One remarkable instance of this may be seen in last year's debate in the House of Lords upon the moving of the Indian troops to Malta. According to the Lord Chancellor the Bill of Rights was drawn with a special view to making such acts allowable. The case, as he stated it, seemed as clear as daylight. Lord Selborne, on the other hand, made it equally plain that every clause in the Bill had been wilfully and distinctly violated. The inference was irresistible that the side of the House on which these legal luminaries respectively sat determined their opinion of the matter. It was the statement of the case for and against the point in question. On many great questions of policy we believe the moderate and reasonable Cabinet ministers on both sides of the House are in their heart of hearts substantially agreed. No one can suppose that Lord Granville and Lord Hartington have the honour of England at heart any less than Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote; neither can any one believe that the two latter are more insensible to the claims of Bulgaria, Montenegro and Greece, or more indifferent to cruelty and bad government, than the two former. The Liberal Cabinet is not in the secrets of the Conservative one; but if it were, and could forget its label, we believe it would almost altogether approve of and sympathise with the action of its rival. Doubtless there are members of Parliament who are perfectly irreconcilable. No one supposes that Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Wilfrid Lawson could work with Mr. Cross or Sir Stafford Northcote, but then neither can they, it appears, work any the more with Lord Hartington or Mr. Forster. It has been clearly shown by recent debates that Mr. Chamberlain will recognise nobody as *his* leader. He

must be the teacher: and he will act with nobody who is not prepared to go for the whole length and breadth of what he demands. Thus it is probable that he would not work long under Lord Hartington, unless some disestablishment or Gothenburg crotchet were brought forward. And the ground lies much the same between the Conservatives and Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Newdegate. But if there were a great union of both parties the irreconcilables might be left out of calculation. They might be left to learn wisdom, or left to themselves. Such measures as they have set their hearts on might be passed in course of time; but then it would be evident that they had become law, not at the dictation of Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Rylands, but because they were esteemed beneficial to the country, and because the Government saw that the time for taking action had arrived. It is not to be imagined that for the present any Cabinet will be formed pledged to the accomplishment of Disestablishment, or the Permissive Bill, or to any of those measures which Mr. Rogers and his friends describe as great and important. If their support can only be given to a Government undertaking such legislation, it is to be feared that they will have to wait some time for a suitable object for their affections. The truth is, as we have implied above, many Englishmen are a great deal more Liberal, and, at the same time, more Conservative, than they used to be. We admit more than one side to a question. We have a kind of liking in hearing the views of opponents. We can have respect and friendship for those who differ from us. These are eclectic days, and men are prone to admire talent and to recognise good wherever they see it. Also a love and veneration for institutions has increased in some quarters and become more reasonable in others. The increase of knowledge has told us more about them, and the diffusing of "sweetness and light" has led us to

question the proposition that what is old is always incapable of improvement and fit only to be destroyed. And so we gradually grow weary of mere political bickering. To hear, as was said at a recent Liberal meeting at Chester, that there is nothing at all to object to in a particular member of Parliament except that he is a Conservative—to hear the arrangements which are made for the "dishing of the Whigs" by the Tories, or for the ousting of the Tories by the Whigs, seems to many of us only to indicate the state of political dirt in which a large number of our fellow-countrymen are content to wallow. It is impossible to help seeing that any advantage that might once have existed in party warfare has been more than imperilled through the agitation of one of the most eminent of living Englishmen during the last three years. Even his own followers are now ready to confess, that while he may be the ornament of the Liberal party, he is in another sense its bane. He has at any rate done his best to show Party Government to be impossible. And surely the same lesson is taught by the last session or two of Parliament. Time has been occupied not in legislation but in recrimination, and the function of Parliament seems to be to give political opponents opportunities for abusing each other. The last session of Parliament has been to a great extent wasted. And while the Liberals say that it is the conduct of the Government which has consumed in speech-making the time which should have been occupied in business, we may fairly reply, that the dead-lock at which legislation has arrived is quite as much owing to the factious opposition which has been displayed by many of Mr. Gladstone's followers. Opposition is factious when under every possible pretext it is renewed with regard to matters which have been, as one would have thought, finally decided by the votes of the House of Commons. Hours have been spent in answering questions framed for the

express purpose, it would appear, of harassing, or—a practice which, from his recent speech at Chester, many may imagine Mr. Gladstone himself to approve—of wasting the time of ministers who have to reply to them. Obstruction to Government measures has been raised upon the most trumpery issues, such, for example, as the flogging clauses of the Army Bill.

It is plain that unless legislative progress can be made Parliament may just as well never meet. Perhaps from one point of view its proceedings are not devoid of interest. Sir Wilfrid Lawson can be amusing on occasions, and there is some curiosity in observing the pranks of Mr. Edward Jenkins, or of the Home Rulers. But Parliament exists for other pur-

poses than to give the member for Carlisle an opportunity of elaborating jokes, or to enable Mr. Jenkins to assume the rôle of *enfant terrible*. It has serious work to do, and at present, to all intents and purposes, it does not do it. The House of Commons at present only registers the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, nor, in our opinion, will it be able to do more until another party arises which knows neither Gladstone nor Disraeli for merely party purposes. The leader is a matter of indifference compared with the necessity of its being a body prepared to maintain the supremacy of conscience and the welfare of the nation over the dictates of self-seeking and party triumph.

A. T. DAVIDSON.



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